Ripe

Menya

The moon sheds light across the end of the bed
You made me wait but now I?m touchin? your leg
And I remember all the little things you said
Quesadillas made with cheese and a rock band who were Japanese
So for once in my life
I saw what I wanted and took a bite
I picked the fruit from the tree
And it was ripe
Your love got big, your jokes got worse each afternoon
Like bacon at a Bar Mitzvah, like a lead balloon
And who?s to say what really happened in that room each day
I was lookin? for a bride, you were lookin? for a groom
So for once in your life
You saw what you wanted and took a bite
You picked the fruit from the tree
And it was ripe
And all you people are the heroes I?ve known
We're staring off the edge into the unknown
We are not there yet but we cannot got home
So we cry and we sing, yeah, I remember everything
How for once in our lives
We saw what we wanted and took a bite
We picked the fruit from the tree
And it was ripe
And it was ripe
And it was ripe
And it was ripe

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