Run To Your Mama

[Gary Moore](#)

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One, two, one-two-three-four.
You've got to be mean, you've got to be tough,
you don't need none of that pity stuff.
You've got to be hard or else you'll be done.
You have to take care of number one.
Don't come to me if you're out on the street.
I'll only tell you to get up on your feet.
Don't come to me if you feel you are through,
'cause I don't have the time to listen to you.
Run to your mama, but don't come crying to me.
Run to your mama, but don't come crying to me.
You've got to be smooth, you've got to be rough,
you don't need none of that pity stuff.
You've got to be cruel, forget bein' kind,
or else they'll just take it and leave you behind.
Don't come to me if you're down on the ground.
If it's problems you've got, I don't need you around.

Don't come to me if your luck is in doubt,
'cause I won't even listen, I'll just kick you out.
Run to your mama, but don't come crying to me.
Run to your mama, but don't come crying to me.
Run to your mama, but don't come crying to me.
Run to your mama, but don't come crying to me, yeah.
Run to your mama, but don't come crying to me.
Run to your mama, but don't come crying to me.
Run to your mama, but don't come crying to me.
Run to your mama, but don't come crying to me, yeah-yeah.
Run to your mama, don't you come crying to me.
Run to your mama, don't you come crying to me.
No, no, no, no.
Run to your mama, but don't you come crying to me, no.