

Matters of the Heart

Bonnie Raitt

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

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

After all the whisky and the wisdom
He could swallow, he thought
It was time to start lovin' again
So he found someone

Afraid his heart would follow the heat
He could hardly do more than pretend
Though she knew in her heart
That his love was alive

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

Now of all the things love teaches
All the ways that it opens our eyes
None more profound than the lesson he learned
The day she walked out of his life

Well when the road gets too narrow
It's then he remembers her smile
And he sees these words forming on her lips
Across a river of tears he once cried

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

Ooh nothing a fool won't get used to
Hey baby