

He Got No Heart

Elizabeth Cook

He got no heart, he got no heart
He got not heart, that I know of
He got no heart
His mama forgot that part
He got no heart, that I know of

He reminded me of an old scarecrow
He takes my mind and moves it to and fro
He treats me like I play some kind of game
I'd shoot him down if I knew where to aim

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Every time I get the nerve to leave
He shows up tugging at my sleeve
If he was right he'd cut me let me go
If I was sane I wouldn't love him so

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