

Slaughtered, Guttled and Heartbroken

Squeeze

Slaughtered gutted and heartbroken
With no spirit or no soul
My emotions have been stolen
Love has left me with this hole

Now my heart's a deep dark cavern
Emptiness is all I feel
I'm the pig she tried to fatten
And now all I do is squeal

But things could be worse
Things could be very bad for me
Oh my dear I find myself
A stitch short of a tapestry

Patience on the verge of breaking
I'm kicking cans around the street
Like a bad cold I need shaking
Like a fool I had to cheat

But to me she was an angel
And I went and let her down
The reaction was so fatal
That she kicked me from her cloud

But things could be worse
Things could be very bad for me
Oh my dear I find myself
A stitch short of a tapestry

The light was on there in her window
I saw her shadow moving around
I tried to stand on tip toes
Hoping that she might look down

I wanted so bad to call her
But I had to walk away
Slaughtered, gutted and heartbroken
Another diamond down the drain

But things could be worse
Things could be very bad for me
Oh my dear I find myself
A stitch short of a tapestry

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