

Dolly Parton

"Chicken Every Sunday"

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Just because all my dresses are just cotton hand me
downs
His family calls me the lower class
'Cause we're only poor folks on the other side of town
They won't let him walk up my path

But my mama says don't worry when they say those
things about you
You remember, you're just as good as him
Just because they got that big house sittin' way upon
the hill
Why, you don't have to look up to them

We've got chicken every Sunday and the preacher
comes around
And every Saturday morning daddy takes us all to town
And we'd go to the picture show, have picnics on the
ground
Ohh, that's the lower class then I'm glad that's what I
am

'Cause my mama don't belong to the ladies social set
My daddy can't afford the country club
His folks look down on me and they don't let us date
'Cause they think that I'm not good enough

But my mama says forgive him honey, he ain't worth at
all
And if anything, you're too good for him
Just because they've got money and a big fine house
Aha, we won't take no sad talks off them

We've got chicken every Sunday and the preacher
comes around
And every Saturday morning daddy takes us all to town
And we'd go to the picture show, have picnics on the
ground
Ohh, that's the lower class then I'm glad that's what I
am

We've got chicken every Sunday and the preacher
comes around

And every Saturday morning daddy takes us in to town

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