

# Aaron Tippin, This Old Couch

Well, sometimes I wish we'd bought the kind  
That folds out into a bed  
But it ain't too bad if you lay on your side  
And use the armrest for you head  
Yeah, the springs are sprung and the center sags  
And the stuffing is sticking out  
But it's times like these, she ain't happy with me  
I thank God for this old couch  
Yeah, right about now, she's as P.O.'ed  
As I've ever seen her be  
And this pillow and blanket and a mighty dirty look  
Tells me where I'm gonna sleep  
I learned a long time ago, don't say nothing  
And soon, she'll simmer down  
And with a little bit of luck, we'll kiss and make up  
Sitting right here on this old couch  
Yeah, this old couch is a pretty safe place  
While she blows off a little steam  
Well, she's mad as hell but that's alright  
She ain't getting rid of me  
'Cause there ain't no quitting, just forgiving and forgetting  
That's what love's about  
And we both know, I'll never go no further  
Than this old couch  
It might take five minutes or take five days  
It really all depends  
On how long it takes for the begging and the pleading  
To finally start soaking in  
Yeah, and one of these days, I'm gonna learn  
Not to stick my big foot in my big mouth  
Yeah, and maybe then I won't have to spend  
So much time alone, yeah, right  
Yeah, this old couch is a pretty safe place  
While she blows off a little steam  
Well, she's mad as hell but that's alright  
She ain't getting rid of me  
'Cause there ain't no quitting, just forgiving and forgetting  
Yeah, that's what love's about  
Yeah, and we both know, I'll never go no further  
Than this old couch, yeah, this old couch  
Yeah, one potato, two potato, three potato, four potato  
I'm a couch potato  
"Hey honey, you still mad?  
I'm sorry, a lot"