

Dirty Dishes

[Scotty McCreery](#)

Mama hollers "Supper time,
And don't make me tell you twice
Wash your hands and wipe your face.
The table's no place for your toys,
And try to use your inside voice,
Don't dig in 'til we say Grace."

So we put down our forks and bowed our heads
And then she prayed the strangest prayer ever said: I wanna thank You Lord,
For noisy children and slamming doors,
And clothes scattered all over the floor,
My husband workin' all the time,
Draggin' in dead tired at night,
My never ending messy kitchen
And dirty dishes.

We all got real still and quiet,
And daddy asked "Hon, are you alright?"
She said, "Dear, ain't nothing wrong,
Noisy kids are happy kids,
And slamming doors just means we live,
In a warm and loving home,

Your long hours and those dishes in the sink,
Means a job and enough to eat. So I'm gonna thank You Lord,
For noisy children and slamming doors,
And clothes scattered all over the floor,
A husband workin' all the time,
Draggin' in dead tired at night,
A never ending messy kitchen
For my little busy bees
Beggin' mama, mama can we please?
Always wantin' me to call their name
Loads of laundry pilin' up
Crayons crushed into the rug
And those little sticky kisses
And dirty dishes,
And dirty dishes...

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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