

Prince sang, "Come on baby, don't make me sleep on the couch."

Lucky Doug Fergus, who none of us have heard, sang,

"I'm a couch potato I freely admit
I'm a couch potato and I'm darn proud of it
I'm a couch potato I freely admit
I'm a couch potato and I'm darn proud of it."

Aaron Tippon probably said it best (never heard of him either),

"Well, sometimes I wish we'd bought the kind
That folds out into a bed
But it ain't too bad if you lay on your side
And use the armrest for you head.

Yeah, the springs are sprung and the center sags
And the stuffing is sticking out
But it's times like these, she ain't happy with me
I thank God for this old couch."

What if Crosby, Stills, Nash sang, "My couch is a very very fine couch..."

Or if the Beatles sang, "Here comes the couch, here comes the couch and I say, it's alright..."

Couches have a long history but during times like these, when forced to stay inside, a couch is a blessing. Sitting, lounging, lying, napping, we spend so much of these days plopped upon. Sectionals, Chesterfields, Cabriole, Camelback, Mid-Century Modern, Tuxedo, Chaise to name just a few. Cotton, linen, leather, microfiber.

What does a couch say about us? Is it snuggled near a fireplace? Surrounding a big screen TV? Room enough for the family? Just enough for two to tango? For a single, is it hardy and cozy? Enough for the requisite nap?

Would it occur to anyone to design a room without a couch? Do we sit in the same spot on the couch every day? Does it have a special blanket for napping? Does it match the paint? Is it a recliner as well?

Is it as Gladys Knight sang, "The best thing that ever happened to me?" (Even if not singing about a couch.)

In the end, the answer is, "A good couch allows me to sleep in the daytime, not in my bed."
Agreed?