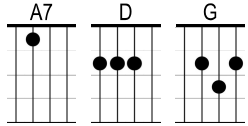


# The Day My Wife Met My Girlfriend

Rodney Carrington



**D** | | |

**D** I got home and the | door was locked so I | tried to ring the | bell  
I found a | little-bitty note that | she had wrote tellin' | me to go to | hell

I **G** crawled in the window, | I got inside  
She **D** kicked me in the balls and | then I cried

**A7** Called me a name, | said I lied  
**D** Kicked me again and I | thought I died

**G** Took my clothes, | set them on fire  
And **D** hit me with her | curling iron

**G** I tried to block it | with my watch  
And **A7** then she kicked me | in the crouch, a | gain |

To **G** day's the day my **A7** wife met my girl **D** friend | | |

Well, I **D** tried to tell her but she | didn't care, | things weren't what they | seemed  
She had a | pan on the stove full of | boilin' water and my | nads would soon be |

steamed  
I **G** tried to run, | scream for help  
She **D** hit me in the nuts with a | rinestone belt

**A7** It was like nothin' that I | ever felt  
**D** I thank God I wasn't | wearin' a kilt

She **G** grabbed the bat from | beneath the bed  
**D** Swung it once, | missed my head

**A7** She reared back, | swung it again  
And **G** then she hit me | in the twins a **A7** gain |

To **G** day's the day my **A7** wife met my girl **D** friend |  
Yeah, to **G** day's an awful **A7** day

And my **G** boys won't be the **A7** same  
Yeah, to **G** day's the day my **A7** wife met my girl **D** friend

**D**↓ **A7**↓ **D**↓