

On The Picket Fence

The Good Life

Things are good
We should take a polaroid, a memento
Before the moment's destroyed
We constantly bicker, these flickering moods
We're hardly making any sense
Either you love me or you leave me
Don't you leave me on this picket fence

It's been hard
We've both got our histories
That haunt these homes
But I ain't bathing in our misery
So pour me a drink and don't pour it too weak
And grab it from the top shelf
I ain't asking for redemption
And this ain't no cry for help

Well, things are good
We take it all for granted
We turn that wheel
Back to all our bad habits
But I don't believe we need love to succeed
But the least you could do is pretend
Either you love me or you leave me
Don't you leave me on this picket fence

Either you love me or you'll leave me, don't you leave me