

Barroom Habits

[Loretta Lynn](#)

Well the kids came out to play last Sunday morning
And I came in from playing all night long
I walked in and slammed the door and put my cigarette out on the floor
And I told her a dirty joke and the fight was on
Well you better quit bringing those barroom habits home to mama
Yeah you better quit callin' me Rosie when you know that's not my name
When you come home it's like a bad dream
I follow you round tryin' to keep the place clean
You better quit bringing those barroom habits home to mama
[steel]
Last night I got high and I got lonesome
And I remember just what I needed was waitin' at home
I popped a top all over the wall and after that she wouldn't friendly at all
And I could tell by the look in her eye that I done something wrong
Well you better quit bringing...
Yeah you better quit bringing...

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