

My Guitar Wants To Kill Your Mama

The Mothers of Invention

You know, your mama and your daddy
Saying I'm no good to you
They call me dirty from the alley
Till I don't know what to do
I get so tired of sneakin' around
Just to get to your back door
I crawled past the garbage and
Your mama jumped out, screamin'
"Don't come back no more"
I can't take it
My guitar wants to kill your mama
My guitar wants to kill your mama
My guitar wants to burn your dad
I get real mean when it makes me mad

Later I tried to call you
Your mama told me you weren't there
She told me don't bother to call again
Unless I cut off all my hair
I get so tired of sneakin' around
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