

Things Have Gone to Pieces

George Jones

Oh, the faucet started
Drippin' in the kitchen
And last night your picture
Fell down from the wall
Today the boss said "Sorry,
I can't use you anymore."
And tonight the light bulb
Went Out in the hall

Things have gone to pieces since you left me
Nothing turns out half-right now it seems
There ain't nothing in my pocket,
But three nickels and a dime
But I'm holding to the pieces of my dream

Somebody threw a baseball
Through my window
And the arm fell off
My fav'rite chair, again
The man called me today and said,
"He'd haul my things away
If I didn't get my payments made by ten."

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