

Carly Simon

"The Wives Are In Connecticut"

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He figures out a restaurant
Where they won't be recognized
He can always slip the maitre'd a ten

Get a private little table and try her on for size
Make a plan of where to do it when
He's so sly, he's in love with his lies

And the wives, the wives are in Connecticut
The wives, the wives are in Connecticut
Trying to forget it, that they really do regret it
That they moved up to Connecticut

The first year I was faithful
He confesses to the girl
Admitting to the least of his sins

His candor, so disarming, in this wicked city world
She falls for it and once again he wins
He's so shy, he's in love with his lies

And the wives, the wives are in Connecticut
The wives, the wives are in Connecticut
Trying to forget it, that they really do regret it
That they moved up to Connecticut

The five flight walk up
Can he make it?
He keeps promising to go back to the gym

He thinks about his wife
So passionate last night
Was she really feeling it for him?

Or was it junior's teacher?
Or the carpenter who put up the shelves
Or the mechanic who fixed the wagon

Or the gardener who dug the well
Or the Italian riding instructor
Or the man on the carousel

Or the out of work actor in Westport
Or the surgeon who cured the elms
Or the man at the vegetable stand

Or the guru who cast a spell
Or the Yalie from New Haven
Or the farmer in the Dell

How about
The hairdresser from New London
The tennis pro from Fairfield

The Fuller Brush man from Bristol
The fisherman from Mystic
The novelist from New Canan

The usher at the movie theater
The architect from Guilford
The man on the carousel

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