

Norma Jean, Lord Knows I'm Drinking

Hello Mrs Johnson you self righteous woman
Sunday School teacher what brings you out slummin'
Do you reckon the preacher would approve where you are
Standing here vis'tin' with a back slidin' christian in a neighborhood bar
Well yes that's my bottle and yes that's my glass
I see you're eye ballin' this man you call trash
It ain't none of your bus'ness but yes he's with me
And we don't need no sermon you self righteous woman just let us be

The Lord knows I'm drinking and running around
And he don't need your loud mouth informing the town
The Lord knows I'm sinning and sinning ain't right
But me and the good Lord's gonna have us a good talk later tonight
(fiddle)
Goodbye Mrs Johnson you self righteous biddy
I don't need your preachin' and I don't need your pity
So go back to whatever you hypocrites do
And when I talk to heaven be nice and I'll put in a good word for you
The Lord knows I'm drinking and running around...