

The Lord Knows I'm Drinking

Cal Smith

Hello, Mrs. Johnson
You self-righteous woman
Sunday School teacher
What brings you out slumming

Do you reckon the preacher
Would approve where you are
Standing here, visiting
With a back sliding Christian
In a neighborhood bar

Well, yes, that's my bottle
And, yes, that's my glass
And I see you're eyeballing
This pretty young lass

It ain't none of your business
But, yes, she's with me
And we don't need no sermon
You self-righteous woman
Just let us be

[CHORUS]

The Lord knows I'm drinking
(The Lord knows I'm drinking)
And running around
(And running around)
And He don't need your
Loud mouth informing the town
The Lord knows I'm sinning
(The Lord knows I'm sinning)
And sinning ain't right
(And sinning ain't right)
But me and the Good Lord's gonna
Have us a good talk later tonight

Goodbye, Mrs. Johnson
You self-righteous biddy
I don't need your preaching
And I don't need your pity

So, go back to whatever
You hypocrites do
And when I talk to Heaven
Be nice and I'll put in
A good word for you

[Repeat CHORUS]