

Mama's Broken Heart

Miranda Lambert

I cut my bangs with some rusty kitchen scissors
I screamed his name 'til the neighbors called the cops
I numbed the pain at the expense of my liver
Don't know what I did next all I know, I couldn't stop
Word got around to the barflies and the
baptists
My mama's phone started ringin' off the I can hear her now sayin' she ain't gonna have it
Don't
matter how you feel, it only matters how you look
Go and fix your make up, girl, it's just a break up
Run and hide your crazy and start actin' like a lady
'Cause I raised you better, gotta keep it together
Even when you fall apart
But this ain't my mama's broken heart
I wish I could be just a little less dramatic
Like a Kennedy when Camelot went down in flames
Leave it to me to be holdin' the matches
When the fire trucks show up and there's nobody else to
blame
Can't get revenge and keep a spotless reputation
Sometimes revenge is a choice you gotta make
My mama came from a softer generation
Where you get a grip and bite your lip just to save a
little face
Go and fix your make up, girl, it's just a break up
Run and hide your crazy and start actin' like a lady
'Cause I raised you better, gotta keep it together
Even when you fall apart
But this ain't my mama's broken heart
Powder your nose, paint your toes
Line your lips and keep 'em closed
Cross your legs, dot your I's
And never let 'em see you cry
Go and fix your make up, well it's just a break up
Run and hide your crazy and start actin' like a lady
'Cause I raised you better, gotta keep it together
Even when you fall apart
But this ain't my mamma's broken heart

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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