

Hour By Hour (Steve Booker/Buddy Mondlock)

In the seventh hour after she left
He tried to make himself a meal
But he couldn't find the mayonnaise
And the only bread left was the heel
Food for thought he said out loud
You're barely half what you should be
A pair of heels don't make this work
A sorry slice of bread and me

In the eighteenth hour after she left
He tried to get himself some sleep
But the double bed was just too big
And the empty night was just too deep
So down he swam into the dark
Where waves of memory curl and break
She did the backstroke through his heart
And all she left him was awake

Cold light
Day breaks
The pieces fall around the place
Time stops
And runs home
Once again he's watching her go

In the eleventh hour before she left
He got his last good volley in
He put her in her place right to her face
She took it squarely on the chin
The music of the slamming door
Provides the sound track to the scene
Their picture crashes to the floor
As hour by hour she's history

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