

Kris Delmhorst

"Short Work"

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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

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