

Short Work

Kris Delmhorst

Pinch me, wont you pinch me?
I think Im stuck in some bad dream
Where all the things I thought I know
Theyre not quite what they seemCause werent you the one who pleaded
And begged for me to stay
Told me you cant live without me
And then you walked away, you madeShort work of a big dream
You made brown leaves out of all my summer green
You made mincemeat out of my pride
Now you're leaving and youre even making short work of goodbyeSpare me, wont you spare me?
Cant you spare me that routine?
Cause there aint nothing in that bucket
Gonna make this mess come cleanNo, I never could forget
The way you turned so cold
And the silence that you kept
And all those lies that you told when you madeShort work of a big dream
You made brown leaves out of all my summer green
You made mincemeat out of my pride
Now Im leaving and Im even making short work of goodbyeSo go ahead, ask me please
To take you back, on your knees
You can beg once again
Say you just want to be friendsYou can rage, you can cuss
Throw a tantrum, make a fuss
You can cry, you can swear
Go ahead, I dont care 'cause you made

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