

# My Guitar Wants To Kill Your Mama

The Mothers of Invention

You know, your mama and your daddy  
Saying I'm no good to you  
They call me dirty from the alley  
Till I don't know what to do  
I get so tired of sneakin' around  
Just to get to your back door  
I crawled past the garbage and  
Your mama jumped out, screamin'  
"Don't come back no more"  
I can't take it  
My guitar wants to kill your mama  
My guitar wants to kill your mama  
My guitar wants to burn your dad  
I get real mean when it makes me mad

Later I tried to call you  
Your mama told me you weren't there  
She told me don't bother to call again  
Unless I cut off all my hair  
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