

# Sugarland, Down In Mississippi (Up To No Good)

Friday, payday, Lordy got to get away  
Had it with the wife thing, living on a shoe string  
What's a poor girl got to do just to have some fun?  
All these years without any help  
Guess what, honey, clothes just don't wash themselves!  
Neither do dishes, neither does the bathroom floor

So, now if anyone asks, not that they would  
I'll be down in Mississippi and up to no good

No more, what a bore, had enough, I'm out the door  
Headed for a breakdown, had it with the small town  
Gonna call Lisa, gonna call Carla Sue  
Now we're gonna let it roll, gonna let it rip  
Gonna get us a nice room down on the strip  
Not that we'll need it, there won't be any sleepin' tonight

So, now if anyone asks, not that they would  
We'll be down in Mississippi and up to no good

Hammer down, here we go  
Runnin' for the riverboat  
All you're gonna see is asses and elbows  
Luck's about to change for these three queens  
Tired of getting' jokers, deal us up kings

Snake eyes, roll the dice, double down and hit me twice  
Cashin' in the big chips, gonna leave a big tip  
Hotter than a two dollar pistol, baby, I'm on fire

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