**Labelled With Love**
**Squeeze**

Labelled With Love , Squeeze

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  Eb
She unscrews the top off her new whisky bottle
  Eb                                          Bb
She hobbles about in her candlelit hovel
  Bb
Like some kind of witch, with blue fingers in mittens
  Bb                                                    Eb
She smells like a cat, and the nieghbours she sickens
  Eb
Her black and white TV has long seen a picture
  Eb7                                              Fm
The cross on the wall is a permanent fixture
  Bb
The postman delivers, the final reminders
  Bb                                  G#       Gm   Fm
She sells off her silver, and poodles in china



  Eb                                  F7
  Drinks to remember I, me  and myself
  Bb                                                    Eb
  Winds up the clock, and knocks dust from the shelf

  F7
Home is a love that I miss very much
  Bb                                              G# Gm Fm Eb
So the past  has been bottled, and labeled with love





  Eb
During the wartime an American pilot
  Eb                                          Bb
Made every air-raid a time of excitement
  Bb
She moved to his prairie and married the texan
  Bb                                                  Eb
She d learn from a distance how love was a lesson
  Eb
He became drinker and she became mother
  Eb7                                              Fm
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She knew that one day she d be one or the other
  Bb
He ate himself old and drank himself dizzy
  Bb  G#  Gm Fm
Proud of her features, she kept herself pretty

  Eb  F7
  Drinks to remember I, me  and myself

  Bb  Eb
  Winds up the clock, and knocks dust from the shelf

  F7
Home is a love that I miss very much
  Bb  G# Gm Fm Eb
So the past  has been bottled, and labelled with love

  Eb
He like a cowboy died drunk in a slumber
  Eb  Bb
Out on the porch in the middle of summer
  Bb
She crossed the ocean back home to her family
  Bb  Eb
But they had retired to roads that are sandy
  Eb
She moved home alone without friends or relations
  Eb7  Fm
Lived in a world full of age reservations
  Bb
Her moth eaten armchair, she d say that she s sod all
  Bb  G#  Gm  Fm
Friends who have left her, to drink from the bottle

  Eb  F7
  Drinks to remember I, me  and myself
  Bb  Eb
  Winds up the clock, and knocks dust from the shelf

  F7
Home is a love that I miss very much
  Bb  G# Gm Fm Eb
So the past  has been bottled, and labelled with love
  Bb  G# Gm Fm Eb

So the past  has been bottled, and labelled with love
  Bb  G#  Gm
Fm  Eb
The past ---  has been bottled, -- and la--be --lled with --- love