

Mad

[Dave Dudley](#)

I got about half high
So I spent the whole weekend out
I got home Monday morning
Tore up like a can of kraut My only suit was layin' on the steps
I just picked it up and run
And I ain't been back there since Well mad yeah she's mad
It's back to the doghouse
I know from the practice I've had
When she's mad I play a dangerous game
In the obituary column
They've already printed my name She's five feet three
And weights about hundred and eight
She's the kind of gal don't believe
In men a makin' mistakes She's sweet and mighty nice
But when she's mad
She's got a voice that'll cut through ice Well mad ooh she's mad
It's back to the doghouse
I know from the practice I've had
When she's mad I play a dangerous game
In the obituary column
They've already printed my name She's got eyes like a cat
And she watches every move that I make
An alarm clock mind
That's ringin' every time that I'm late I'm sorry, sick and all alone
But I'll have to stick it out
'Cause it just ain't safe to go home Well mad ooh she's mad
It's back to the doghouse
I know from the practice I've had
When she's mad I play a dangerous game
In the obituary column
They've already printed my name In the obituary column
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