Mushaboom

Helping the kids out of their coats But wait the babies haven't been born Unpacking the bags and setting up And planting lilacs and buttercups

But in the meantime I've got it hard Second floor living without a yard It may be years until the day My dreams will match up with my pay

Old dirt road Knee deep snow Watching the fire as we grow old

I got a man to stick it out And make a home from a rented house And we'll collect the moments one by one I guess that's how the future's done

How many acres how much light Tucked in the woods and out of sight Talk to the neighbours and tip my cap On a little road barely on the map

Old dirt road Knee deep snow Watching the fire as we grow old Old dirt road Rambling rose Watching the fire as we grow well I'm sold