

Tammin Sursok

"White Lies And Picket Fences"

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Billy leaned on the hood of the car,
With a match stick in his mouth
And I watched him through the crack in the windshield,
We were goin' South.
All the way down to Alabama,
Said he had a job down there.
But we were gonna drive just a little bit further and get
a room somewhere.

We drove past little white houses,
With porch swings and there was always someone
else's kids in the yard,
And I remember sayin', hey wouldn't it be nice if we
could live that way,
And he was always sayin' we were gonna, but
sometimes you should listen to your mama, Cause
someday, some boy is gonna tell ya
How he'll treat you like a princess,
But sometimes they're just little white lies with picket
fences.

Well I spent most of that year waitin' tables
Cause Billy's job well it didn't work out
And one night he took the cash in the kitchen
And he cut clean out of town
Now I'm looking out the window of this run down
apartment,
A little older now and six months along,
And sometimes I think about Billy
But most times I don't.

I think about little white houses, with porch swings and
there was always someone else's kids in the yard
And I remember sayin' hey wouldn't it be nice if we
could live that way,
And he was always saying we were gonna,
But sometimes you should listen to your mama cause
someday,
Some boy is gonna tell ya
How he'll treat you like a princess
But sometimes they're just little white lies

With picket fences.

Billy leaned on the hood of the car,
With a match stick in his mouth.

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