

Dave Dudley, Mad

I got about half high so I spent the whole weekend out
I got home Monday morning tore up like a can of Kraut
My only suit was layin' on the steps
I just picked up and run and I ain't been back there since
Well mad yeah she's mad
It's back to the doghouse I know from the practise I've had
When she's mad I play a dangerous game
In the obituary column they've already printed my name

She's five feet three and weights about hundred and eight
She's the kind of gal who don't believe in men a makin' mistakes
She's sweet and mighty nice
But when she's mad she's got a voice that'll cut through ice
Well mad ooh she's mad...

She's got eyes like a cat and she watches every move that I make
An alarm clock mind that's ringin' every time that I'm late
I'm sorry sick and all alone
But I'll have to stick it out cause it just ain't safe to go home
Well mad ooh she's mad...
In the obituary column they've already printed my name
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