

# Jimmy Dean, Glad Rags

Glad rags

Now honey, you do the dishes and I'll feed the old sowAlso the chickens and our one jersey cowTa

There'll be no evening gowns, not even a tuxThey'll come in wagons, buggies and pick-up trucksW

Look for me beside the old cider kegI'll set my cup down and we'll both shake a legNever a ballroom

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