

Taking Back Sunday, Everything Must Go

We found a house with a big yard
And moved all of my things
And most of your things, in
And honey I was proud of it
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 slashing 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
Two carpets from the corner store
Cover the hardwood floor
I'd be a fool to ask 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're slashing through the mud
You quote the Good Book,
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But you don't have the sense
No you don't have the sense
To tie your tangled tongue
Instead you're slashing through the mud
And honey i was proud of you
Instead you're slashing through the mud
The love you had was good enough
The past that we were stuck between
But so much stuff must go tonight,
Oh 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're slashing through the mud