

Chapman Tracy

"Matters of the Heart"

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I lose my head
From time to time
I make a fool of myself
In matters of the heart
We should have been holding each other
Instead we talked
I make a fool of myself
In matters of the heart
But I asked before
Your reply was kind and polite
One wants more
When one's denied
I make a fool of myself
In matters of the heart
I won't call it love
But it feels good to have passion in my life
If there's a battle
I hope my head always defers to my heart
In matters of the heart
I guess I'm crazy to think
I can give you what you don't want
I make a fool of myself
In matters of the heart
I've made myself sick
I can't think of anything else
I can't sleep at night
I make a fool of myself
In matters of the heart
I wish that I had the power
To make these feelings stop
I lose all self control
In matters of the heart
I can't believe
It's so hard to find someone
To give affection to
And from whom you can receive
I guess it's just the draw of the cards
In matters of the heart
You caught me off guard
Somehow you reached me
Where I thought I had nothing left inside

I've learned a lesson I've been edified
In matters of the heart
I've spent my nights
Where the sleeping dogs lie
Not by your side
It feels so lonely
Once again I've left too much to chance
In matters of the heart
Here I sit
I'm feeling sorry for myself
It's quite a sight
But I have you to thank
For reminding me
We're all alone in this world
And in matters of the heart
I'm already missing you
Although we won't say good-byes
Until tomorrow afternoon
Maybe when and if I see you again
We'll see eye to eye
In matters of the heart
I have no harsh words for you
I have no tears to cry
If the moon were full
I'd be howling inside
It only hurts
In matters of the heart
If today were my birthday
I'd be reborn
As Bronte's bird a bird that could fly
And all accounts would be settled
In matters of the heart
Matters of the heart

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