

Tammy Cochran

"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
That we kept 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 sayin' "We were gonna
But sometimes you should listen to your mama
'Cause someday, some boy is gonna tell ya
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