

# Pick Up The Pieces

[Naia Kete](#)

dada daa-da da-daa  
dada daa-da da-da-daa  
She says her hearts been broken,  
too many times  
so now she keeps her guard up  
she's got to play tough  
i tell her to let me in  
she hesitates, she's afraid  
she says the last time she's been there  
is soso heartache, yea  
and everytime she gives her heart  
all she gets back is broken pieces  
everytime she opens up  
all she gets back is disappointment  
we've got to pick up the pieces, pick up the pieces yea, oh  
we've got to pick up the pieces, pick up the pieces yea, mm  
cause every broken heart(oooh)  
can be mended  
and every sad situation (oooh-oooh)  
we all get hurt in  
we've got to pick up the pieces, pick up the pieces yea,  
we've got to pick up the pieces, pick up the pieces yea, yea  
dada daa-da da-daa(pick them up)  
dada daa-da da-da-daa(pick them up)

i said my hearts been broken  
so i know, how it feels  
its just like a raw deal, where you've been cut short,yea  
see there is nothing like real love,  
and for that you have to chance  
its above all costs  
its priceless  
so priceless  
and every time you give your heart,  
all you get back is broken pieces  
and every time you open up  
all you get back is disappointment  
we've got to pick up the pieces, pick up the pieces yea,  
we've got to pick up the pieces, pick up the pieces yea,mm

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