

All The Little Pieces

Louis XIV

All the little pieces come apart
All the little pieces of your heart
I look at all the children
whose hearts are strong
running down the streets like nothings wrong
I look at all the friends I knew
Now some have changed
Some I know will always be the same
Nobody knows what happens when the moon blew now
Nobody knows, Nobody knows

That all the little pieces come apart
All the little pieces of your heart
All the little pieces come apart
All the little pieces of your heart

If you happen to look away from the people
and you feel the prick from pins and the needles
all which have been stuck into your arms
and all of your cries have been false alarms
and you can't pick up the pieces
no, you can't pick up the pieces
awwwwww....

I look at all the children whose hearts are strong
Running down the streets like nothings wrong
I look at all the friends I've known
Some have changed
Some will always stay same
Nobody know that all the little pieces
all the little pieces
all the little pieces come apart
all the little pieces of your heart
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