

John Prine, Take A Look At My Heart

I seen my old lady's boyfriend
He don't look nothing like me
'cept for a bit of confusion
Same kind she laid on me

You don't know what you're getting into
She's gonna tear you apart
You're going places I've been to
Take a look at my heart
Take a look at my heart

You're pro'bly sending her flowers
And talking to her on the phone
You're gonna get it together
And find yourself all alone

Do you think you can be her lover
And not become her fool
Do you think that you are the exception to the rule

You're gonna hate all her girlfriends
And everything that they say
You ask me how do I know this
They come around every day.