

## Three Kids No Husband

Brandy Clark

She's got three kids, no husband  
She's two weeks late on last month's rent  
She's waitin' on the child support  
He keeps swearin' that it's coming  
But if she knows him, she knows where it went  
And that pile o' bills ain't gonna pay themselves

It's been a forty-hour week and it's only Tuesday  
And there's homework and dinner to make  
Somebody wants a lullaby  
Somebody wants a different channel  
Somebody's dealin' with their first heartbreak  
And the dishes in the sink ain't gonna wash themselves

She lights a cigarette out on the balcony  
When she gets a couple minutes to herself  
There's how you plan it out, and how it turns out to be  
And a broken home, it ain't no fairytale

She's got three kids, no husband  
And a hairnet job at a diner down on Main  
She knows damn well  
She don't make the best cup o' coffee  
But she's quick with a smile and good with names  
Those lunch tickets ain't gonna tip themselves

She smokes a cigarette out by the loading dock  
And tries not to pick the polish off her nails  
She thinks about a guy who's been coming in a lot  
She starts to dream and then she stops herself

She's got three kids, no husband  
So she's a mom and a dad and a taxi driver  
When the baby's sick, she's an up-all-nighter  
A hand and a shoulder and a referee  
A real life hero if you ask me  
'Cause those kids ain't gonna raise themselves