

Faith Hill, I Can't Do That Anymore

Cut my hair the way you wanted
Watched you become important
Quit my job to make our new home far away
Now you're Mr. Successful and I'm queen of the treadmill
Trying to stay the size you think that I should stay
I used to dream about what I would be
Last night I dreamed about a washing machine

I keep on giving
But I can't stop living
A woman needs a little something of her own
I like happy endings
I don't like depending
I keep right on pretending
But I can't do that anymore

Now you say I'm being silly
But you don't know me really
You never take the time to ask me how I feel
I keep the checkbook balanced
I decorate your palace
You know I used to think that you were king
Somewhere down deep I know you really love me
But you can't see that what we have's not all I needed

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You try to tell me I'm not being fair to you
But life's too short for a selfish attitude

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I keep right on pretending
But I can't do that anymore