

Rag mama rag
(Robbie Robertson) by The Band 1969

Rag, mama, rag, I can't believe it's true
Rag, mama, rag, what did you do?
I crawled up to the railroad track
Let the 4:19 scratch my back

Shag, mama, shag, now what's come over you?
Rag, mama, rag, I'm pulling out your gag
Gonna turn you loose like an old caboose
Got a tail I need to drag

I ask about your turn-on
You ask about the weather
Now I can't jump the hurdle and
We can't get together
We could be relaxing in my sleeping bag
But all you wanna do for me mama is
Rag, mama, rag, there's nowhere to go
Rag, mama, rag, come on, resin up the bow

Rag, mama, rag, where do you roam?
Rag, mama, rag, get your skinny little body back home
Well it's dog-eat-dog, and cat-eat-mouse
You can rag-mama-rag all over my house

Hail stones beating on the roof
The bourbon is a hundred proof
It's you and me and the telephone
Our destiny is quite well-known
We don't have to celebrate
All we gotta do is rag, mama, rag, mama, rag
Rag, mama, rag, where do you roam?
Rag, mama, rag, get your skinny little body back home.