

Richard Thompson

"Should I Betray?"

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Should I betray you to Charlene?
She doesn't know the things I've seen
She must still think you're Mr. Clean
Just like the man she wed

Should I betray you to your spouse?
The wife who waits back at the house
She doesn't know that you're a louse
That's not the man she wed

She doesn't know the deals you make
The throats you cut, the vows you break
To buy up some old lady's stake
Quick before she's dead

She doesn't see your oily smarm
You pour on in the place of charm
When you've got some shopgirl by the arm
Steering her into bed

That virgin forest you chopped down
To build another ugly town
I'll tell your wife you bribed them 'round
To back your plan instead

But perhaps she doesn't want to see
The heel that you turned out to be
That's why, she'll take a gin or three
To drive doubts from her head

While she's working hard enough
With housework, kids, and all that stuff
You're out there with some bit of fluff
Cruising on the Med

She thought the leopard's spots were paint
She thought she'd turn you to a saint
Kept hoping, though the hope grew faint
That you were better bred

