

# Wrangled

Angaleena Presley

If I had a dollar for every time he tracked his dirty feet  
'Cross my clean kitchen floor  
I'd be like those girls in the magazines  
I wouldn't be under his thumb no more

Bible says, a woman oughta know her place  
Mine's out here in the middle of all of this wide open space  
Between all of this ropin' and ridin'  
I might as well be hog-tied and strangled  
I'm tired of wakin' up feelin' like I've been wrangled

Rather eat dirt than bake another prizewinning cherry pie  
The girls down at church can go to hell  
Ironin' shirts and keepin' babies quiet  
Ain't no life, it's a living jail

Bible says, a woman oughta know her place  
Mine's out here in the middle of all of this wide open space  
Between all of this ropin' and ridin'  
I might as well be hog-tied and strangled  
Tired of wakin' up feelin' like I've been wrangled

He's real tight with the money  
Keeps his truck runnin' like a top  
And I've seen him go till his hands were bloody  
He ain't the kind of man who knows how to stop

Bible says, the woman oughta know her place  
Mine's out here in the middle of all of this wide open space  
Between all of this ropin' and ridin'  
I might as well be hog-tied and strangled  
Tired of wakin' up feelin' like I've been wrangled  
Tired of wakin' up feelin' like I've been wrangled