

# Marriage On The Rocks

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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