

# 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