

## Secondhand Heart

### "Sweet Little Nothings"

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I see the smoke but no source of fire  
I've been burned before but not yet acquired  
Said I'd be cool, calm and collected  
But I miscalculated my affection for you

Some call it love  
Oh release me from the curse  
When ever I take my hand off the wheel I always wind  
up getting hurt

I ain't got no second hand heart  
But this loves making it harder  
It's those sweet little nothings  
Those sweet little nothings, so good  
It's those sweet, sweet, sweet, little nothings  
It's those sweet little nothings, they've got me hooked

Oh this some what primitive conception  
Is founded in deception so  
Feed me a lie and make it true  
And I'll quit questioning you

Some call it love  
Oh release me from the curse  
When ever I take my hand off the wheel I always wind  
up getting hurt

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