

Gilbert Laffaille**"I've Never Been Short Of A Smile"**

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As you know when the girl of your dreams
Doesn't seem to exist
If you want my opinion then here's what it is
Don't tell your wife she'll kill ya
And who knows maybe one day you'll wake up
And walk to the door
Where's she's waiting impatient this daughter of yours
Saying give me away dad will ya

Try proving suicide is painless
And who are those that claim this
The only way to die and to die again
As I recall I entertain an empty hall

Doesn't bother me in the slightest if a mirror's cracked
It could be that a missing screw is all it lacked
I'll walk under ladders but the funny thing is each time
I do I go flying
I've had moments when depression seemed the only
cure
Days when doubts were all about but now I'm sure
Despite losing battles that I know if I could win
I've never been short of a smile

As you know you can stand to attention while wiggling
your toes
It's a breach of the rules but in boots I suppose
You could be forgiven
As you go into work on a Sunday
You hazard guess wasn't Sunday the one day
We all used to rest
I've never been short of smile
You cannot have your cake and eat it
But given a piece why keep it
What purpose is being served
If you leave it lying on a tray
Only to be thrown away

If invited to a party as a rule of thumb
If there's not a kitchen in it I won't come
I know that it's boring but at least you don't have to

Speak

You just up the heat

If there's one good thing about me then it ought to be

Even when I'm up against adversity

Despite my misgivings on the shape that I'm in

I've never been short of a smile

(It's so easy to forget) (Every time you draw your
breath) (Should be hung up on the wall) (A reminder to
us all) That however much we moan All our lives we've
only one to live solo To be or not to be what is it About
this phrase that gives it A meaning so profound That if
Shakespeare were here today I bet he'd throw it all
away Doesn't bother me the slightest if a cat is black It
could be that a pot of paint had turned him that I'll walk
under ladders but the funny thing every time I do I go
flying I've had moments when depression seemed the
only cure Days when I was burning up now I'm sure
despite my resentment of the pain I was in I've never
been short of a smile

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