

The Curse of an Aching Heart

Frank Sinatra

You made me what I am today, I hope you're satisfied,
You dragged and dragged me down until the soul within me died.
You've shattered each and every dream, fooled me right from the start.
And though you're not true, may God bless you,
That's the curse of an aching heart. You made me what I am today, I should hope you're satisfied,
You dragged, you dragged me down until the soul within me died.
You've shattered each and every dream, you fooled me right from the start.
And although you're not true, may God bless you,
That's the curse of an aching heart.

Songwriters

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