

American Wife

Rilo Kiley

'Losing your brave', is that what he said?
The flag will still wave even after you're dead.
I'll be your American wife.

Like the eagle perched atop the globe,
We'll climb up above the smog and
Live in blissful ignorance
With a dog and a TV set.
We'll eat flesh 'til we're fatter than our friends.

But I only play the fool very often.
I only bet my heart like a spade,
But I like the gambling life.
You never know what you're gonna get.
Bet your shoes, keys, and glasses.
You'll be barefoot, free from debt, blinded, and wandering;
Maybe then you'll be happier, then (then you'll be happier, then)

The wind used to come and nearly blow you over.
The wind doesn't move down these parts anymore,
And so goes the bartering life.

Caught for food, then they strap you down.
You scream, "Miami was pretty, before we were bitter;
Before we let our sadness litter the streets."

You offered your father could be mine.
We looked at your family tree, and politely declined.
You have eleven siblings,
Who've had ten broken limbs,
Nine divorces,
And eight broken hearts,
And seven grandkids,
And six bypass surgeries,
Five college degrees...
Four are sick;
Three are well.
Two are dead,
One's in jail.
No one here moves away.
No one here moves away.

'Come unto the grave', is that what I said? (Is that what I said?)
My memory fades when I'm drinking in bed.
I miss the sobering life.
The comforter will not come unto to me 'til
I'm a fearless, faithless nothing at all
'cause no one escapes their life.
No one escapes their life
No one escapes their life
(No one, No one)

It may sound depressing.
It's just a life lesson.
In the bartering, gambling life,
I'll be your American Wife.