

Steve Forbert, Sadly Sorta Like A Soap Opera

The (C)walls closing around you, and he (Am)woun`nt be home to night.
He's (Dm)out somewhere and gambling and (G7)perhaps he's in a fight,
and yes you (C)know about the woman, and you (Am)know its three or four,
and(DM)perhaps he's out there laughing now and (G7)dansing on the floor.
And yet you (C)try to make the best of it, wich (Am)is'nt much I know.
You (Dm)thaught you've had your fill of it, but you (G7)see that it was'nt so.
No....(C-Am-Dm-G7)

Now your babies are sleeping soundly, and you hang your head and think.
He damn near broke your nose last night, and harder does he drink,
and as the wind blows at the window, and the clouds go by the mong,
the walls closing around you and your sadnes is still around.
And yet you try to make the best of it, wich is'nt much I know.
You thought you've had your fill of it, but you see that it was'nt so.
No....

You know you make your own decisions and you live the life you choose,
you know I watch it from the sidelines and it shure gives me the blues,
you know you're shure to find me waiting, should you ever come around,
I am the one that loves you while he drives you further down.
And yet you try to make the best of it, wich is'nt much I know.
You thaught you've had your fill of it, but you see that it was'nt so.
No....