

## **The Wolfgang Press "Heart Of Stone"**

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So many times, so many times  
Complete the crime, complete the stories  
I should have known this inner feeling  
Is all about these messy people  
Grant his pardon and be forgotten  
Show the true blue and cut your arm off  
Cut your arm off

Follow me and shed your stories  
Follow me and strike the worries  
Follow me and show the reason  
For this infernal competition  
Follow me and spread the word of  
All the people who go unheard

So many times, so many times  
A thousand heads, they talk in rhyme  
The useless words commit more crime [more crime]  
A case of mindless intuition  
A case of finding inner vision  
I drop a bomb, you drive a car  
And when we crack, we crack so hard  
The nurses come to hear our stories  
These flowers talk, my flowers talk  
And so these people take what is mine

You hit hard, you hit hit hard [??]  
So many times I've swallowed hole  
So many times, so many times  
You hit hard, you hit hit hard  
I hear you walk, you shimmer down  
This funny feeling is called a sound  
This is no time for heavy breathing  
You hit hard, you hit hit hard  
And so it says and so it comes  
I fumble down and crumble over  
And finger through this dreaded number  
Don't play around with shaded fevers  
My persons lost into forever  
The sound of music and lighted gardens  
A fire's burning but not in my home  
Not in my home, not in my home

The same song, the same old song  
The same song, the same old song  
[x2]

I'm just searching for the heart of stone

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