

Reba McEntire, What You Gonna Do About Me

(Michael P. Heeney/David Scarlett)

You take the records, I'll take the stereo.
You get the tv, and I'll take the radio.
I'll keep the dishes, and you the pots and pans.
You'll need a new car more than me, so I'll take the second hand.
We'll each keep our own friends, divide the rest in two.
The only kids seem to understand, still there's one thing left to do.
It's over in the corner, our little one sits and cries.
And behind that swell of tears she's asking with her eyes.

What you gonna do about me,
What you gonna do about me.
Is it daddy on the weekend, mama rest of the week.
Will I have to make new friends, live on a different street.
Who's gonna be the one who tucks me into sleep.
Oh what you gonna do, what you gonna do about me.

I gave her a hug, she pushed me away.
I said in time you'll understand, and maybe we both will someday.
I wiped her tears, and said "It won't be so bad.", she said "Will you still be my mom"

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How can I tell her when I don't know for sure
Why her mom and dad don't love each other anymore.