

# All the Little Pieces

## Louis XIV

All the little pieces come apart  
All the little pieces of your heart  
I look at all the children  
whose hearts are strong  
running down the streets like nothings wrong  
I look at all the friends I knew  
Now some have changed  
Some I know will always be the same  
Nobody knows what happens when the moon blew now  
Nobody knows, Nobody knows  
That all the little pieces come apart  
All the little pieces of your heart  
All the little pieces come apart  
All the little pieces of your heart  
If you happen to look away from the people  
and you feel the prick from pins and the needles  
all which have been stuck into your arms  
and all of your cries have been false alarms  
and you can't pick up the pieces  
no, you can't pick up the pieces  
awwwwww...  
I look at all the children whose hearts are strong  
Running down the streets like nothings wrong  
I look at all the friends I've known  
Some have changed  
Some will always stay same  
Nobody know that all the little pieces  
all the little pieces  
all the little pieces come apart  
all the little pieces of your heart  
all the little pieces  
all the little pieces  
all the little pieces come apart  
all the little pieces of your heart

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