

# Mama Don't Make Me Put On The Dress Again

Trixie Mattel

Mama don't make me put on the dress again  
I can't stand the way it opens when I spin  
Ribbon bows around my shoulder, and I'm only getting older  
Mama don't make me put on the dress again

Daddy don't make me fancy dance around  
Painted up in that make-up like a clown  
If I see another stocking, lord  
I swear to God, I'm walking, lord  
Daddy don't make me fancy dance around

Well, I'm coming home alone for the hundredth time or so  
It gets harder on my hard earned money's dime  
To the bottle in my basket, will it answer if I ask it:  
Doing right or am I doing time?

Lover don't make me hit the road again  
I can barely feel your fingers on my skin  
I'm been booking every city  
Looking sad, but looking pretty, looking...  
Lover don't make me hit the road the again

Brother, don't make me tell you where I've been  
Running around in circles made of sin  
I've been drinking like my daddy  
And he ain't ever had his last one, had he?  
Brother, don't make me tell you where I've been

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It gets harder on my hard earned money's dime  
To the bottle in my basket, will it answer if I ask it:  
Doing right or am I doing time?

Farther from my home, the more I wish it  
The longer I've been gone, the more I miss it  
Ribbon bows around my shoulder, and I swear I'm only getting older  
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