

# Rock Paper Scissors

[George Strait](#)

Rock, paper, scissors  
Sittin' on the table in the kitchen  
That's all he's got left since she got gone  
It goes hand-in-hand with the memory of doing her wrong  
She slipped that ring off her finger  
Slapped that ink on a goodbye note  
She cut his face outta every picture  
Lost his last name but won the game of  
Rock, paper, scissors  
Bouncing on the table as he pounds it double-fisted  
He's blowing up her phone but it ain't gonna change a thing  
'Cause there ain't gonna be no best two out of three  
She slipped that ring off her finger  
Slapped that ink on a goodbye note  
She cut his face outta every picture  
Lost his last name but won the game of  
When she found him passed out on couch  
With lipstick on his cheek  
There was nothing left but take a breath  
And one, two, three  
She slipped that ring off her finger  
Slapped that ink on a goodbye note  
She cut his face outta every picture  
Lost his last name but won the game of  
Rock, paper, scissors  
Sittin' on the table in the kitchen  
Yeah

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