

Mark McGuinn **"Mrs. Steven Rudy"**

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I get up on Sunday, about eight-fifteen
Just to get the paper that I never read
'Cause I know she'll be there barely in her robe
Sittin' on her front porch paintin' on her toes
Her husband's always on the road

Hey, Mrs. Steven Rudy
You don't know what you do to me
Every night I dream one day of being with you

Hey, Mrs. Steven Rudy
You're the neighborhood beauty
And that wedding ring is as ugly
As your husband is to you

Sometimes Mrs. Rudy calls cryin' late at night
'Cause her and Mr. Ugly have had another fight
We talk a while and I hear her smile
When she says thank you, I tell her that she's welcome
Like any friend would do, I only wish she knew

Hey, Mrs. Steven Rudy
You don't know what you do to me
Every night I dream one day of being with you

Hey, Mrs. Steven Rudy
You're the neighborhood beauty
And that wedding ring is as ugly
As your husband is to you

Imagination, infatuation
I'm what she deserves
I wonder if she thinks about me
The way I think about her

Hey, Mrs. Steven Rudy
You don't know what you do to me
Every night I dream one day of being with you

Hey, Mrs. Steven Rudy
You're the neighborhood beauty
And that wedding ring is as ugly

As your husband is to you

Hey, Mrs. Steven Rudy
You don't know what you do to me
Every night I dream one day of being with you

Hey, Mrs. Steven Rudy
You're the neighborhood beauty
And that wedding ring is as ugly
As your husband is to you

Hey, oh Mrs. Rudy
That wedding ring is as ugly to me
As your husband is to you
Mrs. Rudy, you don't know
You don't know what you do to me

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