

Hard Advice

Stevie Nicks

Sometimes, late at night
I turn on the radio
Your music fills the room
I just can't seem to get away from you
Saw a life-size paper doll of you
In a record store
My friends, as well as me
Can't seem to let you go
It was finished long ago
Sometimes he's my best friend
Even when he's not around
But the sound of his voice
Well, it follows me down
And reminds me
Another famous friend told me
"Love doesn't make a clean break"
Didn't talk about heartache
"You have to let him go" Oh
Get over it
Remember how it was
Before our infamous past
Had begun
You have to let him go
He gives such hard advice, oh
He gives such hard advice
He says, "Don't think twice
Turn off the radio
It was finished long ago
Go write some real songs
This is all wrong"
Sometimes he's my best friend
Even when he's not around
But the sound of his voice
Well, it follows me down
And reminds me
Sometimes he's my best friend
Even when he's not around
But the sound of his voice
Well, it follows me down
And reminds me
"You have to get over this
This pain's gone on too long
Go and write some real songs
Stay out of music stores
Don't buy that doll"
Sometimes, sometimes
"Turn off that radio
Turn off that radio

Don't buy that doll
Don't buy that doll"

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