

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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