

Shelly Streeter "Purple Bows"

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If I told you a sad story 'bout my heart
I'd begin with how he tore it all apart
Maybe you would want to hold me oh, so close
If I wrapped my poor, poor heart in purple bows

If I held this heart up you could clearly see
All the damage that man he has done to me
Would you rescue me and never let me go
If I wrapped my poor, poor heart in purple bows

Sometimes a girl must pull out all the stops
Right or wrong, she's only got one shot
Well it's time to let my hair down, here I go
If I wrapped my poor, poor heart in purple bows

If I wrapped my poor, poor heart in purple bows
If I wrapped my poor, poor heart in purple bows

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