

Drunk In Heels

Jennifer Nettles

Tired, tired, dog ass tired
Tired down to the bone
I've did a 40 hour week
At the Quik-E-Mart
And another 35 at home

Dead, dead, the walking dead
Dead right on my feet
I like to put on my pajamas
And go to bed
But no one
In the house would eat

If I go to work
I have to makeup my whole face
And if once a month
I wanna shoot the whole damn place
Well I just have to deal
If I bring home the bacon
I have to fry it up in a pan
I ain't saying that
It's easier to be a man
But let's get real
When we get drunk
We do it in heels

Dirty, dirty
My house is so dirty
I've forgotten
What it looked like clean
It's so sad that my husband
Went blind and can't see
The dishes sitting
There in the sink

Loving, loving
He'd like a little loving
And I'd like to
Fulfill his dreams
But right now I'm so tired
Him fixing that oven
Is a sexier thing to me

If I go to work
I have to makeup my whole face
And if once a month
I wanna shoot the whole damn place
Well I just have to deal
If I bring home the bacon
I have to fry it up in a pan
I ain't saying that
It's easier to be a man
But let's get real
When we get drunk
We do it in heels

Yeah, they might be in style

But until you've walked that mile
You'll never know how hard it is
To keep yourself from falling
When you're up there
And you're carrying it all and

On the tightrope of my life
The men and the babies
And the 9 to 5
I might've looked sexy
While I'm juggling
But I'm struggling

If we go to work
I have to makeup our whole face
And if once a month
We wanna shoot the whole damn place
Well we just have to
If I bring home the bacon
I have to fry it up in a pan
I ain't saying that
It's easier to be a man
But let's get real
When we get drunk
We do it in
5-inch, platform
Louboutins, stilleto pumps
We do it, we do it in heels