

One Woman

Isaac Hayes

I fight my way through the 5 o'clock rush hour/ As daylight slowly leaves the sky/ I open the door to that little
room we call home.
Her loving arms are to greet me/ And her tender lips are always there to greet me, at the end of every day/ You
know, it's always been that way.
Then I fight my way through the early morning traffic/ ahhh, but someone else is heavy on my mind/ Then I
open the door to our favorite little coffeeshop/ And she's right on time.
Her loving arms are there to greet me/ and her tender lips are there to greet me/ That's the way I start my day.
But it's too bad it doesn't end that way.
One woman is making my home/ While the other woman making me do wrong/ I didn't intend to let get that
strong/ Now I gotta decide where I belong
(musical interlude)
Her loving arms are there to greet me/ Ooooo tender lips are there to meet me/ That's the way I start my day/
Whoaaaa, too bad/ so sad/ it doesn't end that way.
One woman making my home, yes she is/ While the other woman, you know making me do wrong/ I didn't
intend to let this pain get that strong/ Now I gotta decide/ where I/ where I/ where I belong.
One woman ahhhh making my home yes she is now/ The other woman making this man do wrong/ I don't
know which one to choose, no I don't/ And neither one can this man bear to lose/ Oooooo no/ no, no
I said/ One woman making my home/ Ooooo while this other woman making me do wrong, ahhhhhh yeah/ I
didn't intend to let this pain get this strong/ Now I gotta decide where I belong/ tell me/ which way to
goooooooooooo.
One woman making my home/ (fading) The other woman got me doing wrong.

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