

Yankee Grey, All Things Considered

All things considered I'm doin' just fine even though
You left a hole the size of Texas deep inside of my heart
The way I feel I should be losing my mind
But all things considered
I'm doin' just fine

Woke up this morning to the sound of you slammin' the door
I got served a piece of paper for breakfast that said
You don't live here no more
And the dog won't let me pet him, he just lays around
And growls at my feet
And the paper boy forgot me again
I should have stayed in bed asleep

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Well my car broke down again right before it ran out of gas
Yeah my boss is still ringing in my head
One more time and your out on your...yeah
Well I cant wait till that five o clock whistle blows
So I can sit in traffic all day
And end up going home alone

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