

Five for Fighting, White Picket Fence

I've cut off the curls
I shaved half my face
Became half the man you asked to replace.
I'm willing to save you
You said you're worth saving
But half of my appetite's lost half it's craving
Stand in the mirror
That's me beside you
The one with the smile, the one who abides you.
Don't mind the madman
The killer, the lover
He's slowly fading one into the other.

Where is that white picket fence
That I painted myself in the late days of April?
Where are the daffodil mountains?
I know that they're somewhere around here by the garden.

You say that you're happy
Well you should know better
I see that you've sewn up that rip in your sweater
That some lover tore off you
That left you both shaking
That bled deep inside you the wound you'd forsaken

Where is that white picket fence
That I painted myself in the late days of April?
Where are the daffodil mountains?
I know that they're somewhere around here by the garden.

Don't fear I will save you
Don't shout you'll awaken
The corpse in the desert staked out beside you
I cut off his wing
And shaved half his face
But I thought that I saw his eyes...move