

Solange "White Picket Dreams"

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I'm sitting here looking at this old canvas
And the picture looks so different from you
Yes, it does, yes, it does
Maybe it's time to go back to the drawing board
'Cause it's likely that the man I drew is fictional

It's possible, I dream such a thing that's so far away
And the flame that you bring is warming up
It's possible we all want a dream that's so far away
And my white picket dreams are home enough

I'm lying in the dark but it's pitch bright
'Cause this yellow in my soul and it raise, it brings me
hope
I figured I'd be married young with two off springs
But this timing and me don't wait for you to carry on

So I wait for the day, for the day
When this frame shows
A face gives a name and you say that you will
It's your will we can build, we can still see it

It's possible, I dream such a thing that's so far away
And the flame that you bring is warming up
It's possible we all want a dream that's so far away
And my white picket dreams are home enough

And you know I want that, baby
What you do, keep on bringing me joy
And you know we'll have that, baby
I give you that picture, hun, and so much more

And you know I want that, baby
And you know we'll have that, baby
That white picket dream, we'll paint it
The house on the hills with our name on the door

And you know I want that, baby
And you know we'll have that, baby
That white picket dream of mine
Will show me how it was in no time

It's possible, I dream such a thing that's so far away
And the flame that you bring is warming up
It's possible, we all want a dream that's so far away
And my white picket dreams are home enough

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