

A Real Mother for Ya

Johnny "Guitar" Watson

Wanna buy a new car
But the price ain't right
Be a downside cheaper (yes it would)
Start riding a bike
They're making milk out of powder
Got the baby's crying
Rich gone up higher
Got the parents lying Lord, its a real mother for ya (yeah)
make you wanna run for cover
And if you look you will discover (yeah)
Lord, its a real mother for ya yeah.
Got to go to a disco
Throw your troubles away
Dance to the music
That the DJ's play
And then the lights come on
Like you knew they would
Go home and face the music
that don't sound to good Lord, its a real mother for ya
make you wanna run for cover (yeah)
And if you look you will discover (yeah)
Lord, its a real mother for ya yeah.
Lord, its a real mother for ya (yeah)
make you wanna run for cover (yes it will)
And if you look you will discover (yeah)
Lord, its a real mother for ya yeah
its a real mother for ya yeah (auw, get out of here) To cold Gimme 3 gallons of low lead and two
hot dogs and a strawberryshake

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>