## Martina McBride, When God Fearin' Women Get

Lock up your husbands Lock up your sons Lock up your whiskey cabinets Girls lock up your guns Lock up the beauty shop No tellin' if they've heard the news Call the boys downtown at Neiman Marcus Tell 'em lock up them high heel shoes When God-fearin' women get the blues There ain't no slap-dab-a-tellin' What they're gonna do Run around yellin' I've got a Mustang It'll do 80 You don't have to be my baby I've stirred my last batch of gravy You don't have to be my baby Call all the deacons Call the Ladies Aid Call all the altos, sopranos, tenors Call every bass Well call all the Pentacostals Bring that anointing oil too Well call the preacher He's the only one can reach her And their ain't no time to lose Repeat Chorus She's on all our prayer lists She's on all our hearts As for the Easter cantata We don't know who'll sing her part Repeat Chorus