

# Playing House

Delacey

We were just playing house  
Picking out, paint for the living room  
Someone to come home to living proof  
That someone could love me

Dirty dishes in the sink  
As if we were meant to be

I think we always knew that it was all pretend  
We were blinded by youth and that damn picket fence  
And God knows we're not perfect like Barbie and Ken  
We both know that now  
We were just playing house

I might've stayed too long  
I prayed I was wrong, that something was missing  
And I got rid of all the dust  
On the pictures of us, but that didn't fix it

Flowers in the window boxes  
They all died and I couldn't stop it

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I'll be in the garden  
And you'll mow the lawn on Saturdays  
We'll wave at the neighbors  
And that will make everything be okay, be okay