

Dirty Laundry

Carrie Underwood

That lipstick on your collar, well, it ain't my shade of pink
And I can tell by the smell of that perfume, it's like forty dollars too cheap
And there's a little wine stain on the pocket of your white cotton thread
Well, you drink beer and whiskey, boy, and you know I don't drink red

Found it over in the corner
Wadded up on the bedroom floor
You shoulda hid it in the closet
You shoulda burned it, you shoulda lost it

Now I'ma have to hang you out to dry, dry, dry
Clothespin all your secrets to the line, line, line
Leave 'em blowing in the wind, just say goodbye to you
All those midnights sneaking in
"I'm late again, oh, I'm so sorry"
All the Ajax in the world ain't gonna clean your dirty laundry

If the neighbors get to asking, I won't cover nothin' up
I'll tell 'em every little detail, how you drug me through the mud
I'm gonna string up your old button-down and slide it on the porch
Just in case you get the nerve to come knockin' on my door

Yeah, I'ma have to hang you out to dry, dry, dry
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