

Breakfast After Ten

Blue October

White kitchen walls with a thousand windows
Turn on Winston in the den
And I'm still asleep but I can hear the piano
When you make breakfast after 10
And I smell the coffee on your fingers
I still smell the perfume in the bed
The crushed linen roses on everything
And you're still inside my head You gotta make her know how it feels to miss you
Let her know you're swapping sides
You're not the one with all the problems
You're the one with all the pride So just pick your head up boy, and
Walk away
Walk the coolest walk that you know
Cause in a month or two she'll call you
You gotta hang up the phone I hope she knows I've got this memory
That won't ever seem to break or bend
A thick lock & sheet rock is on my windows in the kitchen
I don't think I'll ever take em' down again And I've learned a lot from all these break ups and make ups
And fuck ups and fake ups
Things that I wish you could comprehend yeah, comprehend
But for now I'll lace up
these wingtip shoes, boys
And I'll go have breakfast with my good friends You got to make her know how it feels to miss you
You got to let her know you're swapping sides
You're not the one with all the problems
You're the one with all the pride You got to make her know how it feels to miss you
Let her know you're swapping spit
You're not the one with all the problems
She's the one that's full of shit So just pick your head up, boys and
Walk away
Walk the coolest walk that you know
In a month or two she'll call you
You got to
Hang up the phone...

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