

Michael McDonald, Matters Of The Heart

(Michael McDonald)

Broken heart, bloodshot stare,
Signs of a fool who cared too much
Now she's gone and he can't remember
How to live without her touch
Hopin' to die but surely livin' to tell
'cause when it comes to matters of the heart
There is nothing a fool won't get used to

After all the whiskey and wisdom he could swallow
He thought it was time to start loving again
So he found someone and prayed his heart would follow
But he could hardly do more than pretend
And though she knew in her heart that his love was lie
When it comes to matters of the heart
There is nothing a fool won't get used to

Well, of all the things love teaches
Of all the ways that it opens our eyes
No more profound than the lesson he learned
The day she walked out of his life
When the road gets most narrow
It's then he remembers her smile
And he sees these words forming on her lips
Across a river of tears he once cried

'cause when it comes to matters of the heart
There is nothing a fool won't get used to
No there is nothing a fool won't get used to