

My Poor Old Heart

[Kenny Chesney](#)

I've been a fool for love, ever since
I was a baby, just a rockin' in the cradle
As a rule I was the kind who
Laid his feelings upfront on the table Gave my world so many times
Just to see them tear it apart
Whoa, Lord, have a little bit of pity
On my poor old heart I wonder just how many times a broken heart can mend
Oh, when I get back on my feet, Lord, I always fall again
Rubies, furs, lies, goodbyes, they've all left some scars
Whoa, Lord, have a little bit of pity on my poor old heart Well, I ought to know by now
After of these dead and heartache lessons
I can go without going through hell
Trying to find a little heaven Seems to me every woman I meet
Has leaving down to an art
Oh Lord, have a little bit of pity
On my poor old heart I wonder just how many times a broken heart can mend
Oh, when I get back on my feet, Lord, I always fall again
Rubies, furs, lies, goodbyes, they've all left some scars
Whoa, Lord, have a little bit of pity on my poor old heart Well, I said rubies, furs, lies, goodbyes, they've all left
some scars
Whoa, Lord, have a little bit of pity on my poor old heart
I said, Lord, have a little bit of pity on my poor old heart

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