

Burton Cummings, Mother Keep Your Daughters

Oh, mother keep your daughters in
There's a full, clear moon shinin' on lovers
Woah, mother keep your daughters home
They'll be done much too soon

Sweet young Liza, such a hypnotizer
Killin' all the boys on the block
She's a modern day testimony to her mother's madness (heartbreak)

Sweet young Donna
Not the prima donna they once kinda thought she could be
She's still sittin' there
Combin' her hair
Lookin' her best to pass the young men's test

Sweet young Suzy, actin' like a floozy
Teasin' all the boys in her way
But she's still there
Puttin' on airs
Walkin' her best to pass the young men's test

First thing you know
They'll wanna run and get married
They're talkin' 'bout the wedding and the twins
You love 'em but you really haven't got the heart to tell 'em
That that's when all the trouble begins
(That's right, keep 'em home)

Mama, keep your daughters under lock and key
Yeah, that's right chain 'em up