

# Little Tragedy

Ashley McBryde

We were alone  
In a crowd of a thousand  
Standing under a giant Ferris wheel  
You covered my shoulders  
Breeze off the ocean  
December on the Santa Monica Pier  
You were there

We were at home  
Dinner was over  
The one I love was anxious for a kiss  
I know I shouldn't  
Most times I wouldn't  
But I offered my cheek  
A swing and a miss  
You were there

Why can't you just turn me loose  
Whatever's inside of you  
And find some other tortured part of call  
Cause I can count em one by one  
Moments I've been absent from  
Cause I can't get me rid of you at all

Dark quiet hours  
Moon through a window  
A hand on my shoulder  
Face the wall  
I gotta shake it  
I know he's aching  
And I'm just praying soon sleep will fall

Red wine and roses  
Dancing and laughing  
It's good to see us smiling once again  
I got it handled  
Once and for always  
Preacher asked me if I do  
And then you were there

Why can't you just turn me loose  
Whatever's inside of you  
And find some other tortured part of call  
Favorite little tragedy  
Ever present history  
No, I can't get me rid of you at all  
No, I can't get me rid of you at all