

To Pieces

Connie Smith

I don't haunt the same old places we used to hang around
I can't take the chance of seein' you with the new love that yo
u've found
When you're face to face with heartache down a thousand windin'
roads
I guess to pieces is the only place to go

I won't walk to the mailbox I don't pick up the phone
I'm avoidin' all our old friends, they remind me that you're go
ne
Turn down their invitations, politely tell them no
I guess to pieces is the only place to go

Don't know which road to follow don't know which way to turn
As I look in each direction there's another bridge I've burned
Well it's waitin' round the corner and your memory takes a toll
I guess to pieces is the only place to go

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