

## One Woman

Al Green

Find my way, in the five o'clock rush hour,  
As daylight, slowly leaves the sky.  
I open the door, to that little room,  
That we call home.

Loving arms, are there, to greet me,  
Tender lips are there, to meet me.  
At the end of the day,  
You know it's, always been that way.

Then I find my way, through the early morning traffic,  
But someone else, is heavy, heavy, on my mind.  
Open the door to our favorite little coffee shop,  
(Ohh, ya'll) the girl is right on time. (Now, come one.)

Loving arms, are there, to greet me,  
Tender lips are there, always there to meet me.  
And that's how I start my day,  
It's just too bad it doesn't end that way.

(One woman's making my home)  
One women's making my home,  
(But the other woman's making me wrong)  
The other girl, is making me do wrong.  
I didn't mean, let it get that strong, no baby.  
I got to decide, where I belong.

(One woman's making my home)  
Sometimes I get so mixed up inside,  
(But the other woman's making me wrong)  
I wish I could find a place, to hide.  
I didn't mean, I didn't mean,  
I didn't mean to let it get that strong, nah girl.  
I got to decide, where I belong.