

So much I'll miss

Chorus

There so much I'll miss, baby, now that you're gone it's a shame
Yes there's so much I'll miss, my life won't ever be the same

I'll miss those visits from your mother, she was round every day
Drank us dry every morning, she just couldn't stay away
Spent afternoons tending the plants that she kept in our attic
And evenings talking about pink clouds and acting rather erratic
Most people's mothers have their blue-rinsed friends round for afternoon tea
But with yours we got police sniffer-dogs ripping up the settee

Chorus

I'll miss your personal hygiene, there's nobody cleaner
All those hours in the bath with the candles, you couldn't be keener
All that waxing & plucking, there's not a smoother nut in Brazil
Might have been more discrete not to do it sitting on the front windowsill
When you had 'Brian' tattooed on your arm, told me not to feel blue
Said it's just an anagram, but, hang on, that's not true

Chorus

I'll miss the nights you used to make me dress up in the studded black leather
I'll miss the whips, the handcuffs, the things you could do with a feather
Liked the way you dug you used to dig your nails right into my back
I'd have been less beaten, battered and bruised after a Grizzly Bear attack
At the crucial moment you'd scream out for Steve or sometimes for Trevor
But using my real name might have stiffened my endeavour

Chorus