

Heart Like a Wound

[Donna Beasley](#)

Freight train whistle got nothing on me
I make a whipporwill sound carefree
I've fallen farther than a shooting star
And I'm not leaving till they close this bar

Bar tabs and lovers end up this way
Somebody leaves, somebody else pays
So, if you're looking to hit and run
You can't do more than the damage done

I've got a heart like a wound here on my sleeve
And a phantom pain of use-to-be
I've heard it said that some are made like a wheel
I've got a heart like a wound dying to be healed

Loud drums, long strums, heartbreak songs
Playing on the jukebox all night long
So dance slow, talk low, to seal this deal
Then give me something this heart can feel
Heart can feel

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And we're not leaving till we close this bar

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I've heard it said that some are made like a wheel
I've got a heart like a wound dying to be healed
I've heard it said that some are made like a wheel
I've got a heart like wound won't you help me heal
Yeah, I've got a heart like a wound give me something I can feel

Donna Beasley, (c) 2010

Lyrics submitted by Donna Beasley.

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