

# Runaway Mama

Merle Haggard

She's my run away mama  
Always chasing other men  
She's my run away mama  
She's somewhere and gone again.

If you see this kind of lady,  
Kind of tall, kind of slim.  
She's my runaway mama.  
Call the law and turn her in

She's got lots of pretty things  
That a man cannot ignore.  
And she's standing out in a bar room  
When she walks out on the floor.

If you see this kind of woman  
Thumbling a ride and showing skin.  
She's my runaway mama.  
Call the law and turn her in.

If you see a woman flirting  
And she's hurting a bunch of men.  
She's my runaway mama.  
Call the law and turn her in.

If you see her somewhere dancing  
On a table in a bar.  
Go and call the chief of police  
And try to tell 'em where you are.

She's my runaway mama,  
Always chasing other men  
She's my runaway mama,  
She's somewhere and gone again.

If you see this kind of lady  
Thumbing a ride and showing skin.  
She's my runaway mama.  
Call the law and turn her in.

She's my runaway mama.