

Joe Nichols, Brokenheartsville

He wore that cowboy hat to cover up his horns.
Sweet-talkin' forked tongue haf a temptin' charm.
Before I turned around, that girl was gone.
All I can say is: "Bartender, pour me somethin' strong."

Here's to the past, they can kiss my glass.
I hope she's happy with him.
Here's to the girl, who wrecked my world,
That angel who did me in.
I think the devil drives a Coupe de Ville.
I watched 'em drive away over the hill,
Not against her will, an' I've got time to kill,
Down in Brokenheartsville.

It was long on chrome, sittin' in the lot.
An' fire engine red, that thing was hot.
He revved it up, she waved goodbye.
Well, love's gone to hell and so have I.

Here's to the past, they can kiss my glass.
I hope she's happy with him.
Here's to the girl, who wrecked my world,
That angel who did me in.
I think the devil drives a Coupe de Ville.
I watched 'em drive away over the hill,
Not against her will, an' I've got time to kill,
Down in Brokenheartsville.

Here's to the past, they can kiss my glass.
I hope she's happy with him.
Here's to the girl, who wrecked my world,
That angel who did me in.
I think the devil drives a Coupe de Ville.
I watched 'em drive away over the hill,
Not against her will, an' I've got time to kill,
Down in Brokenheartsville