

The Bed We Made

Tim McGraw & Faith Hill

The dishes are clean in the kitchen
There ain't no dirt on the floor
The laundry's all done washing
There ain't no honey do list no more
The sugar bowl is off in the sugar
The car has been washed and waxed
The roses have all been watered
It's damn near perfect on the colder sad song
Let's go make a mess of
The bed we made this morning
Like the room's been hit by a hurricane
Throw those pillows on the hardwood
And tangle those sheets up real good
Let's go make a mess of
Make a mess of the bed we made
Im talking candlewax on the dresser
Have spilled empty bottle of wine
A trail of clothes down the hallway
Pick it tomorrow but baby tonight
Let's go make a mess of
The bed we made this morning
Like the room's been hit by a hurricane
Throw those pillows on the hardwood
And tangle those sheets up real good
Let's go make a mess of
Make a mess of the bed we made
So you go and pull back the covers
I'll go and pull down the shades
Let's go make a mess of
The bed we made this morning
Like the room's been hit by a hurricane
Throw those pillows on the hardwood
And tangle those sheets up real good
Let's go make a mess of
Make a mess of the bed we made
Let's go make, let's go make, make a mess of the bed
Make a mess of the bed we made
Let's go make, let's go make, make a mess of the bed
Make a mess of the bed we made

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>