

# 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