

# Breakfast After 10

## Blue October

White kitchen walls  
with a thousand windows  
You turn on Winston  
in the den  
And I'm still asleep  
but I can hear the piano  
when you make  
breakfast after 10 And I smell the coffee  
On your fingers  
I still smell  
The perfume in the bed  
Crushed linen roses  
On everything  
And your still  
inside my head, oh You gotta make her  
Know how it feels  
to miss you  
Let her know  
You're swapping sides  
You're not the one  
with all the problems  
Oh, know  
You're the one  
with all the pride So just  
pick your head up, boys  
And walk away  
Walk the coolest  
Walk that you know  
Cause in a month or two  
She'll call you  
You gotta  
Hang up the phone And I hope she knows  
I got this memory, thing  
That won't ever  
Seem to break or bend  
A thick lock  
And sheet rock  
Is on my windows  
In the kitchen

I don't think  
I'll ever take em'  
Down again And I've learned a lot  
From all these break ups  
And make ups and  
Fuck ups and fake outs  
Things that I wish  
You could comprehend  
Yeah, comprehend But for now  
I'll lace up  
My wing tip shoes, boys, and  
I'll go have breakfast  
With my good friends  
Yeah, yeah, yeah You gotta make em'  
Know how it feels  
to miss you  
Let em' know  
You're swapping sides  
You're not the one  
with all the problems  
You're not the one  
with all the problems  
You're the one  
with all the pride  
Oh, here we go You gotta make her  
Know how it feels  
to miss you  
Let her know  
You're swapping spit  
You're not the one  
with all the problems  
You're not the one  
with all the problems  
She's the one  
that's full of shit So just  
pick your head up, boy  
And walk away  
Walk the coolest  
Walk that you know  
I know you know  
That in a month or two  
She'll call you  
You gotta  
Hang up the phone

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