

Drunk in Heels

Jennifer Nettles

Tired, tired, dog ass tired
Tired down to the bone
I've did a forty hour week
At the Quik-E-Mart
And another thirty-five at home
Dead, dead, the walking dead
Dead right on my feet
I like to put on my pajama and go to bed
But no one in the house would eat
If I go to work
I have to makeup my whole face
And if once a month I wanna shoot the whole damn place
Well I just have to deal
If I bring home the bacon
I have to fry it up in a pan
I ain't saying that it's easier to be a man
But let's get real
When we get drunk
We do it in heels
Dirty, dirty
My house is so dirty
I've forgotten what it looked like clean
It's so sad that my husband went blind and can't see
The dishes sitting there in the sink
Loving, loving
He'd like a little loving
And I'd like to fulfill his dreams
But right now I'm so tired
Him fixing that oven
Is the sexier thing to me
If I go to work
I have to makeup my whole face
And if once a month
I wanna shoot the whole damn place
Well I just have to deal
If I bring home the bacon
I have to fry it up in a pan
I ain't saying that it's easier to be a man
But let's get real
When we get drunk
We do it in heels
Yeah, they might be in style
But until you've walked that mile
You'll never know how hard it is
To keep yourself from falling

When you're up there
And you're carrying it all and On the tightrope of my life
The men and the babies
And the 9 to 5
I might've looked sexy
While I'm juggling
But I'm struggling If we go to work
We have to makeup our whole face
And if once a month
We wanna shoot the whole damn place
Well we just have to
If I bring home the bacon
I have to fry it up in a pan
I ain't saying that it's easier to be a man
But let's get real
When we get drunk
We do it in
Five-inch platform Louboutin's stilleto pumps
We do it, we do it in heels

Songwriters
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