

## Fair to Midland

# "Wife, The Kids, And the White Picket Fence"

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Mail order brides, turtlenecks and trophy wives  
Had the ways and means to breach the borders of easy  
street  
And to blend right in we all surrounded them  
In a white picket fence, now both ends meet

Sufficed to say there's a time and a place so I wait  
For the tug-of-war and who you'll pull it for  
While between you and me from point A to point B is a  
fine line  
That burns at both our good ends

Two peas in a pod, a battleaxe and a bastard child  
Took one step more and went straight to the source  
And to blend right in, they opened fire with  
Their rain checks spent to make ends meet

Sufficed to say there's a time and a place so I wait  
For the tug-of-war and who you'll pull it for  
While between you and me from point A to point B is a  
fine line  
That burns at both our good ends

Go on, paint the whole town red  
I'd rather follow who cleans up the mess  
And so I wait

Sufficed to say there's a time and a place so I wait  
For the tug-of-war and who you'll pull it for  
While between you and me from point A to point B is a  
fine line  
That burns at both our good ends

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