

She Sits On The Table
Tom Paxton

Capo 4th fret

(C) She sits on the table in a (G)dress made of paper,
Diplomas all over the (C)wall.
One university, (G) one school of medicine,
She's overwhelmed by it (C)all.
The (C7)nurse is all sympathy, (F) voice of experience,
(D7) Let's have a look at that (G)eye.
It's (C)going to look bad for a (G)week, maybe more.
Go on, darling, it's all right to (C)cry.

How can I leave him, she is crying,
What could I do, where would I (G)go?
He didn't mean it, he will change someday
Oh, God, how he used to love me (C)so. (G) (C)

The doctor is busy, his (G)manner professional,
She finds she must look at the (C)floor.
He looks at her eye, at her (G)ribs and her arm,
And it seems every last inch is (C)sore.
The (C7)doctor is handsome, he (F)smells of cologne,
And his (D7)figure's athletically (G)slim.
He (C)speaks disapprovingly, (G) What did you do
To deserve such a beating from (C)him?

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What could I do, where would I (G)go?
He didn't mean it, he will change someday
Oh, God, how he used to love me (C)so. (G) (C)

The policeman is waiting out(G)side in the corridor,
He speaks to her as to a (C)child.
He's friends with her husband, he's (G)angry with her,
And he asks if there'll be charges (C)filed.
She (C7)says she's not sure, she needs (F)time to recover,
She (D7)feels beaten down in dis(G)grace.
The po(C)liceman asks isn't she (G)secretly glad
For a man who'll keep her in her (C)place?

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(G)He didn't mean it, he will change someday
Oh, God, how he used to love me (C)so.