# A Table for One

## The Other Favorites

Just about an hourâ€™s passed
And your tears have filled up your martini glass
And you know that what youâ€™ve done
You canâ€™t take back

You turn away, lock the door
Now thereâ€™s nobody left to lock out no more
His playing cards are on a different stack

And if he knows where youâ€™re trying to look he wonâ€™t be there
No, you wonâ€™t see him anymore
Sick of loving nothing
Setting tables just for one
Well, you shouldâ€™ve counted your blessings before they walked out the door

Summertime has come and gone
You start to think of moving on
But your shot glass is still half empty
So why not finish it all?

And this is not the way Iâ€™ll feel tomorrow
He says â€œIf you pray it'll healâ€•
But thereâ€™s no one left to listen
So you wake up by yourself

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