

Jimmy Dean, Glad Rags

Glad rags

Now honey, you do the dishes and I'll feed the old sow
Also the chickens and our one jersey cow
Ta

There'll be no evening gowns, not even a tux
They'll come in wagons, buggies and pick-up trucks
W

Look for me beside the old cider keg
I'll set my cup down and we'll both shake a leg
Never a ballroom
