

HANGIN' OVER

Dedicated to Church Leaders and their wives everywhere:

Words and music by Robert Fitt

Hangin' over, hangin' over,
Monday mornin' I'm all out o' whack;
For when Sunday's finally over,
All that "restin'" is killin' my back.

'Cause I'm up before dawn for my meetin's,
Then I teach or I preach the day through;
And the fireside late in the evenin'
Hangs me over with none o' thet brew.

While it's true that I liked all my meetin's,
Yet my 'sitter' was sittin' too long,
And my body was takin' a beatin',
So I cain't resist singin' this song:

Hangin' over, hangin' over,
With my head poundin' out o' my ears,
Hangin' over, Monday mornin',
Though I never drink none o' thet beer!

And then we hear the refrain concernin'g the wife and mother:

Hangin' over, hangin' over,
Monday mornin' I'm fallin' apart,
For when Sunday's fin'ly over,
All that "restin'" is killin' my heart.

First I struggle to dress all our children,
But I'm worn-out when half the way through;
Then just keepin' 'em quiet in meetin's
Is just more than a mother can do.

When they fuss durin' sacrament meetin'
My poor funny-bone's busted by noon,
And my body is takin' a beatin',
So I cain't resist singin' this tune:

Hangin' over, hangin' over,
With Our heads poundin' out o' our ears,
Hangin' over, Monday mornin',
Though we never drink none o' thet beer!

Though we never, no never; no never, no never;
No, never drink none o' thet beer!