

Labelled With Love

Squeeze

She unscrews the top of her new whiskey bottle,
And shuffles about in her candle-lit hovel.
Like some kind of witch, with blue fingers in mittens,
She smells like a cat and the neighbors she sickens.
Her black and white TV has long seen a picture,
The cross on the wall is a permanent fixture.
The postman delivers the final reminders;
She sells off her silver and poodles in china.

R:

Drinks to remember; I me and myself
And winds up the clock and knocks dust from the shelf.
Home is a love that I miss very much,
But the past has been bottled and labelled with love.

During the wartime an American pilot
Made every air-raid a time of excitement.
She moved to his prairie and married the Texan.
She learned from a distance how love was a lesson.
He became drinker and she became mother
She knew that one day she'd be one or the other.
He ate himself older, drunk himself dizzy
Proud of her features she kept herself pretty.

R:

He like a cowboy died drunk in a slumber
Out on the porch in the middle of summer
She crossed the ocean back home to her family
But they had retired to roads that were sandy.
She moved home alone without friends or relations
Lived in a world full of age reservations.
On moth-eaten armchairs she'd say that she'd sod-all
The friends who had left her to drink from the bottle

R: