

His and Hers

John Anderson

In the carport, two cars, his and hers
On the towel rack, two towels, his and hers
In the bedroom, the bed with two pillows still wet

The kids ride their bikes, his and hers
Say their prayers every night, his and hers
And its plain from the start when the day comes too hard
It will break two little hearts, his and hers

In the courtroom, two sides, his and hers
It's a question of pride, his and hers
What a pity we say to see marriage today
Going separate ways, his and hers

Why did it have to be mine and yours