

Every Third Monday

Sammy Kershaw

He drives to Charlotte, every third Monday, and checks into the
Twelve Oaks Motel.

He calls it business, and he calls the number of a woman he knows
all too well.

Every third Monday when his wife packs his suitcase, he looks
her straight in the eye.

Every third Monday he finds a new way to tell her that same
old lie.

Back home in Atlanta, in a cafe for lovers, she slips off her
old wedding ring.

To a stranger in a back booth, she whispers I'd love to.

Two can play at this old cheatin' game.

Every third Monday, she packs his suitcase, she looks him
straight in the eye.

Every third Monday, she finds a new way to tell him that
same old lie.

Every third Monday, he finds a new way to tell her that
same old lie.