

# Kris Delmhorst, Short Work

Pinch me won't you pinch me, I think I'm stuck in some bad dream  
Where all the things I thought I know, they're not quite what they seem  
Cause weren't you the one who pleaded, and begged for me to stay,  
Told me you can't live without me, and then you walked away, you made

Short work of a big dream, you made  
Brown leaves out of all my summer green, you made  
Mincemeat out of my pride, now you're  
Leaving and you're even making short work of goodbye

Spare me won't you spare me, can't you spare me that routine  
Cause there ain't nothing in that bucket gonna make this mess come clean  
No I never could forget the way you turned so cold  
And the silence that you kept, and all those lies that you told when you made

Short work of a big dream, you made  
Brown leaves out of all my summer green, you made  
Mincemeat out of my pride, now I'm  
Leaving and I'm even making short work of goodbye

So go ahead, ask me please to take you back, on your knees  
You can beg once again, say you just want to be friends,  
You can rage, you can cuss, throw a tantrum, make a fuss,  
You can cry, you can swear, go ahead, I don't care, cause you made