

Sylvia Sims

"Fifty Percent"

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I don't iron his shirts
I don't sew on his buttons
I don't know all the jokes he tells
Or the songs he hums

Though I may hold him
All through the night
He may not be here
When the morning comes

I don't pick out his ties
Or expect his tomorrows
But I feel when he's in my arms
He's where he wants to be

We have no memories
Bittersweet with time
And I doubt if he'll spend
New Year's Eve with me

I don't share his name
I don't wear his ring
There's no piece of paper
Saying that 'He's Mine'.

But he says "He loves me"
And I believe it's true
Doesn't that make someone
Belong to you?

So I don't share his name
So I don't wear his ring
So there's no piece of paper
Saying that he's mine

So we don't have the memories
I have enough memories
I've washed enough mornings
I've dried enough evenings
I've had enough birthdays
To know what I want

Life is anyone's guess
It's a constant surprise
Though you don't plan to fall in love
When you fall, you fall

I'd rather have fifty percent of him
Or any percent of him
Than all of anybody else at all
I'd rather have fifty percent
Of him
Or any percent of him
Than all of anybody else
At all

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