

Peter And The Test Tube Babies, Every Time I See

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.