

Living Room Is Empty

French Kicks

When you walk around, you know you feel okay
Although you had some mornings that make you cry
You took 'em lying down

You took 'em, oh, so hard And when you call the phone and talk to me and explain
I try to hark the words and not obey
They came out wrong

And I was back where I started There is only one person that talks that way
And you use imagination in the back of the cab
You took it all the way

Home to my empty room Well, I remember that expression for the rest of my life
My answer to the party line, up in and go get her
Reach inside my kitchen for that old carving knife

To mess up all my people, make 'em see a little redder, hey When I do my dirt, will you stand up high
And tell me how you got to be this way
I listened all the time

I wait around so long And if you ever thought of dying to kill yourself
Like a tired old record you get played out
And you'll be on your own

Buried in the ground Well, I remember that expression for the rest of my life
My answer to the party line, up in and go get her
Reach inside my kitchen for that old carving knife

To mess up all the people, make 'em see a little better, hey Woke up with a new song
Woke up with a tightrope
Living room is empty

Did you even miss me? I knew about the last time
This could be the last time
Smoke going up the chimney

Can I take you with me? Living room is empty
Dead with the memory
I can't get over now

Roll over now If you ever thought of dying to kill yourself
Like a tired old record you get played out
And you'll be on your own
Buried in the ground

Songwriters

Michael Joshua Wise;Matthew Stinchcomb;Nicholas Stumpf;Lawrence StumpfPublished by
NO STUPID MUSIC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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