

Gary Moore, Run To Your Mama

One, two
One-two-three-four.

You've got to be mean, you've got to be tough
You don't need none of that pity stuff.
You got to be hard or else you'll be done.
You have to take care of number one.
Don't come to me if you're out on the street.
I'll only tell you to get up on your feet.
Don't come to me if you feel you are through
'Cause I don't have the time to listen to you.

Run to your mama
But don't come crying to me.
Run to your mama
But don't come crying to me.

You've got to be smooth, you've got to be rough
You don't need none of that pity stuff.
You got to be cruel, forget bein' kind
Or else they'll just take it and leave you behind.
Don't come to me if you're down on the ground.
If it's problems you've got I don't need you around.
Don't come to me if your luck is in doubt
'Cause I won't even listen, I'll just kick you out.

Run to your mama
But don't come crying to me.
Run to your mama
But don't come crying to me.
Run to your mama
But don't come crying to me.
Run to your mama
But don't come crying to me, yeah.

Run to your mama
But don't come crying to me.
Run to your mama
But don't come crying to me.
Run to your mama
But don't come crying to me.
Run to your mama
But don't come crying to me
Yeah, yeah

Run to your mama
Don't you come crying to me.
Run to your mama
Don't you come crying to me.
No, no, no, no.
Run to your mama
But don't you come crying to me, no.