

Brokenheartsville

Joe Nichols

He wore that cowboy hat to cover up his horns
Sweet-talkin' forked tongue had a temptin' charm
Before I turned around, that girl was gone
All I can say is, "Bartender, pour me somethin' strong" Here's to the past, they can kiss my glass
I hope she's happy with him
Here's to the girl, who wrecked my world
That angel who did me in Well, I think the devil drives a Coupe De Ville
I watched 'em drive away over the hill
Not against her will, an' I've got time to kill
Down in Brokenheartsville It was long on chrome, sittin' in the lot
An' fire engine red, that thing was hot
He revved it up, she waved goodbye
Well, love's gone to Hell and so have I Here's to the past, they can kiss my glass
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