

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