

## Wife Soup

Umphey's McGee

Maybe it could wait another day  
For as it were I'm better off along without my feet  
If laziness could be a middle name  
Initial me so I could wander off and fall asleep

We've all recovered though still to stand  
With no excuses for us to tell  
So please allow sometime to pass

We've peeled our spirits into a hole  
With no provisions left to share  
Yet still our sleeves are waited down

Wouldn't even believe your eyes, it's all your circus now  
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So there's never reason for your doubt  
The same is true and held I hope, at least for me  
So suddenly they found another out  
It's up to someone else to drag my ass along the street

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