

## Crazy Mama

The Rolling Stones

Well you're crazy Mama  
With your ball and chain  
And your sawn off shotgun  
Blown out brains, yeah

You can scandalize me  
Scorn my name  
You can steal my money  
And that don't mean a doggone thing

Cause if you really think you can push it  
I'm going to bust your knees with a bullet  
Your crazy mama, ah yeah

Well your old time religion  
Is just a superstition  
You going to pay high prices  
For your sacrificises

Well your blood and thunder  
Sure can't faze me none  
If your going to keep on coming  
I'm gonna take it all head on

If you don't believe I'm going to do it  
Just wait till you get hit by that bullet

Don't think I ain't thought about it  
But it sure makes my shackles rise  
And cold blood murder  
Make me want to draw the line

Well your crazy mama  
With your ball and chain  
Plain psychotic  
Plain insane

If you don't think I'm gonna do it  
Just wait for the thud of the bullet