

The End of a Love Affair

Frank Sinatra

So I walked 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 her place,
But what else can you do at the end of a love affair?

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