

Waffle House

Colt Ford

See me and my ole lady we been fightin a bunch. And I aint quite sure but I got me a hunch. Now I know I been
drinkin but
im thinkin kinda clear. This is the truth and I aint leavin this booth. Until I tell everybody exactly what she done.

I
done called my boy's son and told him bring my gun. I'm tryin to figure out exactly what went wrong. My
workin day like the
dark to give her a nice home. I aint never been the type to ask for to much. Just a meal now and then and
sometimes a slow
touch. Tell me what to do man whata ya think. I know the waitress and the cook and they dont care if we drink.

I'm just
tryin to make sence outta all this shit. Lord I'm not a violent man but the guns in my hnad. Should I stay or
should I go
or just let it be. Lord the cheatin woman will be the death of me.
Meet me at the Waffle House. It's goin down. Just found out my ole ladys been messin around. Met me at the
Waffle House.

Bring me my gun. Need someone to talk to before I hurt someone.
Man my whole world is upside down. I guess I'm about to be the laughing stock of the town. I heard form my
cousin its a
dozen or more. And I found the Sheriffs badge on the bedroom floor. And ole boy from church said he saw her
with the
preacher 40 miles from here in a bar drinkin beer. She told me she was havin lunch with her sister. I was home
cleanin up

wishin I didnt miss her. See love will bring you home but lies brought me here. Heard her and the town Judge
been at it for
a year. I rekon you cant make a whore a house wife. But I dam sure tried even when she lied. Now I'm sittin
here starin at
this plate of grits. Thinkin about goin put a bullet in that bitch. Maybe I should shoot everyone of them fellas.

But
come to think of it son I really aint jelious. Matterfact let me thank yall for makin it clear. Hell fix me a patty
melt
son pour me a beer. Now I'm scattered, smothered, and and happy to be free. To hell with cheap women yall
heard it from me.

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Waffle House.

Bring me my gun. Need someone to talk to before I hurt someone.
Meet me at the one off 28. My guns in the closet. Under my bad company tapes. And grab that moonshine sittin
on the
freezer. Its gona easy the pain. The next time I see her.

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