Foreclosure

MacKenzie Porter

We started this dance with a little bit of doubt
And thirty years to grow into this house
If I fix you and you fix me
Then staying in love would come easily

Buy low, sell high
Thought all it would take was time
Fresh paint, new floors
Now there's a pink slip on the door

He fell behind on the flowers
I started showing up late
He quit treating me right
I wasted all my good faith
It's written on the walls and in the sign in the yard
We both know it's over
Moving out, moving on
Foreclosure

I don't know where our love went cold
Was it the Tennessee winter or did it just get old?
We lost the magic, whatever that means
Can't stay high on a pipe dream

Bought in, sold out
Gave 'em something to talk about
Goodbye for good
There goes the neighborhood

'Cause he fell behind on the flowers
I started showing up late
He quit treating me right
I wasted all my good faith
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Forgive, forget
Something I ain't done yet

'Cause he fell behind on the flowers
I started showing up late
He quit treating me right
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