

# Slaughtered, Guttled and Heartbroken

Squeeze

Slaughtered gutted and heartbroken  
With no spirit or no soul  
My emotions have been stolen  
Love has left me with this hole

Now my heart's a deep dark cavern  
Emptiness is all I feel  
I'm the pig she tried to fatten  
And now all I do is squeal

But things could be worse  
Things could be very bad for me  
Oh my dear I find myself  
A stitch short of a tapestry

Patience on the verge of breaking  
I'm kicking cans around the street  
Like a bad cold I need shaking  
Like a fool I had to cheat

But to me she was an angel  
And I went and let her down  
The reaction was so fatal  
That she kicked me from her cloud

But things could be worse  
Things could be very bad for me  
Oh my dear I find myself  
A stitch short of a tapestry

The light was on there in her window  
I saw her shadow moving around  
I tried to stand on tip toes  
Hoping that she might look down

I wanted so bad to call her  
But I had to walk away  
Slaughtered, gutted and heartbroken  
Another diamond down the drain

But things could be worse  
Things could be very bad for me  
Oh my dear I find myself  
A stitch short of a tapestry

But things could be worse  
Things could be very bad for me  
Oh my dear I find myself  
A stitch short of a tapestry