Revenge of a Middle-Aged Woman

Tracy Byrd

I was looking for a cheap car in the Sunday classifieds
When an ad jumped out and hit me right between my bugged out eyes
It was a two year old Mercedes, only seven-hundred bucks
I couldn't make my trembling fingers dial that number fast enough
The woman who picked up the phone said, ''Yes, it's still for sale
But I've had about one-
thousand calls so you'd better move your tail.''

When I drove up that long driveway with the cash there in my hand
She met me at the garage with a short skirt and a tan
We took it for a test drive, I couldn't believe my luck
She said, ''I'll throw in them old Palmer golf clubs there in the trunk.''
None of this was making sense but then it dawned on me
She referred to her old man as a cheating S O B.

It was a classic case of woman scorned
She'll make that man wish he had never been born
She's a forty something year old judge and jury
Hell hath no fury like revenge of a middle aged woman.

So she took me out to breakfast, put it on his credit card
By the time they poured the coffee, she was pouring out her heart
Stories of his sneaking round and sordid escapades
Secretaries, waitresses, and bimbos half his age
She said, ''You know there's one thing I ought to thank him for
He ticked me off so much, I put new locks on my doors.''

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Well, I believe good wine and women get better with time
And if you ask me that man's a fool or else he must be blind
I'll never know his motives, can't get inside his head
But, I'm driving his mercedes and I'm sleeping in his bed.

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I know I oughta feel guilty about something
I just can't think of what it might be...