

Let your Fingers do the Walking

You let your fingers do the walking,
but your lips just did the talking;
Tell me now, 'Whatever do you mean?'
And do you like what you've become?
Tell me now, 'What have you done?'
You have turned my whole world upside down.
This lonely, breaking heart
is crying over you.
Whatever have you done?
What did I do to you?
Look at this breaking heart,
it's tearing me apart.
You have turned my smile into a frown.

So let your fingers go on walking,
but just stop those lips from talking;
when your world comes crashing down on you.
Look at this lonely, breaking heart,
The wounds ripping me apart
will never, never, ever be undone.
This lonely, breaking heart
is crying over you.
Whatever have you done?
What did I do to you?
For when the kissing stops,
that's when the missing starts.
They don't know that I'm the only one.

Now that your lips have stopped their talking,
it's your feet that can start walking,
down the dusty road that I can see —
And when the East wind starts to sigh,
That's when I will say goodbye,
Then you'll see me walk away from you.
This lonely, breaking heart
is crying over you.
Whatever have you done?
What did I do to you?
You heard the crying start
the day you broke my heart,
From then on I wanted you to go.