

The Magic Numbers, The Mule

How many times must you call me in the morning
Before I wake up
How many times must I look at other girls
Before we break up
And how many times must I criticise every single thing that you do
Before you,
Before you let me know
Before you let me go
You really should've known

That 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 eye
Oh you won't see nothing at all

How many times must I stumble in drunk
Before you scold me
Why is it you have to turn out all the lights
Before you hold me
And how many years of fears and falls, that broke my balls
Well I guess you never told me...

But before you let me know
Before you let me go
You really shouldn't know

That I'm a no-good, used-up, bruised and fucked-up boy
Who gets beat up just by looking at you
I'm a lonely soul, lost every single thing I've ever did own
But I never owned 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 (x3)
One more girl and I'll be fine
One more drink to take you off my mind