

# Tough Luck

The Wilkinsons

She never planned on  
The life she got  
Married young  
And then she just got caught  
Years fly by  
When you're raising kids  
She's just a carbon copy  
Of what her momma did

She was a perfect picture  
Of a perfect wife  
Out of focus  
In her perfect life  
So safe, so warm  
No hint of danger  
Wasting years  
With the perfect stranger

But though luck's  
The only luck she's known  
And tough luck  
To build your life on hope  
(Oh) But she bought the deal  
She made the vow  
She'd walk away  
But she's just too proud  
To ever throw in the towel  
Tough luck

Convinced herself  
That life made perfect sense  
Two-car garage  
And a white picket fence  
Sometimes she feels  
Like such a hypocrite  
She's just a face in the portrait  
And that's about it

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