

## Isn't It a Little Late

Eleanor McEvoy

Time was kinder to you  
Than it was to me  
I paid dearly  
You got off scot free  
You always said you'd sleep  
After you were dead  
I think you should quit  
While you're ahead  
Isn't it a little late to be  
Coming back here and cryin' to me?  
Isn't it a little late to be  
Coming here at all?  
Isn't it a little late to be  
Coming back here and cryin' to me?  
Isn't it a little late to be  
Coming here at all?  
There's no applause, no curtain calls  
No spotlight no acclaim  
There are no prizes due to you  
For all your little games  
And if someday you'll go change your ways  
And then come passing through  
Don't expect me to be one  
Who'll be believing you  
Isn't it a little late to be  
Coming back here and cryin' to me?  
Isn't it a little late to be  
Coming here at all?  
Isn't it a little late to be  
Coming back here and cryin' to me?  
Isn't it a little late to be  
Coming here at all