

White Picket Fence

Five for Fighting

I've cut off the curls, I shaved half my face
Became half the man, you asked to replace
I'm willing to save you, you said you're worth saving
But half of my appetite's lost half it's craving
Stand in the mirror, well that's me beside you
The one with the smile, the one who abides you
And I don't mind the madman, the killer, the lover
Well he's slowly fading one into the other
And where is that white picket fence
That I painted myself in the late days of April?
Where are the daffodil mountains?
I know that they're somewhere around here by the garden
You say that you're happy, well you should know
better
I see that you've sewn up that rip in your sweater
That some lover tore off you, that left you both shaking
That bled deep inside you the wound you'd forsaken
And where is that white picket fence
That I painted myself in the late days of April?
Where are the daffodil mountains?
I know that they're somewhere around here by the garden
Don't fear I will save you, don't shout you'll awaken
The corpse in the desert staked out beside you
I cut off his wing and shaved half his face
But I thought that I saw his eyes move

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