

Weekdays

Deep Rooted

Weekday mornings, coffee smell in the air
After you've gone and the children have left for school
I'm alone and I think about all the plans we made
I think about all the dreams I had and I wonder if I'm a fool
Weekday midday, I've got the marketing done
Plenty to do but nothing to tax my mind that's all right, it's a habit
Heaven knows I can always watch the daytime shows
And wonder which story's mine
She loved a man she knew little about
After so many years of trying
So many years of doing without
Oh, but what's the use of crying?
Weekday evenings, we sit and I realize
You've dreamed too and I kind of understand
I've been with you and you need me to take care of you
But we'll work it out so I'm a person too
And we'll help each other, the best that we can
'Cause I'm your woman and you're my man

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