

Damone, Stabbed In The Heart

I kinda heard you talking to your friend on the phone
About who you went out with and who you took home
I thought I had you, but I should have known

I walked around and thought about everything I heard
And I went back and smiled but did not say a word
If I did something wrong, then I got what I deserved

Well I must not be too smart
If I can't fix what I let fall apart
But standing there listening was like being stabbed in the heart

So when I saw you out again on Saturday night
We stood outside and had what felt like a fight
I walked home hoping everything was all right

Well I must not be too smart
If I can't fix what I watched fall apart
But standing there listening was like being stabbed in the heart

Everyone knows that it's all I can do
Just to hide away all these feelings for you
But I can't deny what we all know is true
Yeah

Well I know I'm not too smart
Cause I can't figure out where to start
But standing there listening was like being stabbed in the heart