

# A Woman's Heart

Ivor Novello

My heart is low, my heart is so low,  
As only a woman's heart can be,  
As only a woman, as only a woman's,  
As only a woman's heart can know.  
The tears that drip from my bewildered eyes,  
Taste of bittersweet romance,  
You're still in my hopes,  
You're still on my mind oh,  
And even though I'll manage on my own,  
My heart is low, my heart is so low,  
As only a woman's heart can be,  
As only a woman, only a woman's,  
As only a woman's heart can know.  
When restless eyes reveal my troubled soul,  
And memories flood my weary heart,  
I mourn for my dreams,  
  
I mourn for my wasted love,  
And while I know that I'll survive alone.  
My heart is low, oh my heart is so low,  
As only a woman's heart can be,  
As only a woman's, as only a woman's,  
As only a woman's heart can know.  
My heart is low, my heart is so low,  
As only a woman's heart can be,  
As only a woman's, as only a woman's,  
As only a woman's heart can know.  
My heart is low, oh my heart is so low,  
As only a woman's heart can be,  
As only a woman's, as only a woman's,  
As only a woman's heart can know.  
Only a woman's heart can know.

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