

Mama's Boys

The Gaslight Anthem

I'd like to express my deepest gratitude
For your charity and your patience during my blues.
I must confess, I still cry every morning
While every night I just take a bunch of these trying to forget you. And don't tell me how you're the muse to
every fit boy in Soho.
And I don't wanna hear about how they show you a real good time.
I'd rather imagine you on a stretcher on your way to the emergency room
While you imagine me somewhere high and laughing about you... But it's alright, yes it's alright to cry about it.
And it's mighty nice, yeah it's just fine if you wanna die.
'Cause there's no room in heaven for California girls and mama's boys.
Just like there ain't no room for me and you. And it's alright, yes it's alright to cry about it.
And it's mighty nice, yeah it's just fine if you wanna die.
'Cause there's no room in heaven for New York girls and mama's boys.
Just like there ain't no room for me and you.

Songwriters

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