

# 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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