

Trick Pony, Its A Heartache

It's a heartache,
Nothin' but a heartache:
Hits you when it's too late,
Hits you when you're down.

It's a fool's game,
Nothin' but a fool's game:
Standing in the cold rain,
Feeling like a clown.

It's a heartache,
Nothin' but a heartache:
Love him till your arms break,
Then he lets you down.

It ain't right with love to share,
When you find he doesn't care for you.
It ain't wise to need someone,
As much as I depended on you.

Ah, it's a heartache,
Nothin' but a heartache:
Hits you when it's too late,
Hits you when you're down.
Ah, nah, nah!

Oh, it ain't right with love to share,
When you find he doesn't care for you.
It ain't wise to need someone,
As much as I depended on you.
Ooh.

Ah, it's a heartache,
Nothin' but a heartache:
Love him till your arms break,
Then he lets you down.

(Oh, it's a heartache,)
Oh, it's a fool's game,
(Nothin' but a heartache:)
Standing in the cold rain,
(Standing in the cold rain.)
Feelin' like a clown.

(It's a heartache,)
It's a heartache,
(Nothin' but a heartache:)
Love him till your arms break,
(Love him till your arms break.)
Ah, then he lets you down.
Oh, yeah, down.