

# 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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