

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...