

Wolfgang Press

"Heart Of Stone"

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So many times, so many times
Complete the crime, complete the stories
I should have known this inner feeling
Is all about these messy people
Grant his pardon and be forgotten
Show the true blue and cut your arm off
Cut your arm off
Follow me and shed your stories
Follow me and strike the worries
Follow me and show the reason
For this infernal competition
Follow me and spread the word of
All the people who go unheard
So many times, so many times
A thousand heads, they talk in rhyme
The useless words commit more crime [more crime]
A case of mindless intuition
A case of finding inner vision
I drop a bomb, you drive a car
And when we crack, we crack so hard
The nurses come to hear our stories

These flowers talk, my flowers talk
And so these people take what is mine
You hit hard, you hit hit hard [??]
So many times I've swallowed hole
So many times, so many times
You hit hard, you hit hit hard
I hear you walk, you shimmer down
This funny feeling is called a sound
This is no time for heavy breathing
You hit hard, you hit hit hard
And so it says and so it comes
I fumble down and crumble over
And finger through this dreaded number
Don't play around with shaded fevers
My persons lost into forever
The sound of music and lighted gardens
A fire's burning but not in my home
Not in my home, not in my home
The same song, the same old song
The same song, the same old song
[x2]
I'm just searching for the heart of stone

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