SHE HATES MY MAMA

G, D, G, D, C, G, D

SHE HATES MY MAMA; SHE HATES MY DADDY TOO

SHE LOVES TO TELL ME HOW MUCH SHE HATES THE THINGS I DO

SHE LOVES TO LIE BESIDE ME ALMOST EVERY NIGHT

SHE'S NO LADY; SHE'S MY WIFE.

PREACHER ASKED HER AND SHE SAID I DO

PREACHER ASKED ME AND I SAID I DO TOO

PREACHER SAID I PRONOUNCE YOU NINETY-NINE TO LIFE

SHE IS NO LADY; SHE'S YOUR WIFE.

AND I CAN'T REMEMBER HOW I MET HER

SEEMS LIKE SHE'S ALWAYS BEEN HANGING OFF MY RIGHT ARM

I CAN'T REMEMBER WHY I CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT HER CHARM

EVEN THOUGH SHE SMELLS OF FRENCH PERFUME

AND EVEN THOUGH SHE WALKS AROUND IN HIGH HEELED SHOES

SHE IS NO LADY; SHE'S MY WIFE.

(REPEAT FIRST VERSE)

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SHALOM, from
SPIKE and JAMIE