Every Other Weekend

Reba Mcentire

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

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