

# Living Room

## Dylan Scott

A milk crate coffee table  
A ragged, worn out La-Z-Boy  
From the Goodwill store  
Not much moreThis 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 needA 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 roomFirst week felt like freedom  
But lately I ain't sleeping  
I just wait by the phone  
Trying not to callLast 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 withoutA 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 roomIt'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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