

## Sting & Police

### "Shape Of My Heart"

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He deals the cards as a meditation,  
And those he plays never suspect.  
He doesn't play for the money he wins,  
He don't play for respect.

He deals the cards to find the answer,  
The sacred geometry of chance.  
The hidden laws of a probable outcome,  
The numbers lead a dance.

I know that the spades are the swords of a soldier,  
I know that the clubs are weapons of war.  
I know that diamonds mean money for this art,  
But that's not the shape of heart.

He may play the Jack of Diamonds,  
He may lay the Queen of Spades.  
He may conceal the King in his hand,  
While the memory of it fades.

I know that the spades are the swords of a soldier,  
I know that the clubs are weapons of war.  
I know that diamonds mean money for this art,  
But that's not the shape of my heart.  
That's not the shape, the shape of my heart.

And if I told you that I loved you,  
You'd maybe think there's something wrong.  
I'm not a man of too many faces,  
The mask I wear is one.

For those who speak know nothing,  
And find out to their cost.  
Like those who curse their luck in too many places,  
And those who fear have lost.

I know that the spades are the swords of a soldier,  
I know that the clubs are weapons of war.  
I know that diamonds mean money for this art,  
But that's not the shape of my heart.  
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that's not the shape, the shape of my heart.

Mi Corazon oowwaaww

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