That's All Right

Marty Robbins

Well, that's all right, mama
That's all right for you
That's all right mama, just anyway you do
Well, that's all right, that's all right.
That's all right now mama, anyway you do

My mama she done told me,
Papa done told me too
'Son, that gal your foolin' with,
She ain't no good for you'
But, that's all right, that's all right.
That's all right mama, anyway you do

I'm leaving town tomorrow
Leaving town for sure
Then you won't be bothered with
Me hanging 'round your door
Well, that's all right, that's all right.
That's all right mama, anyway you do