Sign on the Door

Edwin McCain

Wendy's sittin' next to me
She's trying hard to drink it away
And I feel the rumble of the subway
Beneath the stage
And her eyes are screaming
And her lips are pursed
And this ain't her first heartache
But it feels like, it feels like the worst
And she says
Can someone tell me how this can happen
And I guess that God only knows
My heart used to be
The sweet shop of love
But now the sign on the door
It says sorry we're closed
And I hear myself tell her
Some old words I know they won't help
And then I feel guilty
'Cause I closed some sweet shops myself
And we all talk about timing
And lifestyles and such
But to a heart that's been shattered
Those words don't mean that much
And all of our pining
It just goes to show
Don't you enter a shop
With the sign on the door
Saying sorry we're closed
And she's been through all the pain
That one can endure
And her new man thinks she loves him
But he can't be sure
And his heart pines for Wendy
She says that's how it goes
How am I supposed to know
He can't read the sign saying
Sorry we're closed
Yeah we're closed
And she says

Can someone tell me how this can happen
And I guess that God only knows
My heart used to be
The sweet shop of love
But there's a sign on the door
There's a sign on the door
There's a sign on the door
There's a sign on the door
One more sign...

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