I have a story I'd like to tell broken heart's knowin' only too well

And she knows why I feel the way I do

She gave me all her love and then she took it away blue sky has turned to a solid grey

And she knows why I feel the way I do

Well I know I'm a walkin' down the lovesick trails been walked down by many before

But when she sees my side of tracks she'll know I've learned the score

I'll pick my tears put 'em on the shelf keep my heartaches to m yself $% \left(1\right) =\left(1\right) +\left(1$

Cause she'll know why I feel the way I do

[guitar]

When she finds somebody new then he'll find out what I went through

Cause she knows why I feel the way I do

She gave me her love and then she took it away blue skies had turned to a solid grey

And she knows why I feel the way I do

Well I know I'm a walkin'...