

Mrs Steven Rudy

Mark McGuinn

I get up on Sunday, about eight-fifteen
Just to get the paper that I never read
'Cause I know she'll be there barely in her robe
Sittin' on her front porch paintin' on her toes
Her husband's always on the roadHey, Mrs. Steven Rudy
You don't know what you do to me
Everynight I dream one day of being with you
Hey, Mrs. Steven Rudy
Your the neighborhood beauty
And that wedding ring is as ugly as your husband is to youSometimes Mrs. Rudy calls cryin' late at night
'Cause her and Mr. Ugly have had another fight
We talk a while, and I hear her smile
When she says thank you, I tell her that she's welcome
Like any friend would do, I only wish she knewHey, Mrs. Steven Rudy
You don't know what you do to me
Everynight I dream one day of being with you
Hey, Mrs. Steven Rudy
Your the neighborhood beauty
And that wedding ring is as ugly as your husband is to youImagination, infatuation
I'm what she deserves
I wonder if she thinks about me, the way I think about herHey, Mrs. Steven Rudy
You don't know what you do to me
Everynight I dream one day of being with you
Hey, Mrs. Steven Rudy
Your the neighborhood beauty
And that wedding ring is as ugly as your husband is to youHey, Mrs. Steven Rudy
You don't know what you do to me
Everynight I dream one day of being with you
Hey, Mrs. Steven Rudy
Your the neighborhood beauty
And that wedding ring is as ugly as your husband is to youHey
Oh Mrs. Rudy
That wedding ring is as ugly to me
As you husband is to you
Mrs. Rudy
You don't know, you don't know what you do
To me

Songwriters

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