

Toothbrush and My Table

Grace Potter & The Nocturnals

I came back home with a jewel missing out of my crown
Let me inside, put my empty bags on the ground
Open this door, come on, Im not messing around
I cant believe Im standing here, you used to call me proudWell, believe me, Ill be gone by the time you get back
from work
I just left a few things I dont want no one to get hurtJust give me back my hammer, give me back my nail
Give me back my jeans and my J.J.Cale
Give me back my box with the quarter inch cable
And dont forget my toothbrush and my tableYou got a good thing going on I wouldnt wanna take you away
Se la vie, so it goes dirty business or so they say
I know I done you wrong but here we are face to face
Boy, I sure am glad I dont have to hang around this placeWell, believe me, baby, this aint fun or me neither
So get out of my way or Ill start blasting cat scratch feverGive me back my hammer, give me back my nail
Give me back my jeans and my J.J.Cale
Give me back my box with the quarter inch cable
And dont forget my toothbrush and my tableI dont care which way you think the story might have went
Ive already recollected all the love I wish I had not spent
But baby, you know I paid more than my share of the rent
There aint nothing in my heart for you except a big oldenktSo try to pin it down, try to tear it up or try to get me
gone
Ill just need a few things for the road that Ill be onSo give me back my hammer, give me back my nail
Give me back my jeans and my J.J.Cale
Give me back my box with the quarter inch cable
And dont forget my toothbrush and my tableGive me back my hammer, give me back my nail
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