

Labelled with Love (Difford/Tillbrook)

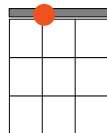
G / **G** / / **D7**
1 She unscrews the top off a new whisky bottle, shuffles about in her candlelit hovel,
D7 / /
 Like some kind of witch, with blue fingers in mittens, she smells like a cat, and the
-D7- **-G-** / / **G7**
 neighbours she sickens. Her black and white TV has long seen a picture, the cross
C **D7** /
 on the wall is a permanent fixture; the postman delivers, the final reminders, she
D7 **D7** **D7** **D7** **G** /
 sells off her silver, and poo - dles in china.

G **A7** **D7**
Ch Drinks to remember I, me and myself, and winds up the clock, and knocks
-D7- **-G-** / **A7** **D7**
 dust from the shelf. Home is a love that I miss very much, so the past has
D7 **D7** **D7** **G** /
 been bottled, and lab - elled with love.

G / / / **D7**
2 During the wartime an American pilot made every air-raid a time of excitement
D7 / /
 She moved to his prairie and married the Texan, she'd learn from a distance how
-D7- **-G-** / / **G7**
 love was a lesson. He became drinker and she became mother, she knew that one
C **D7** /
 day she'd be one or the other; he ate himself old and drank himself dizzy
D7 **D7** **D7** **G** /
 Proud of her features, she kept her - self pretty. **[Chorus]**

G / / / **D7**
3 He like a cowboy died drunk in a slumber, out on the porch in the middle of summer
D7 / /
 She crossed the ocean back home to her family, but they had retired to
-D7- **-G-** / /
 roads that are sandy. She moved home alone without friends or relations
G7 **C** **D7** /
 Lived in a world full of age reservations; on moth eaten armchair, she'd say
D7 **D7** **D7** **G** /
 that she's sod all, friends who have left her, to drink from the bottle.

[Chorus] then slower: **D7 D7 D7 G-**
 The past has been bottled, and lab - elled with love.



4/4 SP2

1 **2** and **3** **4** and
 ↓ ↓ ↑ ↓ ↓ ↑

C **A7**

The group Squeeze achieved a No.4 hit with this song in 1981.

