

## In The Kitchen

Umphey's McGee

It was cold in the kitchen and the lights were low  
As winter slowly stumbled home  
The air felt different and it started to show  
As every breath resembled smoke

I was short of opinions and I wanted to know  
If you'd still be here tomorrow  
'Cause it was cold in the kitchen and the lights were low  
As winter wrapped around Chicago

The TV's on too much  
And I don't ever think enough  
About the things that matter most  
And what could make me old

And there's no argument  
For wasting time much better spent  
Complacently replacing  
A melody with smoke

I don't expect a smile when I get home  
The blankets that I stole should keep you warm  
I hope you can never find to fill the hole  
I'm futher from the source to feel the floor

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