Labelled With Love Squeeze

Labelled With Love , Squeeze

E
She unscrews the top off her new whisky bottle

E
B
She hobbles about in her candlelit hovel

B
Like some kind of witch, with blue fingers in mittens

B
She smells like a cat, and the nieghbours she sickens

E
Her black and white TV has long seen a picture

E7
F#m
The cross on the wall is a permanent fixture

B
The postman delivers, the final reminders

B
A
G#m
F#m
She sells off her silver, and poodles in china

E F#7

Drinks to remember I, me and myself

B E

Winds up the clock, and knocks dust from the shelf

F#7

 ${\bf B}$ ${\bf A}$ ${\bf G\#m}$ ${\bf F\#m}$ ${\bf E}$ So the past has been bottled, and labeled with love

Home is a love that I miss very much

E
During the wartime an American pilot

E
B
Made every air-raid a time of excitement

B
She moved to his prairie and married the texan

B
E
She d learn from a distance how love was a lesson

E
He became drinker and she became mother

E7
F#m

She knew that one day she d be one or the other He ate himself old and drank himself dizzy G#m F#m Proud of her features, she kept herself pretty F#7 Drinks to remember I, me and myself В \mathbf{E} Winds up the clock, and knocks dust from the shelf F#7 Home is a love that I miss very much A G#m F#m E So the past has been bottled, and labelled with love He like a cowboy died drunk in a slumber В Out on the porch in the middle of summer She crossed the ocean back home to her family Ε But they had retired to roads that are sandy She moved home alone without friends or relations Lived in a world full of age reservations Her moth eaten armchair, she d say that she s sod all G#m F#m Friends who have left her, to drink from the bottle F#7 Drinks to remember I, me and myself Winds up the clock, and knocks dust from the shelf Home is a love that I miss very much A G#m F#m E So the past has been bottled, and labelled with love В A G#m F#m E