

## Every Third Monday

Sammy Kershaw

He drives to Charlotte, every third Monday, and checks into the  
Twelve Oaks Motel.

He calls it business, and he calls the number of a woman he knows  
all too well.

Every third Monday when his wife packs his suitcase, he looks  
her straight in the eye.

Every third Monday he finds a new way to tell her that same  
old lie.

Back home in Atlanta, in a cafe for lovers, she slips off her  
old wedding ring.

To a stranger in a back booth, she whispers I'd love to.

Two can play at this old cheatin' game.

Every third Monday, she packs his suitcase, she looks him  
straight in the eye.

Every third Monday, she finds a new way to tell him that  
same old lie.

Every third Monday, he finds a new way to tell her that  
same old lie.