

Living Room

Dylan Scott

A milk crate coffee table
A ragged, worn out La-Z-Boy
From the Goodwill store
Not much more This twenty-two inch TV
Curtains made of bed sheets
And a bucket on the floor
When it rains and pours
Front to back it's four hundred square feet
That's what you get when you tell her you need A little living room
Some space to breathe
I can spend my Friday nights
Doing what I please
It's mine all night
But honestly
I can't figure out just what to do
With all this living room First week felt like freedom
But lately I ain't sleeping
I just wait by the phone
Trying not to call Last night the boys came over
We played a little poker
But when they went home
I never felt so alone
I miss you and me on our old couch
What made me think I couldn't do without A little living room
Some space to breathe
A Friday night ain't nothing like
It's cracked up to be
It's mine all night
But honestly
I can't figure out just what to do
With all this living room It's mine all night
But what you can't see
Just feels more like I'm dying without you
In this living room
Alone in this living room

Songwriters

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