God Help My Man

Joey + Rory

There must be a real good reason why he ain't home yet
There must be a real bad wreck slowing him down
I'm hoping he blew a tire, his old truck flipped and caught on fire
'Cause God help my man if he's foolin' aroundIf he's fooling around with some hussy he knows
While I'm cooking his dinner and washing his clothes,
If he thinks he can come home and climb into my bed,
He's got another thing coming upside of his headI hope there was a homeless hooker that he gave a hug to
I pray that's her lipstick on his shirt this morning I found
These seven numbers I see in his pocket better win the lottery
'Cause God help my man, if he's foolin' aroundIf he's fooling around with some hussy he knows
While I'm rocking his babies and washing his clothes,
If he thinks he can come home and climb into my bed,
He's got a frying pan coming upside of his head

Songwriters
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