

Three Mixed Up Hearts

Bobby Bare

The one at home I love for her devotion
While the other fills my heart with such emotion
I'm so torn between the two of them I have to play two parts
It's a sad story of three mixed up hearts.

No woman worth a dime would think of making time
With someone who is married happily
No man could ever roam if he's got a happy home
And now he finds his happiness with me.

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While the other fills my heart with such emotion
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I know you want my man but honey understand
You're just a toy that he'll soon throw aside
Well, even little boys don't throw away their toys
If they no longer keep them satisfied.

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