The Icicle Works

There's food in the kitchen
And there's money in the bank,
A dog in the backyard, two fishes in a tank,
Cable television and a library full of books,
A sportscar by the front door,
A pop song full o'hooks
There's whiskey in the cupboard
And there's vodka in a glass,
Sunshine in the sunroom,
Four different types of grass,
You can take it with you,
You can leave it all behind,
It doesn't mean a thing to me,
I got a woman on my mind

I got a woman on my mind
I wish I'd never hurt her,
She took so long to find.
I got a woman on my mind,
And there's nothing like a woman's touch
When you're in a bind

There's music on the tape deck, And there's good things to enjoy, Children playin' in the park, A girl for every boy, Summer came round early And they say it's leavin' late, Roll on sweet September, I'm resigned unto my fate, There's nothing you could tell me That I think I wanna hear, Don't why'know it hurts like hell, D'ya need another beer? The memory of her sugar kisses, Fill me up inside, Runs around like china white, I got a woman on my mind