

# Chicken Every Sunday

[Dolly Parton](#)

Just because all my dresses are just cotton hand me downs  
His family calls me the lower class  
'Cause we're only poor folks on the other side of town  
They won't let him walk up my path But my mama says don't worry when they say those things about you  
You remember, you're just as good as him  
Just because they got that big house sittin' way upon the hill  
Why, you don't have to look up to them We've got chicken every Sunday and the preacher comes around  
And every Saturday morning daddy takes us all to town  
And we'd go to the picture show, have picnics on the ground  
Ohh, that's the lower class then I'm glad that's what I am 'Cause my mama don't belong to the ladies social set  
My daddy can't afford the country club  
His folks look down on me and they don't let us date  
'Cause they think that I'm not good enough But my mama says forgive him honey, he ain't worth at all  
And if anything, you're too good for him  
Just because they've got money and a big fine house  
Aha, we won't take no sad talks off them We've got chicken every Sunday and the preacher comes around  
And every Saturday morning daddy takes us all to town  
And we'd go to the picture show, have picnics on the ground  
Ohh, that's the lower class then I'm glad that's what I am We've got chicken every Sunday and the preacher  
comes around  
And every Saturday morning daddy takes us in to town

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