

Life Without Parole

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The kids are off to school again
She sips her coffee at the kitchen table
Her husband's gone to work, he said
his quick goodbye,
he seems distant lately

It's all she ever wanted
The dream that now unfolds
to be the perfect wife for him
a facade that's made of gold

She's going through the motions
The kids, the cars, a home
Life in smalltown USA
Is life without parole

The dreary morning grind
Brightened by the soap she watches daily
The future left behind
In compromise, she's better of,
well, maybe

The day is filled with chores
Vacuum, clean the floors
Laundry, dishes, feed the dog
who could ask for more

She always tries to please
In a life that's not her own
Hope replaced by memories
The dream is all but gone

She'll raise the kids and won't complain
It's all her choice, no one to blame
But her hair's been turning grey
It's such a cruel fate
It all is such a shame

Daddy's working late
The kids in bed, a lonely t.v. evening
Wine's the great escape
An easy high, ignores his lies,
won't leave him

The red blush on her cheeks
provided by Dior
Hides the scars of time that show
bitterness galore

But it's all she ever wanted
The dream that now unfolds
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