

Buffalo Tom, Kitchen Door

I scratched my finger
On the door in front of you
You scratched your finger
At the girl outside
That's a bigger
Responsibility
When All My Children
Is an endless bore

I'm the number on your kitchen door
I'm the gifted son who cannot score
I'm the number on your kitchen door
Please remember just to keep the score

I scratched my finger
On the door in front of you
Please remember
That I'll always care
That's a harbor
That you can sail to
When all your ocean
Is a mindless chore

I'm the number on your kitchen door
I'm the gifted son you can not scorn
I'm the number on your kitchen door
Please remember just to keep the score

Well that's our number on our kitchen door
But it's more than numbers that I adore
I adore

I'm the number on your kitchen door
I'm the baseball team from Baltimore
I'm the number on your kitchen door
Like Cinderella she just sweeps the floor
Like Cinderella she just sweeps the floor
Like Cinderella she just sweeps the floor