

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