

# 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