

The End of a Love Affair

Wynton Marsalis

So I walk a little too fast and I drive a little too fast
And I'm reckless it's true, but what else can you do
At the end of a love affair? So I talk a little too much and I laugh a little too much
And my voice is too loud when I'm out in a crowd
So that people are apt to stare Do they know, do they care, that it's only that I'm lonely
And low as can be?
And the smile on my face isn't really a smile at all So I smoke a little too much and I drink a little too much
And the tunes I request, aren't always the best
But the ones where the trumpets blare So I go at a maddening pace, and I pretend that it's taking his place
But what else can you do
At the end of a love affair? Do they know, do they care, that it's only that I'm lonely
And low as can be?
And the smile on my face isn't really a smile at all So I smoke a little too much and I drink a little too much
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But the ones where the trumpets blare So I go at a maddening pace, and I pretend that it's taking his place
But what else can you do
At the end of a love affair?

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