

## Camera Obscura

### "William's Heart"

Visit "[William's Heart](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

A postcard of Byron by the bed  
It's a reminder of every word that he said  
To die in the arms of a twenty year old  
A figure of porcelain with moves so bold

You'd love to have a heart of gold  
You would have to have come from a better mould  
To die in the arms of a twenty year old, twenty year old

Ending the shift of a sleepless night  
Tossing and turning and holding on tight  
To die in the arms of a twenty year old, twenty year old

Want to know about William's heart?  
Is it broken in two? Who's feeling bad?  
Is there enough of a spark to sparkle again?  
Is he lost?  
Does he need a friend?

Lying to those who know you the best  
Keeping a secret close to your chest  
To die in the arms of a twenty year old, twenty year old  
The agony of the late night pub  
Talking too much, old age is a curse  
Want to know about William's heart?  
Is it broken in two? Who's feeling bad?  
Is there enough of a spark to sparkle again?

Is he lost? Does he need a friend?  
William where have you gone?  
Will you return to me?  
William where have you gone?  
Please return to me

If it's a single man or a single malt  
That I take in my arms when I'm feeling low  
You'll say honesty has made me cruel  
I say you're soft and you're made of wool  
You are made of wool

