

Sammy Kershaw

"Every Third Monday"

Visit "[Every Third Monday](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

He drives to Charlotte, every third Monday,
And checks into the Twelve Oaks Motel.
He calls it business, and he calls the number
Of a woman he knows all too well.

Every third Monday when his wife packs his suitcase
He looks her straight in the eye.
Every third Monday he finds a new way
To tell her that same old lie.

Back home in Atlanta, in a cafe for lovers
She slips off her gold wedding ring
To a stranger in a back booth, she whispers I'd love to
Two can play at this old cheatin' game.

Every third Monday, she packs his suitcase
She looks him straight in the eye
Every third Monday, she finds a new way
To tell him that same old lie.

Every third Monday, he finds a new way
To tell her that same old lie...

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