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 sickensThe 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 ChinaDrinks 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 loveDuring 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 lessonHe 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 prettyDrinks 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 loveHe 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 sandyShe 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 bottleDrinks 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 loveDrinks to remember, I me and myself
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