

# 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  
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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