

Wrangled

Angaleena Presley

If I had a dollar for every time he tracked his dirty feet
'Cross my clean kitchen floor
I'd be like those girls in the magazines
I wouldn't be under his thumb no more

Bible says, a woman oughta know her place
Mine's out here in the middle of all of this wide open space
Between all of this ropin' and ridin'
I might as well be hog-tied and strangled
I'm tired of wakin' up feelin' like I've been wrangled

Rather eat dirt than bake another prizewinning cherry pie
The girls down at church can go to hell
Ironin' shirts and keepin' babies quiet
Ain't no life, it's a living jail

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He's real tight with the money
Keeps his truck runnin' like a top
And I've seen him go till his hands were bloody
He ain't the kind of man who knows how to stop

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