

# Weekdays

Carole King

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 alright, it's a habit  
Heaven knows I can always watch the daytime shows  
And I 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 out the best that we can  
'Cause I'm your woman and you're my man

Songwriters

King, Carole  
Published by

Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>