

# Mama's Broken Heart

Miranda Lambert

I cut my bangs with some rusty kitchen scissors  
I screamed his name 'til the neighbors called the cops  
I numbed the pain at the expense of my liver  
Don't know what I did next all I know, I couldn't stop  
Word got around to the barflies and the  
baptists  
My mama's phone started ringin' off the I can hear her now sayin' she ain't gonna have it  
Don't  
matter how you feel, it only matters how you look  
Go and fix your make up, girl, it's just a break up  
Run and hide your crazy and start actin' like a lady  
'Cause I raised you better, gotta keep it together  
Even when you fall apart  
But this ain't my mama's broken heart  
I wish I could be just a little less dramatic  
Like a Kennedy when Camelot went down in flames  
Leave it to me to be holdin' the matches  
When the fire trucks show up and there's nobody else to  
blame  
Can't get revenge and keep a spotless reputation  
Sometimes revenge is a choice you gotta make  
My mama came from a softer generation  
Where you get a grip and bite your lip just to save a  
little face  
Go and fix your make up, girl, it's just a break up  
Run and hide your crazy and start actin' like a lady  
'Cause I raised you better, gotta keep it together  
Even when you fall apart  
But this ain't my mama's broken heart  
Powder your nose, paint your toes  
Line your lips and keep 'em closed  
Cross your legs, dot your I's  
And never let 'em see you cry  
Go and fix your make up, well it's just a break up  
Run and hide your crazy and start actin' like a lady  
'Cause I raised you better, gotta keep it together  
Even when you fall apart  
But this ain't my mamma's broken heart

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