

## **J. Stricklin**

### **"Another Day"**

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Jesus, she says as she hung up the phone  
She's been in this situation for far too long

Too many reasons to take off on her own  
She's tragically dependent, afraid to die alone

And the laughter in the bedroom ceased long ago  
But man if these walls could talk, they'd speak of fear  
and sorrow

Upset and bruised she lays on the floor  
She prays to her God, he hits the booze and heads for  
the door

So she gets her things  
And packs her bags  
She gets her things  
And packs her bags  
Then puts them away for another day

He always comes back, begs and pleads  
"I'm so sorry, baby, understand a mans got needs"

And she always takes him back, and tries to be  
Supportive and understanding, though she knows he's  
lying through his teeth

So she gets her things  
And packs her bags  
She gets her things  
And packs her bags  
Then puts them away for another day

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