

Mama's Broken Heart

Miranda Lambert

I cut my bangs with some rusty kitchen scissors
I screamed his name til the neighbors called the cops
I numbed the pain at the expense of my liver
I don't know what I did next all I know, I couldn't stop

Word got around to the barflies & the baptists
My mama's phone started ringin off the hook
I can hear her now sayin she ain't gonna have it
Don't matter how you feel, it only matters how you look

Go & fix your make up, girl it's just a break up
Run & hide your crazy & start actin like a lady
Cause I raised you better, gotta keep it together
Even when you fall apart
But this ain't my mama's broken heart

Wish I could be just a little less dramatic
Like a kennedy when camelot went down in flames
Leave it to me to be holdin the matches
When the fire trucks show up & there's nobody else to blame

Can't get revenge & keep a spotless reputation
Sometimes revenge is a choice you gotta make
My mama came from a softer generation
Where you get a grip & bite your lip just to save a little face

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Powder your nose, paint your toes
Line your lips & keep em closed
Cross your legs, dot your I's
& never let em see you cry

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