

# Mama They Must Be Crazy

The Badlees

(Alexander)

Mama they must be crazy  
'Cause I can't make heads or tales  
Or someone must have lied  
In your fairy tales

'Cause I tried to walk that straight line  
Sweat clean to pay my bills  
While every lazy, ass kissing, son of a bitch  
Gets paid to say he will

Mama don't you know by now  
They'll never get to me  
But I'm still waiting for the truth  
To set me free

Mama they must be crazy  
The way they use they're stepping-stones  
It's carve 'em up and throw 'em out  
And disregard the bones

You try to keep your senses  
You try to keep your head  
While some anointed yes man  
Parlays your soul to death

Mama don't you know by now

They'll never get to me  
But I'm still waiting for the truth  
To set me free  
Mama they must be crazy

Mama they must be crazy  
'Cause they weren't playing fair