

## How is Your Wife?

And incidentally . . . how is your wife?

Last time I saw you, you said she was ill -- is she still?  
And how is your dog? What did he do when you gave him that steak that I couldn't eat . . .  
did he sit up and beg? Oh, cute Butchie!  
And how is the lawn? Did that crabgrass problem work itself out?  
Oh, not at all! I love to hear about you!

You know, Thursday night we meet. Have a drink or two.  
Nine o'clock you grab the phone. I leave the room. You're calling home.

And how is your wife? I seem to ask you whenever I see you alone.  
And how are the girls? My, what a lovely photo!  
Don't they look fine? My, what a pair. Look at them there . . .

Thursday night you swear you're mine.  
Break the bread and pour the wine.  
As you sit and stroke my hair you think you're here -- I know you're there.

And how are your roses this year?  
Did you have frost on the vine?  
Where did you plant? How's the bamboo?  
How is the house? Did the mortgage fall due?  
And how is your wife? Sometimes I feel her near me.  
Part of my dreams, out of the blue. Part of my part of you.

But Thursday night we dance, not a worldly care.  
You can make me half believe that all along you don't belong to her . . . to her.  
Strange how I know her so well.  
Maybe because you tell me:  
    Jenny did, Jenny does,  
    Jenny would, Jenny was,  
    Jenny said, Jenny read,  
    Jenny could, Jenny can, Jenny is . . . Jenny . . . and . . .

Here is your watch. I didn't find it 'til yesterday noon when I changed the sheets.  
Also your tie . . . notice it's somewhat smaller.  
I think it shrunk in the sink. Thought you might think it was lost.

Oh, Thursday night we dance, Thursday night we sing.  
Friday morning you're gone. I find your tie. I've lost the song.

And how are your roses this year? Did you have frost on the vine?  
How is your health? How is your life?  
And how is your lovely wife?