Dirty Dishes

Red Smiley

Mama hollers, "Supper time,
And don't make me tell you twice
Wash your hands and wipe your face
The table's no place for your toys,
And try to use your inside voice,
Don't dig in 'til we say Grace"

So we put down our forks and bowed our heads
And then she prayed the strangest prayer ever said,

"I wanna thank you Lord,
For noisy children and slamming doors,
And clothes scattered all over the floor
My husband workin' all the time,
Draggin' in dead tired at night,
My never ending messy kitchen
And dirty dishes"

We all got real still and quiet,
And daddy asked, "Hon, you alright?"
She said, "There, ain't nothing wrong,
Noisy kids are happy kids,
And slamming doors just means we live
In a warm and loving home
Your long hours and those dishes in the sink
Means a job and enough to eat"

"So I'm gonna thank you Lord,
For noisy children and slamming doors,
And clothes scattered all over the floor
A husband workin' all the time
Draggin' in dead tired at night
My never ending messy kitchen"

For my little busy bees
Beggin' mama, mama can you please?
Always wantin' to call in vain
Loads of laundry pilin' up
Crayons crushed into the rug
And those little sticky kisses

And dirty dishes, and dirty dishes

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com
written by DULANEY, MICHAEL WILLIAM/THRASHER, NEIL/MARTIN, TONY
Lyrics Â© Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/