

Eleanor Mcevoy, Isn't It A Little Late

Time was kinder to you
than it was to me
I paid dearly
you got off scot free
You always said you'd sleep
after you were dead
I think you should quit
while you're ahead

Isn't it a little late to be
Coming back here and cryin' to me?
Isn't it a little late to be
Coming here at all?
Isn't it a little late to be
Coming back here and cryin' to me?
Isn't it a little late to be
Coming here at all?

There's no applause, no curtain calls
no spotlight no acclaim
There are no prizes due to you
for all your little games
And if someday you'll go change your ways
and then come passing through
Don't expect me to be one
who'll be believing you

Isn't it a little late to be
Coming back here and cryin' to me?
Isn't it a little late to be
Coming here at all?
Isn't it a little late to be
Coming back here and cryin' to me?
Isn't it a little late to be
Coming here at all