

Tracy Byrd, Revenge Of A Moddle Aged Woman

Revenge of a middle aged woman

I was looking for a cheap car in the Sunday classifieds
When an add jumped out and hit me right between my bugged out eyes
It was a two year old Mercedes for seven hundred bucks
I could'nt make my tremblin' fingers dial that number fast enough
The woman who picked up the phone said yes it's still for sale
But I had about a thousand calls so you better move your tail

When I drove up that long driveway with the cash there in my hands
She met me at the garage in a short skirt and a tan
When we took it for a test drive I couldn't believe my luck
She said I'll throw in those Arnold golf clubs there in the trunk
None of this was makin' sense but then it dawned on me
When she reffered to her old man as that cheatin' S.O.B.

It was a classic case of a woman scorned
She'll make that man wish he had never been born
She's a forty something year old judge and jury
He'll have no fury like revenge of a middle aged woman

So she took me out to breakfast put it on his credit card
And by the time they poured the coffee she was pouring out her heart
Stories of his sneekin' round and sorted escapades
Secretaries, waitresses, and bimbo's half his age
She said you know there's one thing I outta thank him for
Well he ticked me off so much I put new locks on the doors

Chorus:

Well I believe good wine and women get better with time
And if you ask me that man's a fool or else he must be blind
I'll never know his motives, can't get inside his head
But I'm drivin' that Mercedes, and I'm sleepin' in his bed

Chorus:

Tag: Revenge of a middle aged woman

Spoken:I know I outa feel guilty about somethingI just can't think of what it might be.