

Mama – My Chemical Romance

Mama, we all go to hell
Mama, we all go to hell
I'm writing this letter and wishing you well
Mama, we all go to hell
Oh well now, Mama, we're all gonna die
Mama, we're all gonna die
Stop asking me questions, I'd hate to see you cry
Mama, we're all gonna die
And when we go don't blame us, yeah
We'll let the fires just bathe us, yeah
You made us oh so famous
We'll never let you go
And when you go don't return to me my love
Mama, we're all full of lies
Mama, we're meant for the flies
And right now they're building a coffin your size
Mama, we're all full of lies
Well mother what the war did to my legs and to my tongue
You should have raised a baby girl
I should've been a better son
If you could coddle the infection
They can amputate at once
You should've been
I could have been a better son
And when we go don't blame us, yeah
We'll let the fires just bathe us, yeah
You made us oh so famous
We'll never let you go
She said, you ain't no son of mine
For what you've done they're
Gonna find a place for you
And just you mind your manners when you go
And when you go don't return to me my love
That's right
Mama, we all go to hell
Mama, we all go to hell

It's really quite pleasant except for the smell
Mama, we all go to hell
Mama, mama, mama, ohh
Mama, mama, mama, ohh
And if you would call me your sweetheart
I'd maybe then sing you a song
But there's shit that I've done with this fuck of a gun
You would cry out your eyes all along
We're damned after all
Through fortune and fame we fall
And if you can stay then I'll show you the way
To return from the ashes you call
We all carry on
When our brothers in arms are gone
So raise your glass high for tomorrow we die
And return from the ashes you call



Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych