# Labelled With Love

## Squeeze

She unscrews the top from her new whiskey bottle
Shuffles about in her candle lit hovel
Like some kind of witch with blue fingers and mittens
She smells like a cat and the neighbors she sickens
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 and in chinaDrinks to remember
I made it myself the chimes of the clock and the dust from the shelf
Home is a love that I miss very much
So the past has been bottled and labeled with loveDuring the wartime and American pilot
Made every air-raid a time of excitement
She moved to his prairie and married a Texan
She looked from a distance our 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 prettyDrinks to remember
I made it myself the chimes of the clock and the dust from the shelf
Home is a love that I miss very much
So the past has been bottled and labeled with loveHe 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
A moth eaten object she'd say that she'd sod all her friends
Who had left her to drink from her bottleDrinks to remember
I made it myself the chimes of the clock and the dust from the shelf
Home is a love that I miss very much
So the past has been bottled and labeled with loveDrinks to remember
I made it myself the chimes of the clock and the dust from the shelf
Home is a love that I miss very much
So the past has been bottled and labeled with love
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