

Feist, Piste 3

Let it die,
and get out of my mind.
we don't see eye to eye,
or hear ear to ear.
Don't you wish,
that we could forget that kiss,
and see this for what it is
that we're not alone.

The saddest part of a broken heart
Isn't the ending
so much as the start.

It was hard to tell
just how I felt
to not recognize myself.
I started to fade(away, away, away)
After all,
it won't take long to fall(in love)
now i know what i don't want.
I learned that with you

The saddest part of a broken heart
isn't the ending
so much as the start.
the tragedy starts
from the very first spark.
losing your mind for the sake of your heart.
The saddest part of a broken heart,
isn't the ending so much as the start.