

Neil Diamond, Home Is A Wounded Heart

Home is a wounded heart
Haven't you heard the story
He's out for love and for glory
And she's waitin' home by the fire

And wasn't it yesterday
Wasn't it me who said it
I swore that you'd never regret it
Now home is a wounded heart

It's a complicated thing,
Not an ordinary thing
My heart just breaks in two
'Cause I can see you standing there
You know that I can't bear
Your wounded heart

Paint me a red balloon
Give me a string and baby I'll tie it
Give me a ring and baby I'll buy it
And bring it on home to you
Home to a wounded heart