

## Magic Numbers "The Mule"

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How many times must you call me in the morning  
before I wake up?  
And how many times must I look at other girls before  
we break up?  
And how many times must you criticize every single  
thing that you do?  
Before you

Before you let me know  
Before you let me go  
You really should have known

And I'm a no good gambling man with the wrong hand  
Who's been hurt so many times  
Why don't you look him in the eyes?  
Oh, you won't see nothing at all

And how many times must I stumble and drunk before  
you scold me  
And why is it, you have to turn out all the lights before  
you hold me?  
And how many years of fears, of falls, you broke my  
balls  
Well, I wish you never told me

But before you let me know  
Before you let me go  
You really should have known

That I'm a no good used up, bruised up, fucked up boy  
Who gets beat up by just looking at you  
Oh, I'm a lonely soul, lost every single thing I ever did  
own  
That I never owned you

Go on and look him in the eye  
Oh, you just might see him cry  
Oh, you just might see him smile

One more drink and I'll be fine  
One more girl to take you off my mind  
One more drink and I'll be fine

One more girl to take you off my mind

One more drink and I'll be fine

One more girl to take you off my mind

Oh, one more girl and I'll be fine

One more drink to take you off my mind

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