Rodney Atkins, Honesty (Write Me A List)

He said "just think it over,
Write me a list
So we can figure out what we both deserve"
She hardly could believe it,
That their love had come to this
Dividing and deciding his and hers
But she grabbed a paper napkin,
Asked the waitress for a pen
And one by one she wrote down
What she wanted most from him

Honesty, sincerity, tenderness and trust
A little less time for the rest of the world,
And more for the two of us
Kisses each morning, I love you's at night
Just like it used to be
The way life was when you were in love with me

She reached across the table and placed it in his hand
And said "you know this isn't easy for me"
As he thought about the new car, the house and the land
And wondered what that bottom line would be
And a thousand other things that she'd want him to leave behind
But he never dreamed he'd open up that napkin and find

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Well he faught back the tears as he looked in her eyes and said,
"I don't know where to start"
And she said, "everything on that list in your hand
Is written somewhere in your heart."

Honesty, sincerity
Just like it used to be
The way life was when you were in love with me