

Nancy Sinatra, Run For Your Life

Well I'd rather see you dead, little boy
Than to see you with another girl
You better keep your head, little boy
Or you won't last in my world

You better run for your life if you can, little boy
Hide your head in the sand, little boy
Catch you with another girl
That's the end, little boy

Well you know that I'm a wicked chick
And I was born with a jealous mind
And I can't spend my whole life
Trying just to make you toe the line

So you better run for your life if you can, little boy
Hide your head in the sand, little boy
Catch you with another girl
That's the end.

Hmm.

Let this be a sermon
I mean everything I've said
Baby, I'm determined
Cause I'd rather see you dead

You better run for your life if you can, little boy
Hide your head in the sand, baby boy
Catch you with another girl
That's the end

You hear me?

Well I'd rather see you dead, little boy
Than to see you with another girl
You better keep your head, little boy
Or you won't last in my world

You better run for your life if you can, little boy
Hide your head in the sand, little boy
Catch you with another girl
That's the end, little boy