

Man Of The House

Maya Delilah

It's not fair
How you look so perfect sitting in your lawn chair
With your blonde hair
I could go on forever
But I'll stop there

You say my name is such a familiar sound
Isn't it strange? I'm thinking that this could work out
You'll be whatever, and I'll be the man of the house
Monday to Sunday
As long as you'll have me around

Do you really choose to love somebody? Oh
'Cause I think it kinda snuck up on me with you
Saw you once, closed my eyes
How could I live my life without you?
Without you

And it's not right
How anything can end if it's the wrong time
And it's a long life
Probability is probably not on our side

But then you say my name is such a familiar sound
Isn't it strange? I'm thinking that this could work out
You'll be whatever, and I'll be the man of the house
Monday to Sunday
As long as you'll have me around

Do you really choose to love somebody? Oh
'Cause I think it kinda snuck up on me with you
Saw you once, closed my eyes
How could I live my life without you?
Without you
Without you

One, two, three, four

You be the constant, and I'll be the moment of doubt
You be whatever, I'll be the man of the house