

Brown Paper Bag

Wynette Tammy

She cleans off the table throws the dishes in the sink
And gently hangs her apron on the floor
In minutes she's back down at the magazine rack
In the back corner of the corner grocery store

She reads of movie queens in those photo magazines
Then fondles four or five she's gonna buy
Now she's takin' her life home in a brown paper bag
To read about who's livin' her life

He fires up his pickup he just got off the graveyard
And he trudges down the road home to another
Cause life's so dang dead in the house where he's been dyin'
He wonders why the heck he even bothers

So he stops off at a water hole and picks up a pint
The most perfect peace of mind two bucks can buy
Now he's takin' his life home in a brown paper bag
Instead of just takin' his lie

He's sittin' there in his undershirt just guzzlin' down his gin
She'd lied on her satin sheets lovin' her leading men
And neither one of them can look the other in the eyes
And now the two brown paper bags are just two garbage cans that
used to hold their lives
And now all the riches that they shared have turned to rags
Cause now every day they take their lives home in two brown paper bags