

In the Kitchen

Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis & Shirley Scott

It was cold in the kitchen and the lights were low
As winter slowly stumbled home
The air felt different and it started to show
As every breath resembled smoke I was short of opinions and I wanted to know
If you'd still be here tomorrow
'Cause it was cold in the kitchen and the lights were low
As winter wrapped around Chicago The TV's on too much
And I don't ever think enough
About the things that matter most
And what could make me old And there's no argument
For wasting time much better spent
Complacently replacing
A melody with smoke I don't expect a smile when I get home
The blankets that I stole should keep you warm
I hope you can never find to fill the hole
I'm futher from the source to feel the floor It was cold in the kitchen and the lights were low
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