

## The Mule

## The Magic Numbers

How many times must you call me in the morning  
Before I wake up  
How many times must I look at other girls  
Before we break up  
And how many times must I criticise every single thing that you  
do  
Before you,  
Before you let me know  
Before you let me go  
You really should've known

That I'm a no good gambling man with the wrong hand  
Who's been hurt so many times  
Why don't you look him in the eye  
Oh you won't see nothing at all

How many times must I stumble in drunk  
Before you scold me  
Why is it you have to turn out all the lights  
Before you hold me  
And how many years of fears and falls, that broke my balls  
Well I guess you never told me...

But before you let me know  
Before you let me go  
You really shouldn't know

That I'm a no-good, used-up, bruised and fucked-up boy  
Who gets beat up just by looking at you  
I'm a lonely soul, lost every single thing I've ever did own  
But I never owned you  
Go on and look him in the eye  
Oh you just might see him cry  
Oh you just might see him smile...

One more drink and I'll be fine  
One more girl to take you off my mind (3x)  
One more girl and I'll be fine  
One more drink to take you off my mind