Unhappy Song

Lloyd Cole

They were married in June
She was gone before the leaves were even turning
She said well, I knew he was a fool
But somehow thought my welfare concerned himMust the one always have to change
Whilst the other must always remain
Must the cards all be dealt facing down?
Turn away, turn away, turn your blue skies to grayNow, when it comes to September
I've got my own unhappy song
October, November, December
And still she is gone
Unhappy songWell, he was torn between the romance and the mundane
And he was torn every morning
He was surprised or was he horrified to find
The mundane the more rewarding
She was upon him before he even knew itAnd anyone who had a hat would surely know
It only rains when you leave it at home
And all the umbrellas are broke
Oh, save yourself a fiver, you're already soakingNow come on, September
And sing me that old unhappy song
October, November, December
And still she is gone
Unhappy songWell, there was ice beneath the snow
And everywhere else was closed
But the locks had been changed
Sure, the neighbors were the same, they said
You never should treat someone so badThey were married in June
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