

# Dirty Dishes

Scotty McCreery

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

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