

# White Lies And Picket Fences

Tammy Cochran

Billy leaned on the hood of the car,  
With a match stick in his mouth  
And I watched him through the crack in the windshield,  
we were goin' South.  
All the way down to Alabama,  
said he had a job down there.  
But we were gonna drive just a little bit further and get a room somewhere.

We drove past little white houses,  
with porch swings and there was always someone else's kids in the yard,  
And I remember sayin', hey wouldn't it be nice if we could live that way,  
And he was always sayin' we were gonna, but sometimes you should listen to your mama, Cause someday, some boy is gonna tell ya  
How he'll treat you like a princess,  
But sometimes they're just little white lies with picket fences.

Well I spent most of that year waitin' tables  
Cause Billy's job well it didn't work out  
And one night he took the cash in the kitchen  
And he cut clean out of town  
Now I'm looking out the window of this run down apartment,  
A little older now and six months along,  
And sometimes I think about Billy  
But most times I don't.

I think about little white houses, with porch swings and there was always someone else's kids in the yard  
And I remember sayin' hey wouldn't it be nice if we could live that way,  
And he was always saying we were gonna,  
But sometimes you should listen to your mama cause someday, some boy is gonna tell ya  
How he'll treat you like a princess  
But sometimes they're just little white lies with picket fences.

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