

## **Ben Lee**

### **"Ripe"**

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The moon sheds light across the end of the bed  
You made me wait but now I'm touchin' your leg  
And I remember all the little things you said  
Quesadillas made with cheese and a rock band who  
were Japanese

So for once in my life  
I saw what I wanted and took a bite  
I picked the fruit from the tree  
And it was ripe

Your love got big, your jokes got worse each afternoon  
Like bacon at a Bar Mitzvah, like a lead balloon  
And who's to say what really happened in that room  
each day  
I was lookin' for a bride, you were lookin' for a groom

So for once in your life  
You saw what you wanted and took a bite  
You picked the fruit from the tree  
And it was ripe

And all you people are the heroes I've known  
We're staring off the edge into the unknown  
We are not there yet but we cannot get home  
So we cry and we sing, yeah, I remember everything

How for once in our lives  
We saw what we wanted and took a bite  
We picked the fruit from the tree  
And it was ripe

And it was ripe  
And it was ripe  
And it was ripe

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