

Carole King, Weekdays

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