

## Two Way Fence

She's got this problem called love you see  
I've got this problem some call a disease  
What she does has a purpose that's right  
I'll head for the bars and maybe a fight  
Her and I don't really make sense  
I hate to see her inside this fence  
Her friends can't believe she stays with a drinker  
Mine can't see why I'm still with this thinker  
I'll come home drunk and mean sometimes  
She'll stay out of my way and not drop the dime  
When the time is right, she'll fix me a plate  
Knowing after I eat, passing out is my fate  
Next morning I'm sick and sorry as hell  
She's humming and doing, mind clear as a bell  
That's definitely not what I want to see  
Someone should be there as sick as me  
She's got this problem called love you see  
I've got this problem some call a disease

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