

The End of a Love Affair

Billie Holiday

So I walk a little too fast
And I drive a little too fast
And I'm reckless it's true
But what else can you do
At the end of a love affair
So I talk a little too much
And I laugh a little too much
And my voice is too loud
When I'm out in a crowd
So that people are apt to stare
Do they know, do they care
That it's only
That I'm lonely
And low as can be
And the smile on my face
Isn't really a smile at all
So I smoke a little too much
And I drink a little too much
And the tunes I request
Are not always the best
But the ones where the trumpets blare
So I go at a maddening pace
And I pretend that it's taking his place
But what else can you do
At the end of a love affair
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