

# 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]