

X

"How I"

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How I, how I, how I
How I, how I learned my lesson

Mine is a big pink house
A preacher knocking on the door
With a self-righteous preacher going in
But he is just an old flame
I'll never want him again and again and again

How I, how I, how I
How I, how I learned my lesson

I didn't, I kept on trying
I didn't listen I looked up to you
I call you on the phone
But you tell me you're not home

Absence makes the heart grow fonder
So I never want to see you again
I'm wrecking the kitchen carefully
But I'm keeping your dinner warm

How I, how I, how I
How I how I learned my lesson

I didn't, I kept on trying
I didn't listen, I looked up to you
At the soul market on Sunday
Here's what I put in your collection basket

In front of the congregation
I stood up and called your name
When I walked out
You just shook my hand

How I, how I, how I
How I, how I learned my lesson

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