

Middle of the Street

©1996 George Stetten BMI
not for redistribution

You know my mama, my mama is so sweet,
But it's certain that she often does repeat,
When we're drivin' you just sit down in your seat,
Don't get no television till your room is neat,
You eat your vegetables before you get a treat,
And don't go runnin' in the middle of the street.

You know my mama, my mama is so sweet,
But it's certain that she often does repeat,
Don't take no candy from no strangers that you meet,
You wash your hands before we all sit down to eat,
You keep on tryin', don't you dare admit defeat,
And don't go runnin' in the middle of the street.

You know my mama, my mama can't be beat,
I wish she wouldn't so repeatedly repeat,
You can cry but don't you lie and don't you cheat,
Get out'a the kitchen if you can't take the heat,
You keep on tryin', don't you dare admit defeat,
And don't go runnin' in the middle of the street.
And close the door and don't forget to wipe your feet.
And don't go runnin' in the middle of the street.