

# Never Give All Your Heart

[Joe Bonamassa](#)

She left a letter on the table  
Said she'd be home by five  
Smell of old coffee lingers on my mind  
I won't wait to hear those footsteps  
Climb those old creaky stairs  
Every lonely night I miss her presence everywhere  
Cry to the sky above  
Never give all your heart for love  
You cry to the sky above  
Never give all your heart for loveFamiliar places that we went to  
Become like dying vines  
You should pay for a reminder of love in better times  
Such a hard time to get over  
Such a deep love that's lost  
From the sun the morning dew the moon the heat and frost  
Cry to the sky above  
Never give all your heart for love  
And cry to the sky above  
Never give all your heart for love  
And cry to the sky above  
Never give all your heart for loveThe heat of passion will deceive you  
Make you a different man  
Turns peasants to kings  
Draw dirt to fertile land  
So jungle walkin' hooligan  
Have my gun at my side  
Such a lender of this march until they died  
With the powers to give just enough  
Never give all your heart for love  
You cry to sky above  
Never give all your heart for love  
And cry to sky above  
Never give all your heart for love

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