

# 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  
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And the metal in the egg crate cots  
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