

Friend Lover Woman Wife

Claude King

She's a friend, she's a lover, she's a woman, she's a wife.
She's the answered prayer ev'ry lonely man dreams of.
She's a temptress, she's a lady, she's the mother of my baby.
I thank God I'm the lucky man she loves.

Sometimes I lie awake and watch her sleeping;
and I just wanna bust and the teardrops fill my eyes.
And I wonder what she'd think if she woke up and caught me weep
ing;
'cause daddies and heroes ain't supposed to cry.
The morning always seems to catch us laughing
with the baby in the bed between us, safe and warm.
And I thank the Lord above for all the good times that I'm havi
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wrapped up in my woman's loving arms.

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And when the load gets heavy on my shoulders;
and I can't keep the pace, and I need a place to hide,
I run home to my own little world and take her in my arms,
and hold her; and I soon forget there's another world outside.
'cause she's a friend, she's a lover, she's a woman, she's a wi
fe.
She's the answered prayer ev'ry lonely man dreams of.
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