

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 does end
Make a clean break
He didn't talk about heartache
You have to let him go
Oh oh

Get over it
Remember how it was
Before our infamous pasts 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

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 the radio

Turn off the radio
Don't buy that doll
Don't buy that doll
Tiskáno z pisnicky-akordy.cz