M

"When God Fearin' Women Get The Blues"

Visit "When God Fearin' Women Get The Blues" on MotoLyrics.com

(Leslie Satcher)

She was the prom queen
He was the quarterback of the football team
And it all looked so promising
We never thought anything would happen like this
And then all of a sudden
Twenty-five years of love and devotion
Down the drain

We all heard her hollerin'
For a country mile
Cheatin' shows your complete lack of style
Well she took out three parking meters
And a pedestrian's purse
The day she quit the baptist choir
And threw that Ford into reverse

Lock up your husbands
Lock up your sons
Lock up your whiskey cabinets
Girls lock up your guns
Lock up the beauty shop
No tellin' if they've heard the news
Call the boys downtown at Neiman Marcus
Tell 'em lock up them high heels shoes

When God-fearin' women get the blues
There ain't no slap-dab-a tellin'
What they're gonna do
Run around yellin'
I've got a Mustang
It'll do 80
You don't have to be my baby
I've stirred my last batch of gravy
You don't have to be my baby

Call all the deacons
Call the ladies aid
Call all the altos, sopranos, tenors
Call every bass

Well call all the pentecostals
Bring that anointing oil too
Well call the preacher
He's the only one can reach her
And there's ain't no time to lose

When God-fearin' women get the blues
There ain't no slap-dab-a tellin'
What they're gonna do
Run around yellin'
I've got a Mustang
It'll do 80
You don't have to be my baby
I've stirred my last batch of gravy
You don't have to be my baby

She's on all our prayer lists
She's on all our hearts
As for the Easter cantata
We don't know who'll sang her part

When God-fearin' women get the blues
There ain't no slap-dab-a tellin'
What they're gonna do
Run around yellin'
I've got a Mustang
It'll do 80
You don't have to be my baby
I've stirred my last batch of gravy
You don't have to be my baby

Visit M page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

MotoLyrics.com | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.