

Tom Paxton, She Sits On The Table

She sits on the table in a dress made of paper
Diplomas all over the wall
One university, one school of medicine
She's overwhelmed by it all
The nurse is all sympathy, voice of experience:
Let's have a look at that eye
It's going to look bad for a week, maybe more
Go on, darling, it's all right to cry

(CHORUS): How can I leave him, she is crying
What could I do, where would I go?
He didn't mean it, he will change someday
Oh, God, how he used to love me so

The doctor is busy, his manner professional
She finds she must look at the floor
He looks at her eye, at her ribs and her arm
And it seems every last inch is sore
The doctor is handsome, he smells of cologne
And his figure's athletically slim
He speaks disapprovingly: What did you do
To deserve such a beating from him?

(CHORUS)

The policeman is waiting outside in the corridor
He speaks to her as to a child
He's friends with her husband, he's angry with her
And he asks if there'll be charges filed
She says she's not sure, she needs time to recover
She feels beaten down in disgrace
The policeman asks isn't she secretly glad
For a man who'll keep her in her place