Sadly Sorta Like a Soap Opera

Steve Forbert

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

The walls closin' around you and he won't be home tonight
He's out somewhere and gamblin' and perhaps he's in a fight
And yes you know about the woman, and you know there's three or four
Perhaps he's out there laughin' now and dancin' 'round the floor
And yes you try to make the best of it, which isn't much I know
You thought you've had your fill of it, you see that it wasn't so, oh
NoNow your babies are sleepin' soundly and you hang your head and think
He damn near broke your nose last night and hardly does he drink
And as the wind blows at the windows and the clouds go by the moon
The walls closin' around you and your sadness still's around
And yet you try to make the best of it, which isn't much I know
You thought you've had your fill of it, but you see that it wasn't so, oh
No, oh noYou know you make your own decisions and you live the life you choose
I watch it from the sidelines and it sure gives me the blues
You know you're sure to find me waiting, should you ever come around
I am the one who loves you while he drives you further down
And yes you try to make the best of it, which isn't much I know
You thought you've had your fill of it, but you see that it wasn't so, oh
No, no babe

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