

The End of an Affair
by ET & the Boy

Chords (verse): C G F G (3x) | F G7 - - | F C - F | G F C G | F C - F | F G7 - - |
Chords (bridge): F C am - | F C G - | (2x)
Chords (chorus): C G F G (4x) | F C G am | F G am - | F C G am | F G C - |

Verse:

Well, it seemed a great romance when the stars were in my eyes
You used to bring me things you made, so full of enterprise
You said we'd lie in bed forever eating butterscotch and pies
In other words, my dear, you told me lies
But now the glitter's wearing off, dear, and I'm leveling out my head
These plastic jewels you gave me reek of phthalates and of lead
And you say "Hold on a minute" when I say "Love, come to bed"
And I think that I want something else instead

Bridge:

Oh, if only I could always feel as breathless
As the day you rolled out that first Model T
But your narcissism leaves me tense and restless
Why's it always about you, not you and me?

Chorus:

And I don't care about your gross domestic product
You want me to jump and feed it every time it wags its tail
And I don't care about your massive banks and assets
If they're making us unhappy, why don't we just let them fail?
And it's always hard to say these things
You're standing at my door
But, Wall Street, I don't love you anymore
You brought me roses and you're sorry
But I've heard this one before
And, Wall Street, I don't want you anymore

Verse:

Well you've started to annoy me with your constant piercing whine
How you eat not only your dinner but also most of mine
How your broken nail's a crisis but my broken back's just fine
How you cheat on me but make me toe the line
And your gambling problem threatens to destroy us by degrees
Though you scoff at all my worries; you deny it's a disease
But it's spun out of control; let's try to stop the damage, please
Could you start by handing back to me my wallet and my keys?

Chorus:

And I don't care about your gross domestic product
Frankly I have always thought that thing was kinda gross
And I'm not pleased with your overflowing profits
If you're trying to impress me, mister, you're not even close
And it's always hard to say these things
You're standing at my door
But, Wall Street, I don't love you anymore
You brought me roses and you're sorry
But I've heard this one before
And, Wall Street, I don't want you anymore

Bridge:

And if I only felt that I could really trust you
But I fear I'm just a tool for you to use
You're just betting that no one shows up to bust you
For playing heads you win and tails I lose

Verse:

Now my Dow Jones pleasure index, it is in a rapid drop
Seems the only time that we go out together is to shop
It's becoming clear you're never going to let me be on top
And Wall Street I just want this thing to stop
And you say that I will never find another one like you
There's no other institution that can do me like you do
Well, I'm glad to hear that, babe: do I look satisfied to you?
We are finished, we are over, we are through

Chorus:

And I don't care about your gross domestic product
Frankly I will not shed one tear when it is dead
I care more about the people on this planet
Having art and food and laughter, being housed and clothed and fed
And it's always hard to say these things
You're standing at my door
But, Wall Street, I don't love you anymore
You brought me roses and you're sorry
But I've heard this one before
And, Wall Street, I don't want you anymore