

Martina McBride

"When God Fearin' Women Get The Blues Real Full"

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Spoken] She was the prom queen, he was the
quarterback of the football team and it all looked
so promising, we'd never thought anything'd happen
like this, than all of a sudden, 25 years of love and
devotion,
down the drain.

Lock up your husbands, lock up your sons
Lock up your whiskey cabnits, girls lock up your guns.
Lock up the beauty shops, ain't no tellin' if they've
heard the news.
Call the boys downtown at Neiman-Marcus tell em' lock
up
them high-heeled shoes.

[Chorus] When god fearin' women get the blues,
they ain't no slap-dab of tellin' what their gonna do.
they 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 aide
call all the alto, soprano,tennors, call every base.
well, call all the penticostals, and 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.

[Chorus X2

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