

# Everything Must Go

## Taking Back Sunday

We found a house with a yard  
And moved all of my things  
And then most of your things in  
And honey, I was proud of it  
And honey, I was proud of you You quote the good book when it's convenient  
But you don't have the sense  
No, you don't have the sense  
To tie your tangled tongue  
Instead you're slash it through the mud Some boxes  
That hand-me-down couch and chair  
That used to be at your church  
We borrowed them from there A cabinet record player  
With nothing but James Taylor  
Tore the carpets from the corner store  
To put in that hardwood floor  
I'd be a fool to have asked for more You quote the good book when it's convenient  
But you don't have the sense  
No, you don't have the sense  
To tie your tangled tongue  
Instead you slash it through the mud You quote the good book when it's convenient  
But you don't have the sense  
No, you don't have the sense  
To tie your tangled tongue  
Instead you slash it through the mud Yeah honey, I was proud of you  
Instead you're sloshing through The love you had but couldn't leave  
The past that we were stuck between  
Beside myself I stop to think  
Lord, what have I done? You quote the good book when it's convenient  
But you don't have the sense  
No, you don't have the sense  
To tie your tangled tongue  
Instead you slash it through the mud You quote the good book when it's convenient  
But you don't have the sense  
No, you don't have the sense  
To tie your tangled tongue  
Instead you slash it through the mud

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