Dixie Chicks, Sin Wagon

He pushed me 'round
now I'm drawin' the line
He lived his life
now I'm gonna go live mine
I'm sick on wastin' my time
Well now I've been good for way too long
Found my red dress and I'm gonna throw it on
'Bout to get too far gone

Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition
Need a little bit more of my tweleve ounce nutrition
One more helpin' of what I've been havin'
I'm takin' my turn on the sin wagon

On a mission to make something happen
Feel like Delilah lookin' for Samson
Do a little mattress dancin'
That's right I said mattress dancin'

Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition
Need a little bit more
of what I've been missin'
I don't know where I'll be crashin'
But I'm arrivin' on a sin wagon

When it's my turn to march up to old glory
I'm gonna have one hell of a story
That's if he forgives me
Oh, lord please forgive me

Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition
Need a little bit more of that sweet salvation
They may take me
with my feet draggin'
But I'll fly away on a sin wagon

I'll fly away on a sin wagon