

Picture Of Health

We Were Promised Jetpacks

I've been thinking to myself
Aren't we just the picture of health?
The one you see through the window
The one where all goes well

At times there's nothing worse
than the beat of a struggling pulse
But in the pit of the stomach
is where I can always tell

Watch as the trees grow tall
We'll give them a face and a name
Build a fence to keep out the neighbors
But we'll dress our scarecrows the same

We've been thinking to ourselves
Weren't we just the picture of health?
But in the pit of the stomach
is where you can always tell

We'll sit and wait and think
Wander back to familiar surroundings
In the place where I should have grown up
And hung myself out to dry

Watch as the trees grow tall
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