

The Kitchen Song

Edwin McCain

Sitting in the kitchen
Just staring at the cracks in the wall
I've been sitting here since yesterday
Just waiting on you to call
The cracks remind me of you and I
They're all up, down and split apart
And all the cracks in the wall lead to one great big hole
That used to be my heart

Now that I think of it
Nothing ever worked out right
All we ever seemed to do is just cuss, scream, bitch and fight
All we did was fight

The tears I cried
Fell on a cold and lonely floor
No one to wipe them away
The tears I cried
Will be my own and they'll follow me
And that's the way it's gonna stay

Now that I think of it
Nothing ever worked out right
All we ever seemed to do is just cuss, scream, bitch and fight
All we did was fight

Oh pretty baby, can't you understand
I'm not made up of enough to be your man
Oh pretty baby, don't know what to say
I just want you to...go away
Well I'd love to sit and reflect on this
But I haven't got the time
Just tell me why you chose to be so cruel, mean, brutal so unkind

Now that I think of it
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All we ever seemed to do was cuss, scream, bitch and fight
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