

# A Love Story

for voice and piano

*by*

F L Dunkin Wedd

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# A Love Story

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$\text{♩} = 64$

*f*

*f*

My wife has left me The kids are gone

They say they're o - ver me They're mo - ving on

They say I've let them down That I'm a clown

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Ac - cu - sing me of in - fi - de - li - ty

And yes it's true It's un - de - ni - a - ble

She's not like you She's ut - ter - ly re - li - a - ble

She ne - ver an - swers back Or leads me off the bea - ten track

And when she speaks, it's like a tink - ling me - lo - dy

$\text{♩} = 88$

I fell in love with the Sat - nav la - dy

I spent more time with her than I did with you

In a - ny kind of wea - ther We'd hit the road to - ge - ther With

♩ = 80

no last mi-nute trips to the loo.

I will ad-mit The first time I heard her say

*Spoken - robotically*

'Watch your speed' In that e-ven tem-pered way

'Shou-ted back 'By Gum! Who do you think you are? My Mum?'

But she car-ried on with un · im · paired se · re · ni · ty

And yes she's beau · ti · ful As I i · ma · gine her

On my men · tal wall Hangs her Pi · re · lli ca · len · dar

Her lips, her teeth, her hair Are per · fect I could swear

Though to be fair, she's not a li - ving en - ti - ty

Still I fell in love with the Sat - nav la - dy

She does - n't ask to stop to look at the view

Our re - la - tion - ship's pla - to - nic Be - ing main - ly e - lec - tro - nic The

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back seat cu · shions look like new I fell in love with the

Sat · nav la - dy She does n't need to hold the

map up · side down She is a ge · og · ra · phy whizz She'll

al · ways know just where she is Till the Rus - sians shoot the sa · tel · lites



down. Or the sun-spots bring the sa-tel-lites down.

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# A Love Story

My wife has left me  
The kids are gone  
They say they're over me  
They're moving on  
They say I've let them down  
That I'm a clown  
Accusing me of infidelity

And yes it's true  
It's undeniable  
She's not like you  
She's utterly reliable  
She never answers back  
Or leads me off the beaten track  
And when she speaks, it's like a tinkling melody.

I fell in love with the satnav lady  
I spent more time with her than I did with you.  
In any kind of weather  
We'd hit the road together.  
With no last-minute trips to the loo.

I will admit  
The first time I heard her say  
That I heard her say  
'*Watch your speed*'  
In that even-tempered way  
I shouted back '*By Gum!*  
*Who do you think you are? My mum?*'  
But she carried on with unimpaired serenity.

And yes she's beautiful  
As I imagine her  
On my mental wall  
Hangs her Pirelli calendar  
Her lips, her teeth, her hair  
Are perfect, I could swear  
Though to be fair, she's not a living entity.

I fell in love with the satnav lady  
She doesn't ask to stop to look at the view  
Our relationship's platonic  
Being mainly electronic  
The back seat cushions look like new.

I fell in love with the satnav lady  
She doesn't need to hold the map upside down  
She is a geography whizz  
She'll always know just where she is  
Till the Russians shoot the satellites down.  
Or the sunspots bring those satellites down

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