

Shania Twain, Honey, I'm Home

The car won't start-it's falling apart
I was late for work and the boss got smart
My pantyline shows-got a run in my hose
My hair went flat-man, I hate that
Just when I thought things couldn't get worse
I realized I forgot my purse
With all this stress-I must confess
This could be worse than PMS

This job ain't worth the pay
Can't wait 'til the end of the day
Honey, I'm on my way
Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey!

Honey, I'm home and I had a hard day
Pour me a cold one and oh, by the way
Rub my feet, gimme something to eat
Fix me up my favorite treat
Honey, I'm back, my head's killing me
I need to relax and watch TV
Get off the phone-give the dog a bone
Hey! Hey! Honey, I'm home!

I broke a nail opening the mail
I cursed out loud 'cause it hurt like hell
This job's a pain-it's so mundane
It sure don't stimulate my brain

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Oh, rub my neck will you

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I'm home, that feels much better