Of Montreal, Neat Little Domestic Life

You clean the bathroom
and I do the dishes
I water the lawn
and you feed the fishes
What a neat little domestic life that we live

You change the light bulb and I hold the ladder
I get the frying pan and you mix the batter
What a neat little domestic life that we live

All the lonely days are gone
Those long lonely days when I was alone
And I felt this world was not the place I belonged
But then I met you and now I belong

You rake the leaves and I start a fire
I clean out the shed and you turn on the dryer
What a neat little domestic life that we live

I brush the dog and you knit a sweater
You vacuum the rug and I write a letter
What a neat little domestic life that we live

I clear the table and you draw the curtain
You ask if I'm happy and I tell you I'm certain
That this neat little domestic life is for me