

# 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.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnyrics.com/>