

Barbara Mandrell, Where Are The Pieces Of My Heart

WHERE ARE THE PIECES OF MY HEART

(Hugh Prestwood)

You took your suitcase and your toothbrush
And walked out in your walking shoes
You left behind this little letter breaking me the news
But now some things of mine are missing
Some things that I could dearly use
And since the evidence points to you
I must accuse

I don't mean to be unfriendly
All I want is to be fair
I'll be more than glad to share
But you gotta tell me where
Are the pieces of my heart

It was bad enough to break it
After all that we've been through
But then to go on and take it
Was unkind of you
Every night I feel so empty
This pain is more than I can bear
Even if you do not care
You just gotta tell me where
Are the pieces of my heart

It's not the first time it's been broken
It's been dropped a time or two
I got to piece it together
And then get over you
Where even if you do not care
You just gotta tell me where
Are the pieces of my heart

Where even if you do not care
You just gotta tell me where
Are the pieces of my heart