

Hank Thompson, Take A Look At This Broken Heart

I didn't have to open up the bottle to pour out the glass of cherry wine

After all the things you've said if I want to look at red

I look at this broken heart of mine

You broke my heart and left it slowly pleading

A crimson stream is red as cherry wine

It could have been as sweet but you tossed it at your feet

Take a look at this broken heart of mine

[fiddle]

It's a mangled mess of many mornful moments

A symbol of a love that was so blind

It shows that when there's hate it can't be to reate

Take a look at this broken heart of mine

You leered at love then laughed and left it lying

To wither like a grape upon the vine

Like a garden choked with weeds like the flowers turned to seeds

Take a look at this broken heart of mine