**Love Hurts**

Written by Boudleaux Bryant

Love hurts, love scars, love wounds

And marks, any heart

Not tough or strong enough

To take a lot of pain, take a lot of pain

Love is like a cloud

Holds a lot of rain

Love hurts......ooh, ooh love hurts

I'm young, I know, but even so

I know a thing or two

And I learned from you

I really learned a lot, really learned a lot

Love is like a flame

It burns you when it's hot

Love hurts......ooh, ooh love hurts

Some fools think of happiness

Blissfulness, togetherness

Some fools fool themselves I guess

They're not foolin' me

I know it isn't true, I know it isn't true

Love is just a lie

Made to make you blue

Love hurts......ooh, ooh love hurts

ooh, ooh love hurts

**Case of You**

1970; Joni Mitchell

Just before our love got lost you said

"I am as constant as a northern star"

And I said "Constantly in the darkness

Where's that at?

If you want me I'll be in the bar"

On the back of a cartoon coaster

In the blue TV screen light

I drew a map of Canada

Oh Canada

With your face sketched on it twice

Oh you're in my blood like holy wine

You taste so bitter and so sweet

Oh I could drink a case of you darling

Still I'd be on my feet

oh I would still be on my feet

Oh I am a lonely painter

I live in a box of paints

I'm frightened by the devil

And I'm drawn to those ones that ain't afraid

I remember that time you told me you said

"Love is touching souls"

Surely you touched mine

'Cause part of you pours out of me

In these lines from time to time

Oh, you're in my blood like holy wine

You taste so bitter and so sweet

Oh I could drink a case of you darling

And I would still be on my feet

I would still be on my feet

I met a woman

She had a mouth like yours

She knew your life

She knew your devils and your deeds

And she said

"Go to him, stay with him if you can

But be prepared to bleed"

Oh but you are in my blood

You're my holy wine

You're so bitter, bitter and so sweet

Oh, I could drink a case of you darling

Still I'd be on my feet

I would still be on my feet

**A Red, Red Rose**

Robert Burns, 1794

O my Luve's like a red, red rose,

That's newly sprung in June:

O my Luve's like the melodie,

That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonie lass,

So deep in luve am I;

And I will luve thee still, my dear,

Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,

And the rocks melt wi' the sun;

And I will luve thee still, my dear,

While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare-thee-weel, my only Luve!

And fare-thee-weel, a while!

And I will come again, my Luve,

Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile!