

Early November

"Little Black Heart"

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I've got some deep scars from a little black heart that's miles away.

I sent it packing after I saw what it did and I couldn't believe.

And now my chest hurts from the hole that I dug, it's getting harder to breathe.

I'm really gasping, wishing I could turn back and that would fix everything,

For once...

It's my life,

I might as well live it,

Along with the bad times.

Just happy to be living.

So it's my time,

I know it sounds selfish.

I'm really not like that.

We live and we die for this.

So now my head hurts and it's only getting worse every time that I think.

I feel like choking every time I have to sing, it's getting harder for me.

And now my stomach hurts, as long as I'm in love it's so hard to leave.

I feel a bad pain moving through my chest and my knees start to shake.

My knees start to shake, it's bringing me down.

This is my life,

I might as well live it,

Along with the bad times.

Just love to be living.

So this is my time,

I know it sounds selfish.

I think I'll have some ice cream.

We live and we die for this.

There's one thing missing every time I step outside.

One thing missing every time I leave and drive.

One thing missing every time I'm far from home.

There's one thing missing every time I leave for
months.
One thing missing every time I lose control.
There's one thing missing every time that I stay home.

I've got some deep scars from a little black heart that
only make me stronger.
And now I don't sleep, seeing any relief that gives me
some perspective.

This is my life,
I might as well live it,
Along with the bad times.
Just glad to be living.
And this is my time,
I might as well share it.
I'll give you all my money.
We live and we die for this.

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