

This Old Couch

[Aaron Tippin](#)

Well, sometimes I wish we'd bought the kind
That folds out into a bed
But it ain't too bad if you lay on your side
And use the armrest for you head Yeah, the springs are sprung and the center sags
And the stuffing is sticking out
But it's times like these, she ain't happy with me
I thank God for this old couch Yeah, right about now, she's as P.O.'ed
As I've ever seen her be
And this pillow and blanket and a mighty dirty look
Tells me where I'm gonna sleep I learned a long time ago, don't say nothing
And soon, she'll simmer down
And with a little bit of luck, we'll kiss and make up
Sitting right here on this old couch Yeah, this old couch is a pretty safe place
While she blows off a little steam
Well, she's mad as hell but that's alright
She ain't getting rid of me 'Cause there ain't no quitting, just forgiving and forgetting
That's what love's about
And we both know, I'll never go no further
Than this old couch It might take five minutes or take five days
It really all depends
On how long it takes for the begging and the pleading
To finally start soaking in Yeah, and one of these days, I'm gonna learn
Not to stick my big foot in my big mouth
Yeah, and maybe then I won't have to spend
So much time alone, yeah, right Yeah, this old couch is a pretty safe place
While she blows off a little steam
Well, she's mad as hell but that's alright
She ain't getting rid of me 'Cause there ain't no quitting, just forgiving and forgetting
Yeah, that's what love's about
Yeah, and we both know, I'll never go no further
Than this old couch, yeah, this old couch Yeah, one potato, two potato, three potato, four potato
I'm a couch potato
"Hey honey, you still mad?
I'm sorry, a lot"

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