

Missing Heart

Dwight Yoakam

I am a missing heart
With no place left to start
To ever find my way
Around these empty parts
I am a missing heart

I am an open wound
In need of time and room
With the space to heal
Any loss that looms
I am an open wound

I searched so long
And all that I found is now gone
Because anywhere I looked was always wrong

I am a pleading voice
Lacking any choice
But to be the truth
Over all the noise
I am a pleading voice

I am a vacant stare
Ignoring every glare
That might prove to hold
Just the slightest dare
I am a vacant stare
Ignoring every glare

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And all that I found is now gone
Because anywhere I looked was always wrong

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