

Labelled With Love

Squeeze

She unscrews the top of a new whiskey bottle
And shuffles about in her candle lit hovel
Like some kind of witch with blue fingers in mittens
She smells like the cat and the neighbors she sickens
The black and white TV has long seen a picture
The cross on the wall is a permanent fixture
The postman delivers the final reminders
She sells off her silver and poodles in China
Drinks to remember, I me and myself
And 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 war time 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, drunk himself dizzy
Proud of her features, she kept herself pretty
Drinks to remember, I me and myself
And 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
He like a cowboy died drunk in his 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 reservation
On moth eaten armchairs, she'd say that she'd sod all
The friends who had left her to drink from the bottle
Drinks to remember, I me and myself
And winds up the clock and knocks dust from the shelf
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