

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