

(BALLAD) THE END OF A LOVE AFFAIR

- EDWARD C. REDDING

So I walk a lit-tle too fast, and I drive a lit-tle too fast, and I'm
talk a lit-tle too much, and I laugh a lit-tle too much, and my

reck-less, it's true, but what else can you do, at the end of a love af-fair? So I
voice is too loud, when I'm out in a crowd, so that peo-ple are apt to

stare. Do they know, do they care, that it's on-ly that I'm lone-ly and low as can

be? And the smile on my face is-n't real-ly a smile at all! So I

smoke a lit-tle too much, and I drink a lit-tle too much, and the

tunes I re-quest are not al-ways the best, but the ones where the trum-pets blare! So I

go at a mad-dan-ing pace, and I pre-tend that it's tak-ing ^(her)_(his) place, but what

else can you do, at the end of a love af-fair?