

Freddie Hart, She Belongs To Me

She know how to make me laugh when I'm unhappy
She can make my biggest worries seem so small
And when I get to feeling moody and discouraged
She just holds me close and I feel ten feet tall
I come home most every night to TV dinners
For she's really not the cook I know she'd like to be
Oh but a smile across the table says I love you
And I thank the Lord that she belongs to me

She likes to go around the house wearing blue jeans
Harry Roder's sneakers on her feet
And I catch her doing things she really shouldn't
Like playing baseball with the kids out in the street
When I call her on the phone just say I'm working late
She understands and waits up so patiently
And she welcomes me home to my private heaven
Oh and I thank the Lord that she belongs to me
Mhm I thank the Lord that she belongs to me