

# Squeeze, Labelled With Love

She unscrews the top of her new whisky bottle  
And shuffles around in her candle-lit hovel  
Like some kind of witch with blue fingers in mittens  
She smells like the cat and the neighbours she sickens  
The black and white T.V. has long seen a picture  
The cross on the wall is a permanent fixture  
The postman delivers the final reminders  
She sells of the silver and poodles in china

Drinks to remember I, me and myself  
Winds up the clock and knocks dust from the shelf  
Home is a love that I miss very much  
So the past has been bottled and labelled with love

During the wartime an American pilot  
Made every air-raid a time of excitement  
She moved to his prairie and married the Texan  
She learnt from a distance how love was a lesson  
He became drinker and she became mother  
She knew that one day she'd be one or the other  
He ate himself older and drank himself dizzy  
Proud of her features she kept herself pretty

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He like a cowboy died drunk in a slumber  
Out on the porch in the middle of summer  
She crossed the ocean back home to her family  
But they had retired to roads that were sandy  
She moved home alone without friends or relations  
Lived in a world full of age reservations  
On moth-eaten armchairs, she'd say that she'd sod-all  
The friends who had left her to drink from the bottle

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