

Martina McBride, When God Fearing Women Get

Lock up your husbands
Lock up your sons
Lock up your whiskey cabinets
Girls lock up your guns
And Lock up the beauty shop
No tellin if they've heard the news
Call the boys downtown and Neiman Marcus
Tell Em' lock them high heeled shoes

Chorus:

When God fearin' women get the blues
There ain't no slap down a tellin what they're gonna do
Run around yellin
I've got a mustang it'll do 80
You don't have to be my baby
I stirred my last batch of gravy
You don't have to be my, be my, be my baby
Call all the decons
Call the ladies aid
Call all the altos, sopranos
Tenors call every bass
Well call all the pentacostals
And bring all the annointing oil too
Well call the preacher
He's the only one who can reach her
And there ain't no time to lose

Chorus:

When God fearin' women get the blues
There ain't no slap down a tellin what they're gonna do
Run around yellin
I've got a mustang it'll do 80
You don't have to be my baby
I stirred my last batch of gravy
You don't have to be my, be my, be my baby
She's on all our prayer lists
She's on all our hearts
As for the easter cantada
We don't know who'll sing her part
When God fearin' women get the blues
There ain't no slap down or tellin what they're gonna do
Run around yellin
I've got a mustang it'll do 80
You don't have to be my baby
I stirred my last batch of gravy
You don't have to be my, be my, be my baby