

Mama - 1/2

Interprété par 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 hate to see you cry,
Mama, we're all gonna die.

And when we go don't blame us, yeah.
We let this fire 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've raised a baby girl,
I should've been a better son.
If you could counter 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 let this fire 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 there.
You'll find a, 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 - 2/2

Mama, Mama, Mama, ohhhh.
Mama, Mama, Mama, ohhhh.

[Liza Minelli :] and if you would call me your sweetheart,
I'd maybe then sing you a song.

[Gerard :] but the shit that I've done with this fuck of a gun,
You will cry us to rise up alive.

We're dead after all.
Through fortune and fame we fall.
And if you can say that I'll show you the way,
And straight from the ashes you crawl.

We all carry on,
Like our brothers in arms are gone.
So raise your guns high for tomorrow we die,
And return from the ashes you'll fall.

****Aulie****