

The End of a Love Affair

Billie Holiday

So I walk a little too fast and I drive a little too fast
And I'm reckless it's true, but what else can you do at the
end of a love affair?

So I talk a little too much, and I laugh a little too much
And my voice is too loud, when I'm out in a crowd
So that people are apt to stare

Do they know, do they care, that it's only that I'm lonely
and low as can be?
And the smile on my face isn't really a smile at all!

So I smoke a little too much, and I drink a little too much
And the tunes I request are not always the best
But the ones where the trumpets blare!

So I go at a maddening pace, and I pretend that it's taking
your place
But what else can you do, at the end of a love affair