

[Verse 1]

Am F C G

Sun comes up, I'm in the kitchen with a bottle and a pan,

Am F C G

Baby bottles on the table, toys scattered where they stand.

Am F C G

Little boots by the doorway, cartoons hummin' low and fine,

Am F C G

While I'm tryin' to keep the peace in this house that's barely mine.

Am F C G

You come home with your stories from the long road you just rode,

Am F C G

But you don't see the quiet weight tucked in this heavy load.

[Pre-Chorus]

Dm F C G

And I ain't lookin' for a medal or a parade through town,

Dm F C G

Just a moment where you see me, not another thing to put down.

[Chorus]

Am F C G

Somewhere at the bottom of your honey-do list, maybe you'll find time—

Am F C G

Somewhere in the scribbles of the fix-this, mend-that, maybe it'll sync with mine.

Am Em F G

I'm penciled in the margins, darlin', like I'm easy to forget—

Am F C G

But I'm right here raisin' your babies, I ain't missed a sunrise yet.

[Verse 2]

Am F C G

Got the laundry like a mountain and the dishes like a drum,

Am F C G

Been changin' diapers, hummin' hymns, waitin' for you to come.

Am F C G

Sometimes I miss the man I was before the floors were swept,

Am            F            C            G  
When you'd pull me in the kitchen, kiss me soft and slow and kept.

Am            F            C            G  
Now I'm hopin' you'll remember I'm still holdin' on to you,

Am            F            C            G  
In between the naps and tantrums and the million things I do.

[Pre-Chorus]

Dm            F            C            G  
I ain't askin' for a miracle or even somethin' grand,

Dm            F            C            G  
Just your arms around me later, sayin' "Baby, I understand."

[Chorus]

Am            F            C            G  
Somewhere at the bottom of your honey-do list, maybe you'll find time—

Am            F            C            G  
Somewhere in the scribbles of the fix-this, mend-that, maybe it'll sync with mine.

Am        Em            F            G  
I'm penciled in the margins, darlin', like I'm easy to forget—

Am            F            C            G  
But I'm right here raisin' your babies, I ain't missed a sunrise yet.

[Bridge]

Dm            C            F            G  
I don't need no silver trophy or a song on Sunday mornin',

Dm            C            F            G  
Just the look you used to give me like I was the one worth wantin'.

Dm            C            F            G  
Maybe we could write a new line, someplace where we both fit—

Dm            C            F            G  
Not another chore or duty, but a promise we won't quit.

[Final Chorus]

Am            F            C            G  
Somewhere at the bottom of your honey-do list, maybe you'll find time—

Am            F            C            G  
Maybe tonight you'll look up from the fix-this, mend-that, and let your world meet mine.

Am          Em          F          G

I'm done livin' in the margins, darlin', I'm more than what you might've missed—

Am          F          C          G

So put my name at the top for once on your honey-do list.