

# Hurting Heart

[Richard McGraw](#)

Oh I know it's all wrong.  
Couldn't write a good hit  
so I'm writing you this song.  
And you're not even a ghost  
since you moved back home. Yeah, everything's cool.

Gonna go back to school and  
earn how to be some kind of fool.  
Gonna learn a trade cause that's what we do.  
Gonna find another girl and make myself  
another small world. And if I could set aside this hurting heart.  
I'd bear your ring at your wedding.  
Cause I don't want to own it  
and I don't want to show it.

And all of the pretty girls don't want to know it. And I heard you're teaching the blind.  
Well you taught yourself fine on how to let go of me. And I could teach you how not to let go,  
but why you'd want to learn that girl I don't know. Cause your bohemian friend has got you tied up now and I  
don't think that you'll ever come down down.

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