

Back of the Bottom Drawer

Chely Wright

In the back of the bottom drawer
Of the dresser by our bed
Is a box of odds and ends that I have always kept
But the man who sleeps beside me
Doesn't know it's even there
Little pieces of my past
That I shouldn't have to share

A napkin that is stained with time
Has a poem on it that didn't quite rhyme, but it made me cry
In a "Dear Jane" letter from a different guy
He broke up with me and he told me I'm not always right
And a stolen key from an old hotel room door
In the back of the bottom drawer

I don't keep these things 'cause I'm longing to go back
I keep them because I want to stay right where I'm at
I'm reminded of my rights and wrongs
I don't want to mess this up
But I wouldn't know where I belong
Without this box of stuff

A birthday card from my first boyfriend
He signed it "I love you" so I gave in
Yeah, we went too far in his daddy's car
And those Mardi Gras beads from '98
We danced all night, stayed out so late
We thought we were stars, closing down the bars
That champagne was cheap but still I've got that cork
In the back of the bottom drawer

I'm not trying to hide these things from the man I love today
But I'm a better woman for him, thanks to my yesterdays

So now I try to give more than I take
And I bite my tongue, fight the urge to say it's my way
Or no way at all
And now I cherish love a whole lot more
'Cause of what's
In the back of the bottom drawer