

Nothin' for a Broken Heart

Vince Gill

There ain't nothing in the bottom of your glass
For a broken heart
You were doing pretty good till she came
And tore your world apart
She found a little younger model
You ran straight for the bottle
There ain't nothing in the bottom of your glass
For a broken heart

Do you find yourself tossin' and a turnin'
In the middle of the night
With a cigarette burning
Staying up until the broad daylight
Well you gotta be going crazy
With another man lovin' on your baby
There ain't nothing in the middle of the night
For a broken heart

There ain't never been a cure for the lowdown blues
When a woman puts on a pair of walking shoes
You ought to know by now
There's nothing, son, that you can do
For a broken heart

Ain't nothing when the morning finally comes
Gonna change a thing
A little hair of the dog ain't gonna hurt you
Have yourself a drink
She found another lover
I sure feel for you brother
Ain't nothing in the whole wide world for a broken heart

There ain't never been a cure for the lowdown blues
When a woman puts on a pair of walking shoes
You ought to know by now
There's nothing, son, that you can do
For a broken heart