

Steve Forbert "Sadly Sorta Like a Soap Opera"

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The walls closin' around you and he won't be home
tonight
He's out somewhere and gamblin' and perhaps he's in
a fight
And yes you know about the woman, and you know
there's three or four
Perhaps he's out there laughin' now and dancin' 'round
the floor
And yes you try to make the best of it, which isn't much
I know
You thought you've had your fill of it, you see that it
wasn't so, oh
No

Now your babies are sleepin' soundly and you hang
your head and think
He damn near broke your nose last night and hardly
does he drink
And as the wind blows at the windows and the clouds
go by the moon
The walls closin' around you and your sadness still's
around
And yet you try to make the best of it, which isn't much I
know
You thought you've had your fill of it, but you see that it
wasn't so, oh
No, oh 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 thought you've had your fill of it, but you see that it
wasn't so, oh
No, no babe

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