

Shelly Fairchild, Eight Crazy Hours (In The Story

It was somethin' as simple
As makin' the bed
That kicked off the voice
Inside her head
She was smoothin' the sheet
With the plam of her hand
When the thought struck home
"I don't know who I am"

And she sat cross-legged
On the bedroom floor
And thought
"There's 3 people in this house
That don't need me anymore."
And she cried like a baby
In a pile of dirty clothes

Oh, should I be more care free
Should I be more sexy
Should I be more friend, than mom
And the dryer was buzzin'
And the TV was blarin'
And she wanted to call, her mother

It was somethin' as simple
As checkin' in to that cheap motel
Out on Highway 10
Was it the sting of leavin'
Or usin' her maiden name
That took all of the fun
Out of runnin' away

And she cried like a baby
In the tub of room 5

Oh, should I be more care free
Should I be more sexy
Should I be more friend, than mom
And her head was buzzin'
And the TV was blarin'
And she wanted to call, her husband

It was somethin' as simple
As pickin' up the kids
That her back to Earth again
She'd been to the dark side of the moon
She had to keep it to herself
So she grabbed Kentucky Fried Chicken
For supper

Oh, but she looked more care free
And she looked more sexy
And she looked more friend, than mom
And the table talk was buzzin'
And the TV, it was blarin'
And they all sat and laughed at each other

It was somethin' as simple
As not givin' up
And eight crazy hours
In the story of love