

Fair To Midland, The Wife, The Kids, And The Wh

Mail order brides, turtlenecks, and trophy wives,
Had the ways and means to breach,
The borders of easy street,

And to blend right in,
We all surrounded them in a white picket fence,
Now both ends meet,

Sufficed to say there's a time and a place,
So I wait,
For the tug-of-war and who you'll pull for,
While between you and me from point A to point B is a fine line,
That burns at both our good ends,

Two peas in a pod, a battleaxe, and a bastard child,
Took one step more and went straight to the source,
And to blend right in,
They opened fire with their rain checks spent to make ends meet,

Sufficed to say there's a time and a place,
So I wait,
For the tug-of-war and who you'll pull for,
While between you and me from point A to point B is a fine line,
That burns at both our good ends,

Go on, paint the whole town red,
I'd rather follow who cleans up the mess,
And so I wait,

Sufficed to say there's a time and a place,
So I wait,
For the tug-of-war and who you'll pull for,
While between you and me from point A to point B is a fine line,
That burns at both our good ends.