

# My Poor Old Heart

Kenny Chesney

I've been a fool for love  
Ever since I was a baby  
Just a rockin' in the cradle  
As a rule, I was  
The kind that laid his feelings  
Up front and on the table  
I gave her my world so many times  
Just to see 'em tear it apart  
Oh Lord have a little bit of pity on my poor old heart

I wonder just how many times a broken heart can mend  
Oh and when I get back on my feet, Lord, I always fall again  
Bridges burned, lies, good-byes  
They've all dealt some scars  
Oh Lord have a little bit of pity on my poor old heart

Well I ought to know by now  
After all these dead-end heartache lessons  
I can go without  
Going through hell tryin' to find a little heaven  
Seems to me every woman I meet  
Has leaving down to an art  
Oh Lord have a little bit of pity on my poor old heart

I wonder just how many times a broken heart can mend  
Oh and when I get back on my feet, Lord, I always fall again  
Bridges burned, lies, good-byes  
They've all dealt some scars  
Oh Lord have a little bit of pity on my poor old heart

Well I said, bridges burned, lies, good-byes  
They've all dealt some scars  
Oh Lord have a little bit of pity on my poor old heart  
I said Lord have a little bit of pity on my poor old heart