Three Kids No Husband

Brandy Clark

She's got three kids, no husband
She's two weeks late on last month's rent
She's waitin' on the child support
He keeps swearin' that it's coming
But if she knows him, she knows where it went
And that pile o' bills ain't gonna pay themselves

It's been a forty-hour week and it's only Tuesday
And there's homework and dinner to make
Somebody wants a lullaby
Somebody wants a different channel
Somebody's dealin' with their first heartbreak
And the dishes in the sink ain't gonna wash themselves

She lights a cigarette out on the balcony
When she gets a couple minutes to herself
There's how you plan it out, and how it turns out to be
And a broken home, it ain't no fairytale

She's got three kids, no husband
And a hairnet job at a diner down on Main
She knows damn well
She don't make the best cup o' coffee
But she's quick with a smile and good with names
Those lunch tickets ain't gonna tip themselves

She smokes a cigarette out by the loading dock
And tries not to pick the polish off her nails
She thinks about a guy who's been coming in a lot
She starts to dream and then she stops herself

She's got three kids, no husband
So she's a mom and a dad and a taxi driver
When the baby's sick, she's an up-all-nighter
A hand and a shoulder and a referee
A real life hero if you ask me
'Cause those kids ain't gonna raise themselves

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