

# Undertow

[Michelle Malone](#)

Cobwebs on the ceiling fan  
And the lonely 40 watt flickers when the train goes by  
Take out boxes near the garbage can  
And the leaning tower of dishes is getting 3 feet high I cant stand - waiting to hear your boots at my door  
I cant stand - wondering if you're out with that whore  
I cant stand - I drank an ocean of liquor in your undertow The faucet keeps dripping like a cannonball  
And I threw my guitar in the fire when I ran out of Dura-flames  
The phone kept ringing right off the wall  
But it never was you, so I ripped it out the socket  
and then I cursed your name The sun's been gone for 7 days and you been gone for 9  
The Tennessee river's just a block away  
I could jump in at anytime I cant stand - waiting to hear your boots at my door  
I cant stand - wondering if you're out with that whore  
I cant stand - I drank an ocean of liquor in your undertow I shuffle around like a mental patient  
in my robe and my bedroom shoes  
Flipping channels from my sleeping bag  
and dining on a box of fruit loops I cant stand - waiting to hear your boots at my door  
I cant stand - wondering if you're out with that whore  
I cant stand - wishing that I had never been born  
No I cant stand - I drank an ocean of liquor in your undertow

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