

## Matters Of The Heart

Michael McDonald

Broken heart, bloodshot stare  
Signs of a fool who cared too much  
Now she's gone and he can't remember  
How to live without her touch  
Hopin' to die but surely livin' to tell

'Cause when it comes to matters of the heart  
There is nothing a fool won't get used to

After all the whiskey and wisdom he could swallow  
He thought it was time to start loving again  
So he found someone and prayed his heart would follow  
But he could hardly do more than pretend  
And though she knew in her heart that his love was a lie

When it comes to matters of the heart  
There is nothing a fool won't get used to

Well, of all the things love teaches  
Of all the ways it opens our eyes  
No more profound than the lesson he learned  
The day she walked out of his life

When the road gets most narrow  
Well, it's then he remembers her smile  
And he sees these words forming on her lips  
Across a river of tears he once cried

'Cause when it comes to matters of the heart  
There is nothing a fool won't get used to  
No, there is nothing a fool won't get used to  
Oh, there is nothing a fool won't get used to