

# Mad Mad Girl

## See Spot Run

Watch the girl she's very sad  
She's on the verge of going mad  
She's out to play but isn't fun  
And always firing her gun She walks the line without a net  
Is scared as hell to fall you bet  
She's full of love but loves to hate  
And leaves the shocked bent outta shape She's a mad mad girl  
Oh! She's a mad mad girl  
A mad mad girl Candles, tea and cigarettes  
She's happy with her little pets  
The beaujolais will make her cry  
I wonder why, I wonder why She stands before us all in white  
Upon a stage under the lights  
Her sex devouring the crowd  
Has left the brave to shout aloud Like humpty dumpty on the wall  
She's headed for a nasty fall  
Oh my oh my I hope pray tell  
She hits the ground and breaks her shell She's a mad mad girl  
A mad mad girl

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