

Maria McKee, Drinkin' In My Sunday Dress

I can barely feel the sheets with all these crumbs down in my bed
How can I get to sleep with all this buzzin' in my head
And who'd have ever thought I'd not complain about a mess
Serves me right I guess, this is what I get
For eatin' crackers with my gin
And drinkin' in my Sunday dress

The telephone is by the bottle which is always by my bed
From time to time I give it a rattle to make sure that it's not dead
I will wait here for your call till I run out of cigarettes
I love to play the part of the damsel in distress
Flickin' ashes in my coffee
Drinkin' in my Sunday dress

Well I've been on the road to this and I've been on the way to this
But who'da think it'd come to this
Don't let on you've seen me like this
My old transistor's sounding just as twangy as a Fender
My radiator growls like Elvis after Sunday dinner
I've drained my last tequila and I've thrown away the blender
I've poured out all the wine, from now on nothing but the best
Cognac and Patsy Cline
While drinkin' in my Sunday dress

Well I've been on the road to this and I've been on the way to this
I surely ain't a hypocrite
I've had my fun and now I must confess
Our reverend is a kingly soul, repents em on a dime
His bible is not inked in gold, he is not the cheatin' kind
One Sunday after meetin' I was in the greetin' line
He said I've seen you from the altar
Gulpin' down communion wine
Just remember who's beside you when it's no business of mine