One Foot Out The Door

Arkells

This time she really tried
Came home and the place was decorated
Put his pictures in frames
Even ones of his friends
That she hated
She smiled from the couch
Awaiting for him to come over
He put down his suitcase
Gave her a kiss on the shoulder
I couldn't wait to see you
My baby boy
I'm tired of keeping score
Every time you get home
It feels to me
You've got one foot out the door
She taught me how to dance
In the evening light of her little kitchen
She whispered with her soft hands
And told me things that she always wished for
Then I get so dizzy
For this conversation goes in circles
I'm sick of walking in a room
And seeing shifty eyes make nervous faces
I couldn't wait to see you
My baby boy
I'm tired of keeping score
Every time you get home
It feels to me
You've got one foot out the door
Yeah
She's sleeping on her own
For the last few weeks
She couldn't stand the bed
The pillows or the sheets
Everytime you get home
Promise me
Things are going to change
I just wait and see

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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