

Rick Nelson**"Don't Blame It on Your Wife"**

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(T. Boylan)

She works so hard all day long
In the fields on the hottest days
She'd never complain
And she wonders sometimes if it ever pays.

She's an okay farmer, she's a good wife
And she's yours for your life
Don't put her down, she'll be there 'til you're dead
Buy her a tractor instead
Buy her a tractor instead.

She forces a smile in the morning
To help you get out of your bed
She's always there first
And she slaves in the kitchen to see that you're fed.

She's an okay farmer, she's a good wife
And she's yours for your life
Don't put her down, she'll be there 'til you're dead
Take her to town instead
Buy her a nightgown instead.

I see that you'r unamused
When you find out they're dressing
For dinner at night.

Don't blame it on your wife.

I see that you look confused
When you find out your life
Is different than mine.

Don't blame it on your wife.

Don't put her down, she'll be there 'til you're dead
Take her to town instead
Buy her a nightgown instead
Buy her a tractor instead...

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