

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