

# 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