

# Shelly Fairchild, Eight Crazy Hours (In The Story

It was somethin' as simple  
As makin' the bed  
That kicked off the voice  
Inside her head  
She was smoothin' the sheet  
With the plam of her hand  
When the thought struck home  
"I don't know who I am"

And she sat cross-legged  
On the bedroom floor  
And thought  
"There's 3 people in this house  
That don't need me anymore."  
And she cried like a baby  
In a pile of dirty clothes

Oh, should I be more care free  
Should I be more sexy  
Should I be more friend, than mom  
And the dryer was buzzin'  
And the TV was blarin'  
And she wanted to call, her mother

It was somethin' as simple  
As checkin' in to that cheap motel  
Out on Highway 10  
Was it the sting of leavin'  
Or usin' her maiden name  
That took all of the fun  
Out of runnin' away

And she cried like a baby  
In the tub of room 5

Oh, should I be more care free  
Should I be more sexy  
Should I be more friend, than mom  
And her head was buzzin'  
And the TV was blarin'  
And she wanted to call, her husband

It was somethin' as simple  
As pickin' up the kids  
That her back to Earth again  
She'd been to the dark side of the moon  
She had to keep it to herself  
So she grabbed Kentucky Fried Chicken  
For supper

Oh, but she looked more care free  
And she looked more sexy  
And she looked more friend, than mom  
And the table talk was buzzin'  
And the TV, it was blarin'  
And they all sat and laughed at each other

It was somethin' as simple  
As not givin' up  
And eight crazy hours  
In the story of love