

To Make A Long Story Short

Brian Burns

Well, I guess the whole thing started when she asked me if she looked fat in her new jeans, and I guess she didn't want an honest answer. She spent the next few hours givin' me the silent treatment,

Then she drug me off to Fort Worth to her family reunion, there accusing me of flirting with her cousin from Miami with the spike heels and the boob job, and in front of everybody she blew up and started yellin', so I turned and took off walkin'. After awhile she drove right by me and she gave me the finger...

No matter what I do, I just can't win for losin',
And God knows I'm tired of listenin' to her cuss and carry on,
And the truth is, I don't want to talk about it anymore;
To make a long story short, she's gone.

Let me tell you 'bout the night last week I stopped here at the beer joint after work, and she was waitin' by the front door when I got home... her and her oldest sister, who's on several medications, kept me up till way past daylight with a self-righteous lecture. Well, far be it from a guy like me to dwell on family problems, hey, I'd never slap a woman, but you don't bring up my mama. Her sister called the police, and the neighbors saw the whole thing, either while it was in progress or that afternoon on TV...

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Well, I love her, but I guess that doesn't count for much in her eyes,
And I know you didn't really want to hear this much about it, so I'll shut up now, except to say that if she'd never listened to her stupid friends, we never would have had that many problems. She don't want me stayin' home, she don't want me goin' fishin', man, I tell you indecision may or may not be her problem. Did I mention it all started when she asked me if she looked fat in her new jeans? Well, I guess I didn't give it due reflection...

No matter what I do, I just can't win for losin',
And I guess I shouldn't blame her, hell, I'm better off alone,
And the truth is, hey bartender, could you bring out one more round?
To make a long story short, she's gone.