Hine Rupert "The Heart Of The Matter"

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Must we play a game of statues now

Isn't it amazing how many people believe

In some ancient saviour of mankind

A prophet frozen for all times

And the heart of the matter is in your soul

And not in your heart

Not in your heart at all

Ring-a-ring of roses

They've carved so many names

That stand for universal wisdom

And an old underlying love

With sense and fine reason

And the heart of the matter is in your soul

And not in your heart

Not in your heart at all

Searching through strangers eyes

I symbolize what you feel

It's stone this heart. It's a heart that can't be real

These eyes say nothing

They look right through me

And the heart of the matter is in your soul

And not in your heart

Not in your heart at all

And not in your heart

Not in your heart at all

You can play Cupid

And I can be Phsyce

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