

He Thinks He'll Keep Her

Mary Chapin Carpenter

She makes his coffee, she makes his bed
She does the laundry, she keeps him fed
When she was twenty one she wore her mother's lace
She said, "Forever," with a smile upon her face

She does the carpool, she P.T.A.'s
Doctors and dentists, she drives all day
When she was twenty nine she delivered number three
And ev'ry Christmas card showed a perfect family

Ev'rything runs right on time
Years of practice and design
Spit and polish till it shines
He thinks he'll keep her
Ev'rything is so benign
The safest place you'll ever find
God forbid you change your mind
He thinks he'll keep her

She packs his suitcase, she sits and waits
With no expression upon her face
When she was thirty-six she met him at the door
She said, "I'm sorry, I don't love you any more"

Ev'rything runs right on time
Years of practice and design
Spit and polish till it shines
He thinks he'll keep her
Ev'rything is so benign
The safest place you'll ever find
God for bid you change your mind
He thinks he'll keep her

For fifteen years she had a job and not one raise in pay
Now she's in the typing pool at minimum wage

Ev'rything runs right on time
Years of practice and design
Spit and polish till it shines
He thinks he'll keep her
Ev'rything is so benign
The safest place you'll ever find
At least until you change your mind
(He thinks he'll keep her)