

spencer bohren
"the party's over"

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THE PARTY'S OVER Äf' SPENCER BOHREN, 1993

She leaves the party, alone again.
He's telling stories of way back when.
When he falls in bed, he carries the smell
Of women and whiskey, the ashes of Hell.

I gotta get out of here,
Just pick up my things and go.
I'll pick up the pieces
Somewhere down the road.

She sits at the table, alone in the dark.
"How did I get here? Where did it start?
"It's not that he needs me 'cause he never did.
"It's just we been married since we was both kids."

She always cooks three squares a day
'Cause he wouldn't have it no other way.
She lives in the kitchen while he runs around.
There must be someone else in some other town.

I gotta get out of here,
Just pick up my things and go.
I'll pick up the pieces
Somewhere down the road.

She's driving 60, it's 2:30 a.m.
Don't know where she's stopping; doesn't know when.
Rolls down the windows to breathe in the wood.
She's feeling scared, yeah, but she's feeling good.

I gotta get out of here,
Just pick up my things and go.
I'll pick up the pieces
Somewhere down the road.

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