

# Things Have Gone to Pieces

George Jones

Oh, the faucet started  
Drippin' in the kitchen  
And last night your picture  
Fell down from the wall  
Today the boss said "Sorry,  
I can't use you anymore."  
And tonight the light bulb  
Went Out in the hall

Things have gone to pieces since you left me  
Nothing turns out half-right now it seems  
There ain't nothing in my pocket,  
But three nickels and a dime  
But I'm holding to the pieces of my dream

Somebody threw a baseball  
Through my window  
And the arm fell off  
My fav'rite chair, again  
The man called me today and said,  
"He'd haul my things away  
If I didn't get my payments made by ten."

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