

Last Six Dollars

Fred Eaglesmith

Well the lights go off
And the curtains go down
Like an old romance
Without any sound
You don't get the story but the heartache still comes through
And right or wrong
It never comes up it seems
It's just taken for granted by the girl of your dreams
And I guess I was taken for granted too
Spent my last six dollars on a bottle of whiskey
Drove out past your place but that was just wishful thinking
You were there
You had somebody new
And I sat and I watched the sun set on the hill
Funny how you're sure the time's standing still
While the world keeps moving around and around on you
And you must have heard
The sound of the truck
Cause the lights went back down
And I saw you get up
But I drove away
Tell me what else was I to do
And I wish we all had just a tiny compartment
A little black box where we could put our heartaches
'Cause I'd lock mine in and I'd give the key to you
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But the heartache still comes through