

Postwar Product Of A Fat Mans Wallet

Leatherface

A post war product of a fat man's wallet
You would like to invite her but she never goes.
She painted pictures on her walls, had friends to tea.
She liked her room, she could make it warm.
She had a good cause and liked what it was she was fighting for

She was a post war child with a fat man's money and a fat man's
smile.

And she sat and you were on her mind
But she'd been sitting there for such a long long time.
Her wedding day would've turned out fine
She would have seen it through the wine
Subjected by Sunday afternoon, she was happy, whistling a weddi
ng tune.

She was a walking, talking grown up postwar child
And she sat and you were on her mind...