

# The Proclaimers, Don't Turn Out Like Your Mother

You're a grown woman  
Good at what you do  
I'm happy as hell  
When I'm alone with you  
As you stroke my body  
And soothe my brow  
With everything  
That the law will allow  
I pray "Don't turn out like your mother"

(repeat)

Im a grown man  
Over 21  
I've got an ugly face  
But I have a lot of fun  
So if spill a glass  
Or break a dish  
I hear your voice  
And I make this wish  
Please "Don't turn out like your mother"

Don't turn out  
Don't turn out  
Don't turn out like your mother  
I couldn't stand it  
And I'll be damned if  
I'm gonna live with another

So many woman  
Give you so much  
Civilized ways  
And a gentle touch  
A different perspective  
That's as bright as a button  
But then you wake up one morning  
And it all counts for nothing  
Cos she's turned into her mother

Don't turn out  
Don't turn out  
Don't turn out like your mother  
I couldn't stand it  
And I'll be damned if  
I'm gonna live with another

It's not the way she looks  
It's not the food she cooks  
Her kind of indignation  
Don't cause me trepidation  
But to live with a woman like this  
Would take a masochist  
Or someone who could get and could stay permanently pissed

(repeat)

You're a grown woman  
Good at what you do  
I'm happy as hell  
When I'm alone with you  
As you stroke my body  
And soothe my brow  
With everything  
That the law will allow

Im a grown man  
Over 21  
I've got an ugly face  
But I have a lot of fun  
So if spill a glass  
Or break a dish  
Don't get on to me  
Like some haranguing witch

Don't turn out like your mother  
Don't turn out  
Don't turn out  
Don't turn out like your mother  
I couldn't stand it  
And I'll be damned if  
I'm gonna live with another

It's not her looks  
Or the way she cooks  
That wakes me up in a cold sweat  
It's just the knowledge  
That if it happened  
I couldn't drink enough to forget

Don't turn out (etc)  
Don't end up (etc)