

How She Does It

Allison Moorer

Mornin' comes, she wakes up before it's light
And starts another day in hell
Tryin' to get her makeup right cause this time she can't
tell 'em that she fell
He's sleepin' off another one so she tiptoes around
She don't make a sound
I don't know how she does it

One handed her a coffee cup
One to get the babies in the car
Cross your fingers, crank it up, hope and pray the piece
of sh*t'll start
Singing with the radio so she don't fall apart

It's just a broken heart
I don't know how she does it

Finally into town the old familiar red light shining in
her eyes
Rolls the window down and whispers: how you're gonna take
back your life
She usually makes a right to work but turns it to the
left
I think she might head west