

Kenny Chesney, My Poor Old Heart

I've been a fool for love
Ever since I was a baby
Just a rockin' in the cradle
As a rule, I was
The kind that laid his feelings
Up front and on the table
I gave her my world so many times
Just to see 'em tear it apart
Oh Lord have a little bit of pity on my poor old heart

I wonder just how many times a broken heart can mend
Oh and when I get back on my feet, Lord, I always fall again
Bridges burned, lies, good-byes
They've all dealt some scars
Oh Lord have a little bit of pity on my poor old heart

Well I ought to know by now
After all these dead-end heartache lessons
I can go without
Going through hell tryin' to find a little heaven
Seems to me every woman I meet
Has leaving down to an art
Oh Lord have a little bit of pity on my poor old heart

I wonder just how many times a broken heart can mend
Oh and when I get back on my feet, Lord, I always fall again
Bridges burned, lies, good-byes
They've all dealt some scars
Oh Lord have a little bit of pity on my poor old heart

Well I said, bridges burned, lies, good-byes
They've all dealt some scars
Oh Lord have a little bit of pity on my poor old heart
I said Lord have a little bit of pity on my poor old heart