

# GOAL SET'IN

Dena Fritz 2003

A new goal has been set by this farm wife  
To get my back side wider than my husband's for the rest of my life  
Sir, I saw ya look and I heard the rest of ya'll gasp  
But you'd do it too, if ya play the part I been cast  
Ya just don't know what I go through  
Have'in my hinny smaller by just an inch or two  
See, I get sent places my husband can't squeeze  
And I can always tell when it's gonna happen cuz I hear, Honey, could ya please  
Honey could ya please slip under the drill  
Those shovels need change'in and yer shoes I just couldn't fill  
Honey could ya please drop into the bin  
Need to measure what's left and I'd get hung up, but yer so thin  
Honey could ya please follow that calf up the chute  
Need someone to push him on thru and gol' dang yer look'in cute  
Honey could this and honey could ya that  
But here's the honey could ya that broke the camels back  
Jim had bought a 5000 gallon poly tank at an auction  
And boy, its insides needed some clean'in action  
A course he couldn't fit, Honey could ya please  
Grad that rope on the tractor bucket and I'll drop ya on it with ease  
Now, I'm a guess'in our views on ease differ a bit  
Cuz nowhere in my view am I hang'in from a tractor with touchy hydraulic  
He dropped me in a foot or two at a time  
As I held on for dear life to that line  
Once inside we couldn't decide how we'd get her to drain  
When Jim says, "I know, let's tip her on her side." Was he insane!  
But being the trust'in, not to mention trapped, wife that I am  
I held my breath and the roll'in began  
I bounced around like Dolly Pardon on horse back  
A wiser woman would have quit at that  
Well, I'm a whole lot a stubborn and only a tad bit smart  
Proven as Jim handed in the heated pressure washer and yelled "Start"  
Now, it was over 90 degrees out where he sat  
While inside that homemade ranch sauna, it was melt'in fat  
What was let of me, poured out after a couple a hours  
I'd never be talked into that again, not even with flowers  
Yet, come spring, he asks me to clean it again, what nerve  
I tell ya, this treatment I just don't deserve  
So give me a tater, sauce and steak  
Donuts, cookies and chocolate cake  
Bring on the bacon, eggs and cheese  
Soon I'll be the one say'in, "Honey could ya please"