

# Bleeding Hearts

Chaparelle

A bleeding heart  
Will make a mess of things  
A falling star  
Will burn up everything

I learned him and I burned him  
Even though he don't deserve it  
Too much passion, he's old-fashioned  
And the way he's got me actin'

Out of control again  
I just can't be his friend

A bleeding heart  
Will make a mess of things  
A falling star  
Will burn up everything  
When you dance to the beat  
Of a two-step tragedy  
A bleeding heart, my friend  
Is full of ecstasy

When I met her, yeah, I let her  
Run my tall heart through the ringer  
Put a gold ring on her finger  
And now I'm dealing with feeling

Out of control again  
I just can't be her friend

A bleeding heart  
Will make a mess of things  
A falling star  
Will burn up everything  
When you pray, just believe  
In that broken rosary  
A bleeding heart, my friend  
Is full of ecstasy