

Things Have Gone to Pieces

[George Jones](#)

Oh, the faucet started drippin' in the kitchen
And last night your picture fell down from the wall
Today the boss said, "Sorry, I can't use you anymore"
And tonight the light bulb went out in the hall
Things have gone to pieces since you left me
Nothing turns out half-right now it seems
There ain't nothing in my pocket but three nickels and a dime
But I'm holding to the pieces of my dream
Somebody threw a baseball through my window
And the arm fell off my favorite drum again
The man he came today, I'm gon' kill him
And said he'd haul my things away
If I didn't get my payments made by ten
Things have gone to pieces since you left me
Nothing turns out half-right now it seems
There ain't nothing in my pocket but three nickels and a dime
But I'm holding to the pieces of my dream

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