

Sadly Sorta Like a Soap Opera

Steve Forbert

The walls close in around you
And he won't be home to night
He's out somewhere a-gambling
And perhaps he's in a fight
And yes, you know about the women
And you know there's three or four
And perhaps he's out there laughing now
And dancing round the floor

And yes, you try to make the best of it
Which isn't much I know
You'd thought you had your fill of it
You see that it wasn't so...
No...

Now your babes are sleeping soundly
And you hang your head and think
He damn near broke your nose last night
And all he does is drink
And as the wind blows at the windows
And the clouds go 'bout the moon
The walls close in around you
And your sadness fills the room

And yes, you try to make the best of it
Which isn't much I know
You'd thought you had your fill of it
But you see that it wasn't so...
No...

You know you make your own decisions
And you live the life you choose
I watch it from the sidelines
And it sure gives me the blues
You know you're sure to find me waiting
Should you ever come around
I am the one who loves you
While he drives you further down

And yes, you try to make the best of it
Which isn't much I know
You'd thought you had your fill of it
But you see that it wasn't so...
No...
No, babe