

The Donnas, Mama's Boy

I know your mom hates my guts
She must be high on coconuts
Well, you better tell your mom
That your gonna take me to the prom

Hey, hey, hey, mama's boy, you better follow the rules
Hey, mama's boy, I used to think you were cool

We were just playing video games
When your mom started calling our names
But I'm the one who should be making fun
Cause the pot roast was overdone

Hey, hey, hey, mama's boy, you better follow the rules
Hey, mama's boy, I used to think you were cool
Hey, mama's boy, you better follow the rules
Hey, mama's boy, I used to think you were cool

(Screeching)

Hey, hey, hey, mama's boy, you better follow the rules
Hey, mama's boy, I used to think you were cool
Hey, hey, hey, mama's boy, you better follow the rules
Hey, mama's boy, I used to think you were cool
Hey, mama's boy, you better follow the rules
Hey, mama's boy, I used to think you were cool