

See Spot Run, Mad Mad Girl

Watch the girl she's very sad
She's on the verge of going mad
She's out to play but isn't fun
And always firing her gun

She walks the line without a net
Is scared as hell to fall you bet
She's full of love but loves to hate
And leaves the shocked bent outta shape

She's a mad mad girl
Oh! She's a mad mad girl
A mad mad girl

Candles, tea and cigarettes
She's happy with her little pets

The beaujolais will make her cry
I wonder why, I wonder why

She stands before us all in white
Upon a stage under the lights
Her sex devouring the crowd
Has left the brave to shout aloud

Like humpty dumpty on the wall
She's headed for a nasty fall
Oh my oh my I hope pray tell
She hits the ground and breaks her shell

She's a mad mad girl
A mad mad girl