

Fifty Percent

Helen Reddy

I don't iron his shirts
I don't sew on his buttons
I don't know all the jokes he tells or the songs he hums
Though I may hold him all through the night
He may not be here when the morning comes

I don't pick out his ties
Or expect his tomorrows
But I feel when he's in my arms, he's where he wants to be
We have no memories bittersweet with time
And I doubt if he'll spend New Year's Eve with me

I don't share his name
I don't wear his ring
There's no piece of paper saying that he's mine
But he says he loves me and I believe it's true
Doesn't that make someone belong to you?

So I don't share his name
So I don't wear his ring
So there's no piece of paper saying that he's mine
So we don't have the memories
I've had enough memories
I've washed enough mornings
I've dried enough evenings
I've had enough birthdays to know what I want

Life is anyone's guess
It's a constant surprise
Though you don't plan to fall in love
When you fall...you fall
I'd rather have fifty percent of him
Or any percent of him
Than all of anybody else at all