

Rodney Carrington, The Day My Wife Met My Girlfriend

The Day My Wife Met My Girlfriend

Well I Got Home and the door was locked
And I tried to ring the bell
I found a little bitty note that she had wrote
Telling me to go to hell

I crawled in the window, I got inside
She kicked me in the balls, and then I cried
Called me a name, said I lied
Kicked me again and I thought I died

Took my clothes, set em' on fire
And hit me with her curling iron
I tried to block it with my watch
And then she kicked me in the crotch . . . again

Yeah today's the day my wife met my girlfriend

Well I tried to tell her but she didn't care
Things weren't what they seemed
She had a pan on the stove full of boiling water
And my nads would soon be steamed

I tried to run, scream for help
She hit me in the nerts with a Rhinestone belt
It was like nothing that I ever felt
I thank god I wasn't wearing a kilt

She grabbed a bat from beneath the bed
She swung it once and then she missed my head
She reared back, swung it again and
Then she hit me in the twins . . . again

Yeah today's the day my wife met my girlfriend

Yeah today's that awful day,
Hey, my boys won't be the same
Yeah today's the day my wife met my girlfriend