

# Who's Gonna Take the Garbage Out

John Prine

I take too much abuse from you  
That's all I ever get  
Yeah calling a man like you a husband  
Is just like calling a wild cat a pet  
You'd better stop your running around  
Straighten up and stop moving on  
Well who's gonna take your garbage out  
When I've packed my bags and gone

Each day you walk off over me  
Can't you take another route  
If you'd start acting like married man  
Maybe we could find the way to work things out  
You'll find your key won't fit the lock  
If you keep on a keeping on  
Well who's gonna take your garbage out  
When I've packed my bags and gone

I know you think I'm running round  
And that's why you're so peeved  
That's another line of the same ole stuff  
That I hope you don't expect me to believe  
Go out tonight but don't come back  
Cause you've just lost a home  
But who's gonna take your garbage out  
When I've packed my bags and gone

Yeah who's gonna take your garbage out  
When I've packed my bags and gone  
You're gonna miss me honey gal  
You kidding me...