

Chris Garneau, So Far

Like the touch of my mother's hand on my head
I'll miss you, too when I go to bed
We've ruined all the new pots
And the metal in the egg crate cots
But we haven't missed
A good day of television yet so far
But we haven't missed
A good day of television yet so far
The dishwasher's on now, cleaning somehow
The baby bits of hamburger helper that dried too soon
We leave out the milk and it rots
And the mayonnaise that we get from Tops
But we haven't missed
A day of eating good food yet so far
But we haven't missed
A day of eating good food yet so far
You love good
But I think you should
Go home, honey
'Cause we haven't got any money
Like the touch of my mother's hand on my head
I'll miss you, too when I go to bed
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And the metal in the egg crate cots
But we haven't missed
A good day of television yet so far
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