

Chris Flew

"So Far"

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Like the touch of my mother's hand on my head,
I'll miss you, too, when I go to bed.
We've ruined all the new pots
And the metal in the egg crate cots,
But we haven't missed a good day of television yet so
far,
But we haven't missed a good day of television yet so
far.

The dishwasher's on now.
Cleaning, somehow,
The baby bits of Hamburger Helper that dried too soon.
We leave out the milk and it rots,
And the mayonnaise that we got from Tops,
But we haven't missed a day of eating good food yet
so far,
But we haven't missed a day of eating good food yet
so far.

You love good,
But I think you should
Go home, honey,
'Cause we haven't got any money.

You love good,
But I think you should
Go home, honey,
'Cause we haven't got any money.

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