

Well the dice that I roll
never seems to land on six
and that 48 card pack
is short of some of my old tricks

The horse I bet on all those years ago
is probably still running round the track
Like the marriage that I gambled on
I'm due my money back

We could've learned, we could've burned
from the firework love ignites
but that sparkler of romance
it proved impossible to light
If your country code or your green cross code
It can leave a lasting mark
History books have showed, follow safety code
and stamp out your final spark

Well the husband that I married once
I should've kept him in a cage
Kept him sitting waiting there
to show the tortoise middle-age

Cause you never back an animal
that struggles on two legs
I'd rather back a stray with three
then one that sits up and just begs

Milk will curdle, cheese go off
expensive wine mature
kids grow up, parents down
husbands turn to tragic bore

Receipts and life insurance all very well
but don't fully cover hate
So you can't return this idiot
When he's past his sell-by-date