

Every Other Weekend

Reba McEntire

Every Other Friday
It's toys and clothes and backpacks
Is everybody in?
Ok lets go see dad
Same time in the same spot
Corner of the same old parking lot
Half the hugs and kisses
There are always sad
We trade a couple words and looks and kids again
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Very few exceptions
I pick up the love we made in both my arms
It's movies on the sofa
Grilled cheese and cut the crust off
"But that's not the way mom makes it daddy" breaks my heart
I miss everything I use to have with her again
Every Other Weekend

But I can't tell her I love her
I can't tell him I love him
Cause there's too many questions and
Ears in the car
So I don't tell him I miss him
I don't tell her I need her
She's(He's) over me, that's where we are
So we're as close as we might ever be again
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Every Other Saturday
First thing in the mornin'
I turn the TV on to make the quiet go away
I know why, but I don't know why
We ever let this happen
Fallin' for forever was a big mistake
There's so much not to do, and all day not to do it in
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Every Other Sunday
I empty out my backseat
While my children hug their mother in the parking lot
We don't touch
We don't talk much
Maybe goodbye to each other
Then she drives away with every piece of heart I've got
I reconvince myself we did the right thing
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So I can't tell her I love her
I can't tell him I love him
Cause there's too many questions and
Ears in the car
So I don't tell him I miss him
I don't tell her I need her
She's(He's) over me, that's where we are
So we're as close as we might ever be again

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Yeah for fifteen minutes we're a family again
God I wish that he was still with me again
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