Everything Must Go

Knuckle Puck

We found a house with a yard
And moved all of my things
And then most of your things in
And honey, I was proud of it
And honey, I was proud of you
You quote the good book when it's convenient
But you don't have the sense
No, you don't have the sense
To tie your tangled tongue
Instead you're slash it through the mud
Some boxes
That hand-me-down couch and chair
That used to be at your church
We borrowed them from there
A cabinet record player
With nothing but James Taylor
Tore the carpets from the corner store
To put in that hardwood floor
I'd be a fool to have asked for more
You quote the good book when it's convenient
But you don't have the sense
No, you don't have the sense
To tie your tangled tongue
Instead you slash it through the mud

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But you don't have the sense
No, you don't have the sense
To tie your tangled tongue
Instead you slash it through the mud
Yeah honey, I was proud of you
Instead you're sloshing through
The love you had but couldn't leave
The past that we were stuck between
Beside myself I stop to think
Lord, what have I done?
You quote the good book when it's convenient
But you don't have the sense
No, you don't have the sense

To tie your tangled tongue
Instead you slash it through the mud
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