

Murray McLauchlan, Well Well Well

Well well well
You should have known better
Than to live with a man these days
Your soul soul soul
Is in stormy weather
In the mirror there's a stranger's face
Past the smokestacks
And the pigeons blowin' in the wind
And the glass and the tower lights
I caught you in the window just lookin'
For any little piece of the sky
Well well well
There's no way that it's easy
When you just want to be with your man
But you can tell tell tell
That your life ain't your own no more
When you lay it in someone else's hands
Past the futile domestic magazines
With their women, that never seem to cry
I caught you lookin' in a private dream
For any little piece of the sky
Well well well
Can't we be lovers
Can't we be more than what's giving you pain
I know I know
That the world is to live in
But it doesn't give another way
Past the almost loves that never happen
Past anything that money can buy
I saw you lookin' like a closet gypsy
For any little piece of the sky