

## **Mccain Edwin**

### **"Sign On The Door"**

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Wendy's sitting next to me  
She's trying hard to drink it away  
And I feel the rumble  
Of the subway beneath the stage  
And her eyes are screaming  
And her lips are pursed  
This ain't her first heartache  
But it feels like, it feels like the worst  
And she says:  
Can someone tell me how this can happen?  
I guess that God only knows  
My heart used to be a sweet shop of love  
But now the sign on the door  
It says, "Sorry, but we're closed"  
I hear myself tell her  
Some old words, but I know they won't help  
Then I feel guilty  
'Cause I've closed some sweet shops myself  
We all talk about timing and lifestyles and such  
But to a heart that's been shattered  
Those words don't mean much

And all of our pining, it just goes to show  
Don't you enter a shop with the sign on the door  
Saying, "Sorry, but we're closed"  
She's been through all the pain  
That one can endure  
And her new man thinks she loves him  
But he can't be sure  
His heart pines for Wendy  
She says, "That's how it goes"  
But how am I supposed to know?  
I can't read the sign  
Saying, "Sorry, but we're closed"

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