

## Momma's Boy

Nancy Sinatra

Look what you've done  
You've really come under the gun  
Haven't I told you before  
You're more than my number one son

Go and fight and do what's right  
According to momma's rule  
Don't you love the way I love  
Everything you have to do

If you're born to be free  
You're born to be with me  
So gather your vicious friends  
And come and service me

I don't care  
Let them live in fear  
Of my little bundle of pride and joy  
What the world deserves  
A bundle of nerves  
Come to me my little momma's boy

Look what you've done  
You've really come under the gun  
Haven't I told you before  
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