Jenny grew up wild, like a blackfoot daisy *1. A woman who didn’t come from much but*  
Out in the shack with a blue tick hound *was very beautiful fell in love with a man who*  
Broke as hell, but blessed with beauty *was very wealthy. He started by showering*The kind that a rich man can't turn down *her with tons of expensive gifts, then they got*She caught the eye of an oil man dancing *married. Church bells rung. He became an*   
One summer night in a dime store dress *alcoholic which lead to physical abuse. She*   
She had the looks, he had the mansion *had given up on the relationship and decided*And you can figure out the rest *to kill him – put something in his drink. He*

It was all roses, dripping in diamonds *died. Church bells rang at his funeral.*Sipping on champagne  
She was all uptown, wearing that white gown *2. An outsider – Carrie Under, speaking to an*  
Taking his last name *audience or telling a story.*

She could hear those church bells ringing, ringing  
And up in the loft, that whole choir singing, singing *3. Blackfoot Daisy: specific type. Clichés –*  
Fold your hands and close your eyes *dripping in diamonds, Ken and Barbie, Church*   
Yeah, it's all gonna be alright *bells ringing. Some rhymes within.*   
And just listen to the church bells ringing, ringing  
Yeah, they're ringing *4. Serious. Bruises, dark sunglasses, slipped*

Jenny was hosting Junior League parties *something in his whiskey.* *Changes halfway.*   
And having dinner at the country club   
Everyone thought they were Ken and Barbie *5. Internal rhyme and end rhyme*  
But Ken was always getting way too drunk   
Saturday night, after a few too many *6. Repetition. Title is what chorus is - also*  
He came home ready to fight *what is repeated throughout song.*  
And all his money could never save Jenny  
From the devil living in his eyes *7. Yes, visually we can see what happened.*

It was all bruises, covered in makeup *Everyone may connect differently, but still*  
Dark sunglasses *is a very heavy topic. Acknowledges abuse.*  
And that next morning, sitting in the back pew  
Praying with the Baptist

She could hear those church bells ringing, ringing  
And up in the loft, that whole choir singing, singing  
Fold your hands and close your eyes  
Yeah, it's all gonna be alright  
You just listen to the church bells ringing, ringing  
Yeah, they're ringing

Jenny slipped something in his Tennessee whiskey  
No law man was ever gonna find  
And how he died is still a mystery  
But he hit a woman for the very last time

She could hear those church bells ringing, ringing  
Standing there in a black dress singing, singing  
Fold your hands and close your eyes  
Yeah, it's all gonna be alright  
And just listen to the church bells ringing, ringing  
Yeah, they're ringing