

## Drinkin' In My Sunday Dress

Maria McKee

I can barely feel the sheets with all these crumbs down  
in my bed  
How can I get to sleep with all this buzzin' in my head  
And who'd have ever thought I'd not complain about a  
mess  
Serves me right I guess, this is what I get  
For eatin' crackers with my gin  
And drinkin' in my Sunday dress

The telephone is by the bottle which is always by my  
bed  
From time to time I give it a rattle to make sure that  
it's not dead  
I will wait here for your call till I run out of  
cigarettes  
I love to play the part of the damsel in distress  
Flickin' ashes in my coffee  
Drinkin' in my Sunday dress

Well I've been on the road to this and I've been on the  
way to this  
But who'da thought it'd come to this  
Don't let on you've seen me like this  
My old transistor's sounding just as twangy as a Fender  
My radiator growls like Elvis after Sunday dinner  
I've drained my last tequila and I've thrown away the  
blender  
I've poured out all the wine, from now on nothing but  
the best  
Cognac and Patsy Cline  
While drinkin' in my Sunday dress

Well I've been on the road to this and I've been on the  
way to this  
I surely ain't a hypocrite  
I've had my fun and now I must confess  
Our reverend is a kingly soul, repents 'em on a dime  
His bible is not inked in gold, he is not the cheatin'  
kind  
One Sunday after meetin' I was in the greetin' line  
He said I've seen you from the altar  
Gulpin' down communion wine  
Just remember who's beside you when it's no business of  
mine