

## Chely Wright

# "back of the bottom drawer"

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In the back of the bottom drawer  
Of the dresser by our bed  
Is a box of odds and ends that I have always kept  
But the man who sleeps beside me  
Doesn't know it's even there  
Little pieces of my past  
That I shouldn't have to share

A napkin that is stained with time  
Has a poem on it that didn't quite rhyme, but it made  
me cry  
In a "Dear Jane" letter from a different guy  
He broke up with me and he told me I'm not always  
right  
And a stolen key from an old hotel room door  
In the back of the bottom drawer

I don't keep these things 'cause I'm longing to go back  
I keep them because I want to stay right where I'm at  
I'm reminded of my rights and wrongs  
I don't want to mess this up  
But I wouldn't know where I belong

Without this box of stuff

A birthday card from my first boyfriend  
He signed it "I love you" so I gave in  
Yeah, we went too far in his daddy's car  
And those Mardi Gras beads from '98  
We danced all night, stayed out so late  
We thought we were stars, closing down the bars  
That champagne was cheap but still I've got that cork  
In the back of the bottom drawer

I'm not trying to hide these things from the man I love  
today  
But I'm a better woman for him, thanks to my  
yesterdays

So now I try to give more than I take  
And I bite my tongue, fight the urge to say it's my way  
Or no way at all

And now I cherish love a whole lot more  
'Cause of what's  
In the back of the bottom drawer

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