Strawbs

"Stone Cold Is The Woman's Heart"

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Strawbs - Stone Cold Is The Woman's Heart

The woman moves in mysterious ways
Her miracles to defend
She is patient as your enemy
Triumphant as your friend
She lures her prey with sleight of hand
And scores with a poisoned dart

Who knows why Deep down inside Stone cold is the woman's heart.

The woman has the cutting tongue But the man still has his pride The fire may long have burned out But he smoulders deep inside The drama calls for a leading man He hungers for the part

She will set you up Let you down Lay your body low She will lead you to believe THat you have nowhere else to go She is sorcery In every way a perfect work of art

The woman has the frigid touch
Still the memories remain
She has clothed herself in loneliness
And learned to wear the pain
She has run the race
In many's the way
But ends back at the start.

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