

Joey & Rory "God Help My Man"

Visit "[God Help My Man](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

There must be a real good reason why he ain't home
yet

There must be a real bad wreck slowing him down
I'm hoping he blew a tyre, his old truck flipped and
caught on fire

'Cause God help my man if he's fooling around

If he's fooling around with some hussy he knows
While I'm cooking his dinner and washing his clothes
If he thinks he can come home and climb into my bed
He's got another thing coming upside his head

I hope there was a homeless hooker that he gave a hug
to

I pray that's her lipstick on his shirt this morning I found
These seven numbers I see in his pocket better win the
lottery

'Cause God help my man if he's fooling around

If he's fooling around with some hussy he knows
While I'm rocking his babies and washing his clothes
If he thinks he can come home and climb into my bed
He's got a frying pan coming upside his head

I hope he's got a real good lawyer 'cause he's gonna
need one

'Cause you know my daddy is the judge here in this
small town

By the time I'm through, I'm getting my half and I'm
taking his too

'Cause God help my man if he's fooling around

Yeah, God help my man if he's a fooling around

Visit [Joey & Rory](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.