

# Kissing You Goodbye

Chris Trousdale

I've learned to turn the other cheek  
Is not what love's about  
I've turned mine so many times  
That I damned near wore 'em out  
I've grown used to your abuse  
And I thought I'd never quit  
But I woke up this morning  
Couldn't find my shiv-a-git  
You've always liked to play your games  
Well, I got one for you  
Pretend we're playing checkers, girl  
And it's your time to move  
You'll find your suitcase on the porch  
And the taxi in the drive  
So get your tongue out of my mouth  
I'm kissing you goodbye  
I see you've finally made it home  
You been out all night  
Your artificial hair's a mess  
And your clothes don't fit you right  
I've given and forgiven  
Till there ain't nothing left  
But all you gave was just enough  
To satisfy yourself  
I can smell that whiskey in your hair  
And Sen-Sen on your breath  
If you ever tried to tell the truth  
You'd choke yourself to death  
I don't want your nasty kisses  
And don't tell me no more lies  
Get your tongue out of my mouth  
I'm kissing you goodbye  
Get your tongue out of my mouth  
I'm kissing you goodbye

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