

Future Of The Left

"My Wife Is Unhappy"

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He'd found her on the floor
They'd had to sell the sofa
The children had departed
But beer won't buy itself
He'd kissed her on the cheek
And placed her palms together
If furniture is sadness
Then he would celebrate her
He'd phoned in sick for years
But no one ever answered
And pressed against the mouthpiece
He practiced sounding hoarse
He'd phoned in sick for years
But no one thought to tell him
The plant had relocated
And moved to Solihull

He passed her on the stairs
The second time that evening
She'd died at dinner parties
But never literally
Instead of common sense
Her parents gave her whiskey
And that is why she loves them
And that is why he loves her
He'd phoned in sick for years
But no one ever answered
And pressed against the mouthpiece
He practiced sounding hoarse
He'd phoned in sick for years
But no one thought to tell him
The plant had relocated
And moved to Solihull

He was the final final final final final
Thought in a mind unused to joy
Steadied himself in the highest wind
With the ass of a former athlete
Swept back Joe Pesci's hair
Joe Pesci's hair
Who is Joe Pesci?

I think I know his face from films about Italian thugs
But did he crawl among us as a saint?
Did he crawl among us as a saint?

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