

# Honey, I'm Home

Shania Twain

The car won't start-it's falling apart  
I was late for work and the boss got smart  
My pantyline shows-got a run in my hose  
My hair went flat-man, I hate that

Just when I thought things couldn't get worse  
I realized I forgot my purse  
With all this stress-I must confess  
This could be worse than PMS

This job ain't worth the pay  
Can't wait 'til the end of the day  
Honey, I'm on my way  
Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey!

Honey, I'm home and I had a hard day  
Pour me a cold one and oh, by the way  
Rub my feet, gimme something to eat  
Fix me up my favorite treat  
Honey, I'm back, my head's killing me  
I need to relax and watch TV  
Get off the phone-give the dog a bone  
Hey! Hey! Honey, I'm home!

I broke a nail opening the mail  
I cursed out loud 'cause it hurt like hell  
This job's a pain-it's so mundane  
It sure don't stimulate my brain

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Oh, rub my neck will you

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I'm home, that feels much better