

My Chemical Romance - Mama

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Intro: Em (lower) B (upper) Dm (lower) Am (upper)
                                                               Well, Mother, what the war did to my legs and to my tongue,
                                                               You should've raised a baby girl,
Mama we all go to hell
                                                                I should've been a better son.
                                                               If you could counter the infection they can amputate at once.
                                                               You should've been,
Mama we all go to hell, Im writing this letter and wishing you I could've been a better son.
Mama we all go to hell
                                                               And when we go don't blame us, yeah,
                                                                                     G
                                                               We let the fire just fade/flame us, yeah,
Mama we're all gonna die.
                                                                You made us oh so famous
Mama we're all gonna die.
                                                               We'll never let you go
               В
Stop asking me questions, I hate to see you cry.
Mama we're all gonna die.
                                                                She said, "You ain't no son of mine,
                                                                For what you've done there,
(heavy strums)
And when we go don't blame us, yeah,
                                                                They'll find a place for you,
                     G
                                                                                                        Fm D G
We let the fire just fade/flame us, yeah,
                                                               And just you mind your manners when you go.
                                                                                                    D
You made us oh so famous
                                                               And when you go, don't you return to me, my love.'
                   Em D G
We'll never let you go
                                                               That's right.
And when you go don't return to me my love.
                                                               Mama, we all go to hell.
                                                               Mama, we all go to hell.
Mama, we're all full of lies.
                                                               It's really quite pleasant except for the smell,
                                                               Mama, we all go to hell.
Mama, we're meant for the flies.
                       В
And right now they're building a coffin your size,
                                                               Mama, mama, mama
                                                               Mama, mama, mama,
Mama, we're all full of lies.
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Acordes

