

Look What They've Done To My Song, Ma

Ray Charles

Hello Mama, hello Mama it's me
How you feelin' Mama?
Hm-hmm, that's alright
I've got somethin'
I want to talk to you about
If you don't mind
And I ain't mad, Mama, no, no, no, no
Wait a minute, listen Mama
Look what they done to my song, Ma
Look what they done to my song, Ma [Incomprehensible]
The only thing I could do half right
And now it's turning out all wrong, Mama
Look what they done to my song
Now listen if you please
Wish I could find a good book
I'd like to live in the thing now
Wish I could find a good book
Now, hey, hey, hey, hey
If I could find a real good book
You know I
I'd never have to come out and look at
What they done to my song
Bad girls come on and hit me here
Look what they done to my brain, Ma
Look what they done to my brain
Oh mama
It's a shame, you won't believe this, but it's true
They picked it like a chicken bone
And I'm-ah, just about to go insane, Mama
Look what they done to my brain
Now girls, if you don't mind
I'd like to hear that some French
Ils ont change ma chanson, ma
(ooh, not bad)
Ils ont change ma chanson
(uh-huh. let me see here, franglish, gibberish)
[incomprehensible]Ils ont change ma chanson
My French must be pretty bad
I better do this in English

Look what they done to my song, ma, hey Ma
Look what they done to my song, my Ma
Put it in a plastic bag
And they turned the bag upside down, Ma
Look what they done to my song
Maybe it's alright
Maybe it's okay, I don't know
But I tell ya, if my tears were money
I'd be a millionaire today
You know, the only thing
I get to have right
Now it's turnin' out all wrong, Mama
You can't believe what they've done to my song, ma
That I wrote myself
They put it in a plastic bag
And they turned the bag upside down, Mama
Lord, if I could find a good book
I'd never have to come out and look at, uh
What they tryin' to do to my brain
It's a shame Mama, you see they
They done pick it like a chicken bone
And I'm-ah just about to go insane
I'm insane, insane, Mama
I'm going crazy, Mama, that's what it is
Lord knows, I don't care what they done to my song, Ma
No, I don't care about that, but see
The main thing, Mama
What they tryin' to do to me
You see, well they stole everything I had, Mama
And they made a million with it, and you know that hurts
But oh, I'm gonna keep on workin' on the buildin'
Just like you taught me, Mama
Whoah, yes I will, yes I will, yeah
Oh Mama, oh Mama, oh
Ma, Ma, Ma

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>