

Things Have Gone to Pieces

[Van Morrison](#)

Oh, the faucet started dripping in the kitchen
Last night your picture fell down from the wall
And today the boss said, "I'm sorry son, I can't use you anymore"
And tonight the light bulb went out down the hall
Oh, things have gone to pieces since you left me
Nothing turns out half right, now it seems
There ain't nothin' in my pocket but three nickels and a dime
And I'm holding to pieces of my dreams
Somebody threw a baseball through my window
And the arm fell off my favourite chair today
Oh, the man he came today, said he'd haul all my things away
If I didn't yell my payments made by ten
Things have gone to pieces since you left me
Now nothin' turns out half right, now it seems
There ain't nothin' in my pocket but three nickels and a dime
And I'm holding to the pieces of my dreams

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