

# She's leaving home

Wednesday morning at five o'clock  
As the day begins  
Silently \_\_\_\_\_ her bedroom door  
\_\_\_\_\_ the note that she hoped would say more  
She goes down the stairs to the kitchen  
Clutching her handkerchief  
Quietly \_\_\_\_\_ the backdoor key  
\_\_\_\_\_ outside, she is free  
She, ... (we gave her most of our lives)  
Is leaving (sacrificed most of our lives)  
Home (we gave her everything money could buy)  
Father snores as his wife gets into her dressing gown  
Picks up the letter that's lying there  
\_\_\_\_\_ alone at the top of the stairs  
She breaks down and cries to her husband  
Daddy, our baby's gone.  
Why would she treat us so thoughtlessly?  
How could she do this to me?  
She (we never thought of ourselves)  
Is \_\_\_\_\_ (never a thought for ourselves)  
Home (we struggled hard all our lives to get by)  
She's leaving home, after \_\_\_\_\_ alone, for so many years  
Friday morning, at nine o'clock  
She is far away  
\_\_\_\_\_ to keep the appointment she made  
\_\_\_\_\_ a man from the Motortrade  
She (what did we do that was wrong)  
Is Having (we didn't know it was wrong)  
Fun (fun is the one thing that money can't buy)  
Something inside, that was always denied,  
for so many years, .  
She's leaving home  
the corresponding image.