

Dolly Parton, Chicken Every Sunday

Just because all my dresses are just cotton hand-me-downs
This family calls me the lower class
Cause we're only poor folks on the other side of town
They won't let him walk up my path
But my mama says don't worry when they say those things about ye
You remember you're just as good as him
Just because they got that big house settin' way upon the hill
Why you don't have to look up to them
We've got chicken every Sunday and the preacher comes around
And every Saturday morning daddy takes us all to town
And we'd go to the picture show or picnics on the ground
Oh that's the lower class and I'm glad that's what I am

[Guitar]

Cause my mama don't belong to the ladies social set
My daddy can't afford the country club
His folks look down on me and they don't let us date
Cause they think that I'm not good enough
But my mama says forgive him honey he ain't worthy of
And in anything you're too good for him
Just because they've got money and a big fine house
Well we won't take no self off of them
We've got chicken every Sunday...
We've got chicken every Sunday...