

## Dirge

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Round about seven o'clock in the morning  
I woke to find myself alone in my bed  
Lipstick on my chest from a red-headed darling  
A cramp in my leg, a sharp pain in my head

Round about ten forty-eight in the morning  
I realized she had left me for good  
I knew that the sad loneliness would not hurt me  
But the bruise on my testicles probably would

It was hell when you left me  
It was hell when you left me  
It was hell when you left me  
My heart went crack  
But it got so much worse  
Yes it got so much worse  
Oh it got so much worse  
The day you got back

Back to complaining and back to your whining  
And back to the way that you made me feel bad  
Back to your games with your two other lovers  
One was my brother, the other my dad

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