

# 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.