In the Kitchen

Umphrey's McGee

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 smokeI 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 ChicagoThe TV's on too much
And I don't ever think enough
About the things that matter most
And what could make me oldAnd there's no argument
For wasting time much better spent
Complacently replacing
A melody with smokeI 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
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