

Ben Lee, Ripe

The moon sheds light across the end of the bed.
You made me wait but now i'm touching your leg.
And i remember all the little things you said,
"quesadillas, made with cheese" and "a rock band who were japanese."
And for once in my life, i saw what i wanted and took a bite.
I picked the fruit from the tree and it was ripe.
Your love got big, your jokes got worse each afternoon.
Like bacon at a barmitzvah, like a lead balloon.
And who's to say what really happened in that room each day?
I was looking for a bride, you were looking for a groom.

And for once in your life, you saw what you wanted and you took a bite.
You picked the fruit from the tree and it was ripe.
And all you people are the heroes i've known.
We're staring off the edge into the unknown.
We are not there yet but we cannot go home.
So we cry, and we sing.
Yeah, i remember everything.
And for once in our lives, we saw what we wanted and took a bite.
We picked the fruit from the tree.
And it was ripe.