

# One Woman

Isaac Hayes

I fight my way through the 5 o'clock rush hour  
As daylight slowly leaves the sky  
I open the door to that little room we call home.  
Her loving arms are to greet me  
And her tender lips are always there to greet me, at  
the end of every day  
You know, it's always been that way.  
Then I fight my way through the early morning traffic  
ahhh, but someone else is heavy on my mind  
Then I open the door to our favorite little coffeeshop  
And she's right on time.  
Her loving arms are there to greet me  
and her tender lips are there to greet me  
That's the way I start my day.  
But it's too bad it doesn't end that way.  
One woman is making my home  
While the other woman making me do wrong  
I didn't intend to let get that strong  
Now I gotta decide where I belong  
(musical interlude)  
Her loving arms are there to greet me  
Ooooo tender lips are there to meet me  
That's the way I start my day  
Whoaaaa, too bad, so sad  
it doesn't end that way.  
One woman making my home, yes she is  
While the other woman, you know making me do wrong  
I didn't intend to let this pain get that strong  
Now I gotta decide, where I, where I, where I belong.  
One woman ahhhh making my home yes she is now  
The other woman making this man do wrong  
I don't know which one to choose, no I don't  
And neither one can this man bear to lose  
Oooooo no, no, no  
I said  
One woman making my home  
Ooooo while this other woman making me do wrong, ahhhhh  
yeah  
I didn't intend to let this pain get this strong  
Now I gotta decide where I belong, tell me, which way  
to goooooooooo.  
One woman making my home,  
(fading) The other woman got me doing wrong.