

## Kitchen Song

Edwin McCain

Sitting in the kitchen  
Just staring at the cracks in the wall  
I've been sitting here since yesterday  
Just waiting on you to call  
The cracks remind me of you and I  
They're all up, down and split apart  
And all the cracks in the wall lead to one great big hole  
That used to be my heart

Now that I think of it  
Nothing ever worked out right  
All we ever seemed to do is just cuss, scream, bitch and fight  
All we did was fight

The tears I cried  
Fell on a cold and lonely floor  
No one to wipe them away  
The tears I cried  
Will be my own and they'll follow me  
And that's the way it's gonna stay

Now that I think of it  
Nothing ever worked out right  
All we ever seemed to do is just cuss, scream, bitch and fight  
All we did was fight

Oh pretty baby, can't you understand  
I'm not made up of enough to be your man  
Oh pretty baby, don't know what to say  
I just want you to...go away  
Well I'd love to sit and reflect on this  
But I haven't got the time  
Just tell me why you chose to be so cruel, mean, brutal so unkind

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