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Wherever He Ain't

Reference number PT0312

Mabel

I gotta give my life some sparkle and fizz,
And think a thought that isn't wrapped up in his.
The place that I consider paradise is
Wherever he ain't!
Wherever he ain't!

No more to wither when he's grouchy and gruff,
No more to listen to him bellow and bluff.
Tomorrow morning I'll be struttin' my stuff
Wherever he ain't!
Wherever he ain't!

Enough of being bullied and bossed.
Ta-ta Auf Wiedersehn and get lost!

I walked behind him like a meek little lamb,
And had my fill of his not giving a damn.
I'll go to Sydney or Ceylon or Siam;
Wherever he ain't!
Wherever he ain't!

I'd gladly travel where the hurricanes blow;
I'd face the jungle and I'd stomp thru the snow,
As long as I can pack my baggage and go
Wherever he ain't!
Wherever he ain't!

It's time for little Nell to rebel.
If he's in Heaven, I'll go to Hell!

My little love nest was a terrible trap,
With me behaving like a simpering sap.
And so I'm looking for a spot on the map;
If he's goin' south;
I'm goin' north.
If he's goin' back;
I'm goin' forth;
Wherever he ain't!