

The Wilkinsons, Tough Luck

(Steve Wilkinson/William Wallace)

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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