

# Hard Advice

Stevie Nicks

Sometimes late at night  
I turn on the radio  
Your music fills the room  
I just can't seem to get away from you

Saw a life-size paper doll of you  
In a record store  
My friends as well as me  
Can't seem to let you go  
It was finished long ago

Sometimes he's my best friend  
Even when he's not around  
But the sound of his voice  
Well it follows me down  
And reminds me

Another famous friend told me  
Love does end  
Make a clean break  
He didn't talk about heartache  
You have to let him go  
Oh oh

Get over it  
Remember how it was  
Before our infamous pasts had begun  
You have to let him go  
He gives such hard advice, oh

He gives such hard advice  
He says don't think twice  
Turn off the radio  
It was finished long ago  
Go write some real songs  
This is all wrong

Sometimes he's my best friend  
Even when he's not around  
But the sound of his voice  
Well it follows me down  
And reminds me

You have to get over this  
This pain's gone on too long  
Go and write some real songs  
Stay out of music stores  
Don't buy that doll

Sometimes, sometimes

Turn off the radio

Turn off the radio  
Don't buy that doll  
Don't buy that doll  
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