

# Curtain Call

## Friday Mile

You're like a bad record stuck on repeat, so I'm washing the smell of you off my sheets.  
Taking your name off of my machine.

There's no reminder like our broken trust.  
Like you just got up and then walked out on us.  
With nothing to eat, no butter to bread.  
No keeping in mind what the good book said.  
I love you but you've already made up your mind.  
I'm sorry but I've wasted enough of your time.

Now don't you go pointing any fingers at me.  
You think I'm to blame but you handed the key.  
Right off to another thinking I would not know.  
But then I was standing below standing below.  
And I love you but I've already made up my mind.  
I'm so sorry but I've wasted enough of my time.  
I have no hard feelings, though time will tell.  
At least we can say we knew each other well.

So we'll take a bow and be on our way, let these be the final words we say.

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