

**Martina McBride****"When God Fearin' Women Get The Blues Introduction"**

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

Repeat Chorus

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

Repeat Chorus

