

Don't Turn Out Like Your Mother

The Proclaimers

You're a grown woman
Good at what you do
I'm happy as hell
When I'm alone with you
As you stroke my body
And soothe my brow
With everything
That the law will allow
I pray "Don't turn out like your mother"

I'm a grown man
Over 21
I've got an ugly face
But I have a lot of fun
So if spill a glass
Or break a dish
I hear your voice
And I make this wish
Please "Don't turn out like your mother"

Don't turn out
Don't turn out
Don't turn out like your mother
I couldn't stand it
And I'll be damned if
I'm gonna live with another

So many woman
Give you so much
Civilized ways
And a gentle touch
A different perspective
That's as bright as a button
But then you wake up one morning
And it all counts for nothing
Cos she's turned into her mother

Don't turn out
Don't turn out
Don't turn out like your mother
I couldn't stand it
And I'll be damned if
I'm gonna live with another

It's not the way she looks
It's not the food she cooks
Her kind of indignation
Don't cause me trepidation
But to live with a woman like this
Would take a masochist
Or someone who could get and could stay permanently pissed

You're a grown woman
Good at what you do
I'm happy as hell
When I'm alone with you
As you stroke my body

And soothe my brow
With everything
That the law will allow

I'm a grown man
Over 21
I've got an ugly face
But I have a lot of fun
So if spill a glass
Or break a dish
Don't get on to me
Like some haranguing witch

Don't turn out like your mother
Don't turn out
Don't turn out
Don't turn out like your mother
I couldn't stand it
And I'll be damned if
I'm gonna live with another

It's not her looks
Or the way she cooks
That wakes me up in a cold sweat
It's just the knowledge
That if it happened
I couldn't drink enough to forget

Don't turn out
Don't end up