

It might make for good TV  
The grieving process for all to see  
But I don't want my fathers ashes  
Scattered over strangers couches

And it might make for a fun night in if I  
Wore a dress and slept with him  
But I really hate showing my legs  
Even when the Sydney summer begs me

Come on now your roots are showing  
Unlike hands your hair keeps growing  
Oh now love you could keep on dyeing  
I think the truth is more age defying  
And in the day when it gets dark  
We were just two shelves apart  
When we realised, it's not right

You are not in a garden, you are in a store  
A single stemmed rose reaching out for more

Did it come as a great shock  
When your third love said hey you're not  
Gonna get his heart to beat by  
Laying offerings at his feet  
And in the day when it turned dark  
We were two cages apart  
When we realised, it's not right

You are not in the wild, you are in a pen  
A forgotten sow wondering when you can run.