

You were lyin' there with nothing on  
But a goofy little grin and a platinum blonde  
I can't believe you'd do that on our bed  
I got a pistol and I got a bullet  
And a pissed off finger just'a itchin' to pull it  
The only thing keepin' me from losin' my head

Is I hate stripes and orange ain't my color  
And if I squeeze that trigger tonight  
I'll be wearin' one or the other  
There's no crime of passion worth a crime of fashion  
The only thing savin' your life  
Is that I don't look good in orange and I hate stripes

Woah, woah, woah

I could fall in love with the prison guard  
I could sell cigarettes in the prison yard  
Don't think hard time would be that hard on me  
I could pick up trash on the side of the road  
But I'd die if I saw someone I know  
Ain't the chains, it's the clothes that's stoppin' me

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Oh, and one shot ain't worth a bad mugshot  
God knows I wouldn't be caught holdin' up a number  
While the whole town's starin' at the picture  
In the paper of me wearin' stripes

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