

All The Little Pieces

Louis Xiv

All the little pieces come apart
All the little pieces of your heart
I look at all the children whose hearts are strong
Running down the streets like nothing's wrong
I look at all the friends I've known, now some have changed
Some I know will always be the same
Nobody knows what happens
When the moon blew now
Nobody knows, nobody knows
That all the little pieces come apart
All the little pieces of your heart
All the little pieces come apart
All the little pieces of your heart
If you happen to look away from the people
And you feel the prick from pins and the needles
All which have been stuck into your arms
And all of your cries have been false alarms
And you can't pick up the pieces
No, you can't pick up the pieces
I look at all the children whose hearts are strong
Running down the streets, nothing's wrong
I look at all the friends I've known, now some have changed
Some I know will always stay the same
Nobody knows that all the little pieces
All the little pieces
All the little pieces come apart
All the little pieces of your heart
All the little pieces
All the little pieces
All the little pieces come apart
All the little pieces of your heart

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