

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)