

When God-Fearin' Women Get The Blues

Martina McBride

Lock up your husbands
Lock up your sons
Lock up your whiskey cabinets
Girls lock up your guns
Lock up the beauty shop
No telling if they've heard the news
Call the boys downtown at Neiman Marcus
Tell 'em lock up them high-heeled shoes
When God Fearin' Women Get The Blues
There ain't no slap dab atellin' what they're gonna do
Run around yellin' "I gotta Mustang
It'll do eighty
You don't have to be my baby
I've stirred my last batch of gravy
You don't have to be my baby"
Call all the deacons
Call the ladies' aid
Call all the altos, sopranos, tenors, call every bass
Well, call all the Pentecostals
And bring that anointing oil too
Well call the preacher
He's the only one can reach her
And there ain't no time to lose
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She's on all our prayer lists
She's on all our hearts
As for the Easter cantata
We don't know who'll sing her part
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