

He Thinks He'll Keep Her

Paris Paloma

She makes his coffee she makes his bed
She does the laundry she keeps him fed
When she was twenty-nine she wore her mother's lace
She said, "Forever" with a smile upon her face
She does the car-pool she PTAs
Doctors and dentists she drives all day
When she was twenty-nine she delivered number three
And every Christmas card showed a perfect family

Everything runs right on time
Years of practice and design
Spit and polish 'til it shines
He thinks he'll keep her
Everything is so benign
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 their door
She said, I'm sorry I don't love you anymore

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

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Everything is so benign
The safest place you'll ever find
At least until you change your mind
He think he'll keep her