

Brooks & Dunn, My Next Broken Heart

You picked me up, you shot
me down
You're stepping out all over
town
Drove me back to drinking in
this bar
I found myself a brand new
friend
I'm headed that road again
Working on my next broken
heart

Happy or sad, it's hard to tell
You taught me how to hurt
so well
But when it comes to love
I know my part
I'll play this game that I can't
win
I'll be somebody's fool again
Working on my next broken
heart

I thought all along you'd
Be the death of me
I met one tonight who wants
What's left of me
I've seen that look before
She'll tear my world apart
I'm working on my next
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