

Liza Minnelli, Mr. Emery Won't Be Home

Monday through Friday from 9 until 5
I bring him coffee and I type his letters
And I dial the number to tell his wife:

Mr. Emery Won't Be Home 'til late tonight
He said not to worry, just leave on the light
Mr. Emery Won't Be Home 'til late tonight
Just lock the door and be sure to tuck the kids in tight.

Monday through Friday from 5 until 9
I take my hair down and put on some music
And open a bottle of sweet red wine;

Mr. Emery Won't Be Home 'til late tonight
He said not to worry, just leave on the light
Mr. Emery Won't Be Home 'til late tonight
Just lock the door and be sure to tuck the kids in tight.

Saturday and Sunday I stay home alone
I lay around hoping that he'll call
Well, I wash my hair, play solitaire or read a book
And now and then I close my eyes
Trying to remember how he looks, whoah!

The lines were rehearsed when I called her today
But my part was over before I could speak she said,
"Hello, yes, I know you've called to say:"

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