

**Simon Paul****"How The Heart Approaches What It Yearns"**

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In the blue light  
Of the Belvedere Motel  
Wondering as the television burns  
How the heart approaches what it yearns

In a fever  
I distinctly hear your voice  
Emerging from a dream, the dream returns  
How the heart approaches what it yearns

After the rain on the Interstate  
Headlights slide past the moon  
A bone-weary traveler  
Waits by the side of the road  
Where's he going?

I dream we are lying on the top of a hill  
And headlights slide past the moon  
I roll in your arms  
And your voice is the heat of the night  
I'm on fire

In a phone booth  
In some local bar and grill  
Rehearsing what I'll say, my coin returns  
How the heart approaches what it yearns  
How the heart approaches what it yearns

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