

How I (Learned My Lesson)

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how i how i how i how i how i learned my lesson mine is a big pink house a preacher knocking on the door with a self-righteous preacher going in but he is just an old flame i'll never want him again and again and again how i how i how i how i how i learned my lesson i didn't i kept on trying i didn't listen i looked up to you i call you on the phone but you tell me your not home absence makes the heart grow fonder so i never want to see you again i'm wrecking the kitchen carefully but i'm keeping your dinner warm how i how i how i how i how i learned my lesson i didn't i kept on trying i didn't listen i looked up to you at the soul market on sunday here's what i put in your collection basket in front of the congregation i stood up and called your name when i walked out you just shook my hand how i how i how i how i how i learned my lesson