

**Rodney Atkins****"The Day My Wife Met My Girlfriend"**

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The Day My Wife Met My Girlfriend

Well I Got Home and the door was locked  
And I tried to ring the bell  
I found a little bitty note that she had wrote  
Telling me to go to hell

I crawled in the window, I got inside  
She kicked me in the balls, and then I cried  
Called me a name, said I lied  
Kicked me again and I thought I died

Took my clothes, set em' on fire  
And hit me with her curling iron  
I tried to block it with my watch  
And then she kicked me in the crotch . . . again

Yeah today's the day my wife met my girlfriend

Well I tried to tell her but she didn't care  
Things weren't what they seemed  
She had a pan on the stove full of boiling water  
And my nads would soon be steamed

I tried to run, scream for help  
She hit me in the nerts with a Rhinestone belt  
It was like nothing that I ever felt  
I thank god I wasn't wearing a kilt

She grabbed a bat from beneath the bed  
She swung it once and then she missed my head  
She reared back, swung it again and  
Then she hit me in the twins . . . again

Yeah today's the day my wife met my girlfriend

Yeah today's that awful day,  
Hey, my boys won't be the same  
Yeah today's the day my wife met my girlfriend

