

Couch

V1

High School, first girlfriend
We're all alone in, my livin' room
Sittin' close, getting' comfortable,
This is where I got my first kiss
College bound, got a dorm room,
Moved her in, none too soon
I got lucky, more action with her
Somethin' I surely do miss

Chorus

She's torn and frayed and rough around the edges
She's kept me out of jail and talked me down from ledges
She's soft and warm, makes me not wanna go out
And when I sleep with her I wake up pretty rested
Time with her is time well invested
I could hang on her all day, ain't no doubt
My couch

V2

Years later, bought a big place
Moved her in, to the basement
Surround sound, fifty inch TV
Now this is what I call a man cave
Got married, to my sweetheart
But when we fight, I depart
Kicked out of bed to my couch
and it's all the same

Chorus

Bridge

Now I find myself, layin' on a couch
Tellin' problems to a shrink and I'm mad
He said it's time to throw her out
And I said, I don't think my wife's that bad

Chorus