

Bless This Mess

Haley Bonar

Mom and Dad took me to church,
to learn the Word,
and speak it good
I'm sure I was a good enough little girl
made them proud
sing it loud
oh mister judge I wasn't always this way
I just changed one day, realized life's quite the little parade
for a little girl with a freckled face
I smiled wide, guess i lost my pride,
guess I lost my pride
oh I looked straight into the face of Jesus
I lifted up my hands and grabbed another man
oh when i was a little a girl
i made a due,
fall in love again,
teach myself the blues, teach myself the blues
that's when i found the bottle and started smoking cigarettes
and I started talking meaner and then I packed up my dress
oh bless this mess, oh bless this mess
so don't tell me about the good Word
don't tell me about the finer things in life
don't tell me about your picket fence,
your dodd and loving wife
please just give me a glass of red wine and a steel six string
guitar,
if you want to preach the good life then I'll meet you at the b
ar

so Mom and Dad took me to church to learn the Word to speak it
good
I'm sure I was a good enough little girl
made them proud, sing it loud
I will sing it now
I will sing it now