

# Susan Haynes, Drinkin' In My Sunday Dress

I can barely feels the sheets with all these crumbs down in my bed, oh no.  
How can I get to sleep with all this buzzin' in my head?  
An' who'd've 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,  
An' drinkin' in my Sunday dress.

Telephone is by the bottle which is always by my bed.  
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,  
An' I've been on the way to this,  
But who'd 'a think it'd come to this?  
Don't let on you've seen me like this, like this.

My old transistor's soundin' 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 nothin' but the best:  
Cognac an' Patsy Cline,  
While drinkin' in my Sunday dress.

Well I've been on the road to this,  
An' 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."  
I said: "Just remember who's beside you when it's no business of mine."