

Tammy Wynette, Marriage On The Rocks

You still smile at me when I come home and you always ask me how my day has been
You dry your face to make me feel there's nothing wrong
As we start another evening of return
You sit and wait for me to tell my usual lie at all excuse to get away from home
And I help you with your coat and straighten up your tie
But as you leave I'm reaching for the phone
This is not a home it's a place where we change close
And walk the floor and wait and watch the clock
No it's not a home this is one of those situations known as marriage on the rocks

You wait from nine to five pretending I'm at home
And yet you know I meet him secretly
How much longer must this game of deceive go on
We'd both be better off if we were free
No it's not a home this is one of those situations known as marriage on the rocks