

Magic Numbers, The "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 criticise
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 in drunk
before you scold me?
Oh and why is it that you have to turn out all the lights
before you hold me?
And how many years of fears, of falls,
you broke my balls
Oh, 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
But I could never own 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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