

Wherever He Ain't

Bernadette Peters

This ninny of a puppet was available
The second that he called
And all he had to do was yell, "Hey, Mabel"
And this dumb hash slinger crawledFor seven lousy years, I've watched him swear
And shoved and shout
"With you or without you"
Well, it's gonna be withoutI gotta give my life some sparkle and fizz
And think a thought that isn't wrapped up in his
The place that I consider paradise is
Wherever he ain't, wherever he ain'tNo more to wither when he's grouchy and gruff
No more to listen to him, bellow and bluff
Tomorrow morning I'll be struttin' my stuff
Wherever he ain't, wherever he ain'tEnough of being bullied and bossed
Ta-ta, Auf Wiedersehen and get lostI walk behind him like a meek little lamb
And had my fill of his not giving a damn
I'll go to Sydney or Ceylon or Siam
Wherever he ain't and wherever he ain'tIt's time for little Nell to rebel
If he's at Heaven, I'll go to HellMy little love nest was a terrible trap
With me behaving like a simpering sap
And so I'm looking for a spot on the map
If he's going south, I'm going north
If he's going back, I'm going forth
Wherever he ain't

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