

Tim McGraw, Open Season On My Heart

Here's to the corners yet to turn
Here's to the bridges yet to burn
Here's to the whole thing blown apart
It's open season on my heart
The days go by like flying bricks
Leave gaping holes too deep to fix
I'd just stay home if I were smart
It's open season on my heart

I can't blame anyone but me
This reckless fool I've come to be
My tired excuses just don't fit
It don't look good from where I sit
I've tried to change without much luck
I reached the point where I get stuck
I hit the streets and the fireworks start
It's open season on my heart

I can't be something that I'm not
I can't give what I haven't got
I don't know where or why or when
I only know the shape I'm in

So here's to the clown down in the mouth
Here's to the whole thing going south
My own true love's turned poison dart
It's open season on my heart

Here's turning heartaches into art
It's open season on my heart