

Sarah Brightman

"Married Man"

Visit "[Married Man](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I'll be discreet.
I won't hiss at your wife when I see her,
and though I'd love to be her,
she'll never know it.

I'll take the pill.
I won't upset the boats you're rowin?.
Carry on the way you're goin?.
I won't blow it.

When baseball's on
you can turn my set louder.
You can rave all night
about your wife's clam chowder.
I'm sure it will work out just right.
Don't mind being the candle
you sometimes light.
Married man,
yes you can.

Won't write this down.
I'm not the type that keeps a diary.
I know when to be fiery,
or plain placid.

I won't look crushed
when you say your wife is pretty,
bright, and very witty.
Pass the acid.

I won't cry at all

when you walk right by me.
I'd say you can't lose.
You'd be a fool. Come try me.
She and I can cover each mood.
One can be in heat while the other's subdued.
Married sir,
me and her.

Won't call your club,
and I'll never drive thru Oyster Bay, dear.

I won't give you away, dear,
to your Bernice, love.

If you should die,
I won't attend the funeral service.
No need to look so nervous.
Rest in peace, love.

When Christmas comes,
I'll choose your gifts and wrap them.
When we make plans,
I won't scream when you scrap them.
There is nothing I wouldn't do.
I'd be the perfect little mistress for you.
Grant my wish,
Married dish.

Visit [Sarah Brightman](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.