

Too Many Rules

Connie Francis

I got home last night
At ten past two
My folks turned blue
Their tempers flew

I've gotta be in bed
At quarter to 10
There go those rules again

Too many rules
Too many rules
Folks are just fools
Making too many rules
I pray the stars above
I haven't lost your love
'Cause there are too many rules

When you call me on the telephone
It's not my own
They've made it known

So you must call me
Only now and then
There go those rules again

My kid brother's always on my trail
I can't escape that tattletail
I hope you understand
What I'm going through
I don't know what to do
'Cause there are too many rules