

Mama Don't Get Dressed up for Nothing

Brooks & Dunn

She said hey cowboy get off of that couch
Yeah, the party's on and we're goin' out
I got my low cut dress and my knee highboots
I'm like money to burn and nothing to lose
You're the man of the house you better think of something
'Cause Mama don't get dressed up for nothing
She said I been cooped up in this house all week
It's time to pick it up and move it out to party street
She said saddle up hoss it's your lucky day
And I'm a she cat tiger comin' out of the cage
We can go high rollin' or beer joint jumpin'
Mama don't get dressed up for nothing
She's hard to handle, a little high strung
I'll see her bet and I'll raise her one
I love when she gets wound up
I'm Jack of Hearts, she's my Lady Luck
We're gonna find a little place where we can rip and roar
We gonna cut a deep groove in that hardwood floor
Set up the shooters and break out the green
Throw a whole row of quarters in the boogie machine
We gonna turn up the heat and keep the jukebox humpin'
'Cause mama don't get dressed up for nothing

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