

Climbin' The Ladder And Climbin' The Wall

Bobby Bare

I guess you've heard that baby's now a singer
You hear her records on the radio
She wears rhinestone jeans and turquoise on her finger
Oh, but she don't bake no biscuits anymore.

I guess our friends and neighbors think it's funny
To see me hang these diapers every day
But Lord that woman's sendin' home the money
So there ain't too damn much a man can say.

Oh, while she's climbin' the ladder I'm climbin' the wall
A hopin' that she'll reach the top but prayin' that she'd fall
When your love's in showbiz Lord there ain't much love at all
While she's a climbin' the ladder I'm climbin' the wall.

She wears her hair pulled up high like Dolly
And Loretta's exdriver drives her bus
And all the kids and me we only see her on TV
Now watch close kids she's gonna sing one song for us.
There she is, ain't she pretty?

I wanna go home again where the fields are so green
I wanna go home again where the air's fresh and clean
Where all my loved ones wait and there's true lovin' friend
And life is simple sweet so I wanna go home again.

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