

Victims Family, White Picket Fence

Out the door she walked slamming it behind her
I'm dialing the telephone.
dying just to find her
there I sit; master of all I survey
"she'll crawl back on her hands and knees someday"
so I punched a hole in the wall with my fist
put on Julie London and I knocked back a fifth
"how come this shit always happens to me,
when I'm such a f**king sweetheart it's a mystery."
I walked upstairs fell flat on my face
passed out and dreamed of a beautiful place
and when everything seemed to be going my way
I woke up in a puddle of puke where I lay.
I put the sheets in the washer
took the covers to the cleaners
as my head pounds, I get impatient and meaner
back at the house I put the Tar Babies on
pulled out the poker and cleaned out the bong
and as the resin stars rising to my head
Ralphie starts thinking he'd be better off dead
somehow my life just seems so incomplete
waking up alone in the pukey sheets.
Well I'm not stupid just a little bit dense when I'm
wondering where the heck is my white picket fence,
house in the 'burbs with the 2.3 brats
instead of living here with the vomit and the rats.
Well now I'm sitting here in my dingy little hovel
and I'm wishing that my life was a romance novel
sweep me off my feet, baby take me away
(I crawled back on my hands and knees today)
happily ever after we can live in my castle
even though dealing with me is just hassle after hassle
I'll put up Mantovani we could dance on the ceiling
while I play out the same scene once more with feeling.
What's my motivation? it don't make no sense
where the heck is my white picket fence?
I thought love was gonna save my life
there ought to be a law against me having a wife
so out the door she walked slamming it behind her.