

Upstate Escape, White Suburbia

Well, she's an honest wife
That's what she said
Each time in bed
Before she crept out in the night
Though she swore upon her life
He was a friend
But then again
They still get freaky when they can
Alright!

He's the ideal man
Chromosome Y, personified
But still he likes boys on the side
Though he's got an honest wife
And wonders why
Although he tries
He just can keep her satisfied

What happened to white suburbia?

Half acre lots
Two-car garage
You packed your things
And moved out from the city for the American dream
And its all big boxes and office parks
Where you watch your stocks go up
But your problems still follow you
And you can't run far enough
Everything is not what it seems

She's a crazy kid
A really messed up kid
With an ideal dad
An honest mom
And they both wonder what went wrong
So they put her on the meds
And now she's hooked
Her brains are cooked
And now they raise her dose again

So force a smile and take the family picture

Put up your last line of defenses
Your cul-de-sacs and picket fences
But you're still living in the trenches
Down in the trenches