Reba McEntire & Kenny Chesney "Every Other Weekend"

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Every other Friday
It's toys and clothes and backpacks
Is everybody in? Okay, let's go see Dad
Same time in the same spot
Corner of the same old parking lot
Half the hugs and kisses, they are always sad

We trade a couple words And looks and kids again Every other weekend

Every other weekend, very few exceptions
I pick up the love we made in both my arms
It's movies on the sofa
Grilled cheese and cut the crust off
But that's not the way Mom makes it
Daddy breaks my heart

I miss everything
I used to have with her again
Every other weekend

I can't tell her I love her (I can't tell him I love him) 'Cause there's too many questions And ears in the car

So I don't tell him I miss him (I don't tell her I need her) She's over me, that's where we are So we're as close as we might ever be again Every other weekend

Every other Saturday, first thing in the morning I turn the TV on to make the quiet go away I know why, but I don't know Why we ever let this happen Fallin' for forever was a big mistake

There's so much not to do And all day not to do with him Every other weekend Every other Sunday I empty out my backseat
While my children hug their mother in the parking lot
We don't touch, we don't talk much
Maybe goodbye to each other
As she drives away with every piece of heart I got

I re-convince myself We did the right thing Every other weekend

I can't tell her I love her (I can't tell him I love him) 'Cause there's too many questions And ears in the car

So I don't tell him I miss him
(I don't tell her I need her)
She's over me, that's where we are
We're as close as we might ever be again
Every other weekend

Yeah, for fifteen minutes We're family again God, I wish that he was still with me again Every other weekend

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