

# The End of a Love Affair

Billie Holiday

So I walk a little too fast and I drive a little too fast  
And I'm reckless it's true, but what else can you do at the  
end of a love affair?

So I talk a little too much, and I laugh a little too much  
And my voice is too loud, when I'm out in a crowd  
So that people are apt to stare

Do they know, do they care, that it's only that I'm lonely  
and low as can be?  
And the smile on my face isn't really a smile at all!

So I smoke a little too much, and I drink a little too much  
And the tunes I request are not always the best  
But the ones where the trumpets blare!

So I go at a maddening pace, and I pretend that it's taking  
your place  
But what else can you do, at the end of a love affair