

# 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