

Every Time I See Her

Peter and the Test Tube Babies

Well she stumbled into my life, with a bottle in her hand.
And when she spilt it all over my jeans, I fell to her command.

Oh ! I wanted to make her mine, though she could hardly stand,
take care of her mess, and mix her drinks, begin to understand.

Then one morning I woke up beside her, and she was lying in our
bed.

And as the thoughts of our future together, assembled in my head.

Oh ! I wanted to make her mine, but my dreams did not come true
, as she slowly came round, and looked
at me and said "Who the hell are you ?".

Every time I see her she's falling all over the place.

It's been six weeks now since she moved in, though I've only seen
her twice.

And I love the way she ignores me, and never says good-bye.

Oh ! I wanted to make her mine, but I was living a fantasy,
if I had one wish, she would sober up,
and fall in love with me.

Well she staggered out of my life, with my wallet in her bag.

I could not stop her, she left me a tired and broken man.

So I finished off the wine, and the few remaining cans.

And as they went to my head, I got the effect, began to understand.