

Everything Must Go

Taking Back Sunday

We found a house with a big yard
And moved all of my things
And most of your things, in
And honey I was proud of it
Honey I was proud of, you

You quote the Good Book,
When it's convenient
But you don't have the sense
No you don't have the sense
To tie your tangled tongue
Instead you're slashing through the mud

Some boxes, that
Hand-me-down couch, and chair
That used to be at your church
We borrowed them from there
A cabinet record player with nothing but James Taylor
Two carpets from the corner store
Cover the hardwood floor
I'd be a fool to ask for more...

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And honey i was proud of you
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The love you had was good enough
The past that we were stuck between
But so much stuff must go tonight,
Oh Lord, what have I done?

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No you don't have the sense
To tie your tangled tongue
Instead you're slashing through the mud