

Gary Allan, Of All The Hearts

(Byron Hill/J. Remington Wilde)

Of all the hearts
In this big ol' world
Please tell me
Why did you hav to break mine
For every tear I've cried
There must be a million fools
That could have caught your eye

What were the odds
That you and I would meet
We were just strangers
On a crowded street

Of all the hearts
That you could have loved
And left oh
Why did you have to be mine

Whatever made you
Choose me above the rest
Is there some unlucky
Charm that I possess

Of all the hearts
In this big ol' world
Please tell me
Why did you have to break mine
Oh why did it have to be mine