

# 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 known 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 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