

She's Playing Hell Trying To Get Me To Heaven

George Strait

I let it all hang out last night
I come in hung over this morning
My woman met me at the door
Preachin' me this warnin'
She said you're gonna have to change
Your sinful way of living
But she's playing hell
Trying to get me to heaven
Well, I promised to go to church with her
'Bout a month of Sundays ago
Well, here it is Sunday again
And I ain't been once in a row
And every time that ole church bell rings
You can hear my rod n' reel a singing
And she's playing hell
Trying to get me to heaven
She's playing hell
Trying to get me to heaven
There ain't no way
All my sins can be forgiven
There's only ten commandments
But I broke at least eleven
She's playing hell
Trying to get me to heaven
She went out and bought me
A Sunday go to meeting suit
I must confess it looked pretty sharp
With my deer hunting boots
But I wore holes in both the knees
Trying to roll them sevens
She's playing hell
Trying to get me to heaven
She's playing hell
Trying to get me to heaven

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