

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 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 look 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 Two, three, four! Mama, Mama, Mama, Ohhhh!
Mama, Mama, Mama, Ohhhh! And if you would call me a 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 flame 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 (We all carry on)
When our brothers in arms are gone (When our brothers in arms are gone)
So raise your glass high for tomorrow we die

And return from the ashes you call
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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