

Yard Sale

Alex Warren

I put a sign on a telephone pole
With the address below
I wrote the time and I circled in bold
Everything must go

The couch with a burn from your friend's cigarette
The guitar that you learned how to play when we met
The tables you turned on the night that you left
When it all fell down

Every perfect memory
Stacked in boxes on the street
Take what's left of you and me
Cause all the love is
All the love is gone

Every empty picture frame
All the shit that I tried to save
Name your price
You can have my pain
All the love is all the love is gone
All the love is all the love is gone

I tried to call
But you didn't call back
To come and get your things
I thought about
Just striking a match
But it's hard to burn a memory

Oh The dresser with the drawer
Full of birthday cards
And the necklace that you wore
With my name in a heart
I don't want 'em anymore
Cause it's just too hard
Let it all fall down

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Stacked in boxes on the street
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(All the love is gone)
I wish that I could wish you well
But I got no sympathy to sell
I hope you're happy with yourself

(All the love is gone)

It's time to empty out the place
I used to love but now I hate

Name your price you can have my pain
All the love is all the love is gone
All the love is all the love is gone

All the love is all the love is gone