This Misery

Wild Colonials

Watched your sad blues eyes light up
It's Friday night get all dolled up
and tonight, maybe you'll meet your man

You'll have been so warm and tender
Even now I can still remember you
And Mary out on the town

Can't be life I heard you say
Tears at night you wash away
Turn your head and you smile at me
It's not too bad this misery

Watch you put your new dress on
Heard your laughter down the street
And tonight
maybe you'll meet your man

Lying in my bed that night
Heard you play Norwegian wood
And for you
wish it could come true

Can't be life I heard you say
Tears at night you wash away
Turn your head and you smile at me
It's not too bad this misery
Ahhhhhh, ahhhhh.....
Ahhhhhh, ahhhhh.....

Like to work at the factory
Might as well be sanity
boys with girls and white flour hats

Making bread and chasing rats

Show you on my window pane
Those are nights
I can feel your shame and Wilma
Wilma you'll find your man

Can't be life, I heard you say
Tears at night you wash away
Turn your head and you smile at me
It's not too bad this misery

Can't be life I heard you say
Tears at night you wash away
turn your head and you smile at me
not too bad this misery
It's not too bad this misery

Lyrics Submitted by tom morano

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