

## Tom Paxton "She Sits On The Table"

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SHE SITS ON THE TABLE  
(Tom Paxton)

She sits on the table in a dress made of paper  
Diplomas all over the wall  
One university, one school of medicine  
She's overwhelmed by it all  
The nurse is all sympathy, voice of experience:  
Let's have a look at that eye  
It's going to look bad for a week, maybe more  
Go on, darling, it's all right to cry  
(CHORUS): How can I leave him, she is crying  
What could I do, where would I go?  
He didn't mean it, he will change someday  
Oh, God, how he used to love me so  
The doctor is busy, his manner professional  
She finds she must look at the floor  
He looks at her eye, at her ribs and her arm  
And it seems every last inch is sore  
The doctor is handsome, he smells of cologne  
And his figure's athletically slim  
He speaks disapprovingly: What did you do  
To deserve such a beating from him?  
(CHORUS)  
The policeman is waiting outside in the corridor  
He speaks to her as to a child  
He's friends with her husband, he's angry with her  
And he asks if there'll be charges filed  
She says she's not sure, she needs time to recover  
She feels beaten down in disgrace  
The policeman asks isn't she secretly glad  
For a man who'll keep her in her place  
(CHORUS)  
@feminist @abuse  
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