

Don't talk crooked, honey, walk the straight and narrow  
My mama tried to teach me the rules  
She said: "If Jesus himself keeps his eye upon the sparrow  
Then surely he is watching you too"  
Twenty-one years young, I rolled to hell's half acre  
I really got to kicking up ground  
I was a mover and a shaker, a mean heartbreaker  
Now it's all coming back around

Tell ya it's a hard living  
Broke down on the highway  
Burned out in an ashtray  
Hard living  
Empty as a bottle  
Right down to the bottom  
It's a hard living  
Singing hallelujah, may I introduce ya  
To ex-con little old me

Tangled and torn, I was trapped like a rabbit  
Thought the only crime was getting caught  
Now that I'm dressed in stripes, me and all my bad habits  
We got the time to give it some thought  
Living in the past has been a full-time occupation  
I've got a thing for talking to ghosts  
Never moving on can take an awful lot of patience

And I'm a girl who's had the most

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Armed robbery and a high-speed chase  
The late night TV news anchors loved my face  
I served my time but now the time has come  
For me to get back in my mama's good grace

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