

Mary Chapin Carpenter, Goodbye Again

(Mary Chapin Carpenter)

Every night she sleeps alone
And by her bed she puts the phone
And every morning after that
She takes the phone and puts it back

He's got a wife back home and three kids up and grown
But these are things that go unsaid
He might call her from the road just in time to say hello
And goodbye again

She keeps his picture tucked away
She thinks she'll have it framed one day
And maybe he'll come see it there
Hanging by her rocking chair

In a corner of her room on a Sunday afternoon
When all the world is dull and gray
She might close her eyes and sit, rocking gently for a bit
Till all the bad thoughts go away

Back when children played their games
London Bridge and Jesse James
She captured flags, she bounced the ball
And every time, she beat them all

And now she comes home to a cat in a three-room walk-up flat
And plays a game of solitaire
Well she made a fist last night, and she broke the hallway light
And the pieces scattered everywhere

You see, he's got a wife back home and three kids up and grown
But these are things that go unsaid
He might call her from the road just in time to say hello
And goodbye again