

I've Never Been Short Of A Smile

Gilbert O'Sullivan

As you know when the girl of your dreams
Doesn't seem to exist
If you want my opinion then here's what it is
Don't tell your wife she'll kill ya
And who knows maybe one day you'll wake up
And walk to the door
Where's she's waiting impatient this daughter of yours
Saying give me away dad will ya

Try proving suicide is painless
And who are those that claim this
The only way to die and to die again
As I recall I entertain an empty hall

Doesn't bother me in the slightest if a mirror's cracked
It could be that a missing screw is all it lacked
I'll walk under ladders but the funny thing is each time
I do I go flying
I've had moments when depression seemed the only cure
Days when doubts were all about but now I'm sure
Despite loosing battles that I know if I could win
I've never been short of a smile

As you know you can stand to attention while wiggling your toes
It's a breach of the rules but in boots I suppose
You could be forgiven
As you go into work on a Sunday
You hazard guess wasn't Sunday the one day
We all used to rest
I've never been short of smile
You cannot have your cake and eat it
But given a piece why keep it
What purpose is being served
If you leave it lying on a tray
Only to be thrown away

If invited to a party as a rule of thumb
If there's not a kitchen in it I won't come
I know that it's boring but at least you don't have to speak
You just up the heat
If there's one good thing about me then it ought to be
Even when I'm up against adversity
Despite my misgivings on the shape that I'm in
I've never been short of a smile
(It's so easy to forget) (Every time you draw your breath) (Should be
hung up on the wall) (A reminder to us all) That however much we moan
All our lives we've only one to live solo To be or not to be what it
is it About this phrase that gives it A meaning so profound That if Shakespeare
were here today I bet he'd throw it all away Doesn't bother me the slightest
if a cat is black It could be that a pot of paint had turned him that I'll
walk under ladders but the funny thing every time I do I go flying I've
had moments when depression seemed the only

y cure Days when I was burning up now I'm sure despite my resentment
of the pain I was in I've never been short of a smile