

# Every Other Weekend

Reba McEntire & Kenny Chesney

Every other Friday  
It's toys and clothes and backpacks  
Is everybody in? Okay, let's go see Dad  
Same time in the same spot  
Corner of the same old parking lot  
Half the hugs and kisses, they are always sad  
We trade a couple words  
And looks and kids again  
Every other weekend  
Every other weekend, very few exceptions  
I pick up the love we made in both my arms  
It's movies on the sofa  
Grilled cheese and cut the crust off  
But that's not the way Mom makes it  
Daddy breaks my heart  
I miss everything  
I used to have with her again  
Every other weekend  
I can't tell her I love her  
(I can't tell him I love him)  
'Cause there's too many questions  
And ears in the car  
So I don't tell him I miss him  
(I don't tell her I need her)  
She's over me, that's where we are  
So we're as close as we might ever be again  
Every other weekend  
Every other Saturday, first thing in the morning  
I turn the TV on to make the quiet go away  
I know why, but I don't know  
Why we ever let this happen  
Fallin' for forever was a big mistake  
There's so much not to do  
And all day not to do with him  
Every other weekend  
Every other Sunday I empty out my backseat  
While my children hug their mother in the parking lot  
We don't touch, we don't talk much  
Maybe goodbye to each other  
As she drives away with every piece of heart I got  
I re-convince myself  
We did the right thing  
Every other weekend  
I can't tell her I love her  
(I can't tell him I love him)  
'Cause there's too many questions  
And ears in the car  
So I don't tell him I miss him

(I don't tell her I need her)  
She's over me, that's where we are  
We're as close as we might ever be again  
Every other weekend Yeah, for fifteen minutes  
We're family again  
God, I wish that he was still with me again  
Every other weekend  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by  
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