

Alice Peacock

"Get your own"

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I don't know what it is about my kitchen
That makes you feel at home
You eat my food and dirty up my dishes
You better get your own

It's getting hard for me to pay attention
To your endless drone
As if misery were your invention
You better get your own

I'm sorry if I hurt your feelings
But I'm at the end of my rope
And there still might be just enough of it left
For me to hang us both

I didn't mean that, I was only joking
Oops, my cover's been blown
By the way those cigarettes you're smoking
You better get your own

I've always given you a shoulder to cry on
I'm getting soaked to the bone
I've even given you my couch to lie on
You better get your own

Don't remind me we've been friends forever
Don't you think that I know
I've got a life I'm trying to keep together
You better get your own

So he wrecked your life and now he's gone
Do you have to keep going on and on and on and on...

Don't get me wrong I'm only trying to help you
So could you get off the phone
By the way your cousin called to tell you
You better get your own

