

What You Gonna Do About Me

Murali Coryell

You take the records, I'll take the stereo
You get the TV and I'll take the radio
I'll keep the dishes, and you the pots and pans
You'll need a new car more than me, so I'll take the second hand
We'll each keep our own friends, divide the rest in two
The older kids seem to understand, still there's one thing left to do
It's over in the corner our little one sits and cries
And behind that swell of tears, she's asking with her eyes
Oh, what you gonna do about me, what you gonna do about me?
Is it daddy on the weekend and mama rest of the week
Will I have to make new friends, live on a different street
Who's gonna be the one who tucks me into sleep?
Oh what you gonna do, what you gonna do about me?
I gave her a hug, she pushed me away
I said, "In time you'll understand and maybe we both will someday"
I wiped her tears, and said, "It won't be so bad"
She said, "Will you still be my mommy, will he still be my dad?"
Oh, what you gonna do about me, what you gonna do about me?
Is it daddy on the weekend and mama rest of the week
Will I have to make new friends, live on a different street
Who's gonna be the one who tucks me into sleep?
Oh what you gonna do, what you gonna do about me?
How can I tell her when I don't know for sure
Why her mom and dad don't love each other anymore?

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