

Condition Of The Heart

Prince

There was a girl in Paris whom he sent a letter to
Hoping she would answer back now wasn't that a foolhardy notion
On the part of a sometimes lonely musician?
Acting out a whim is only good for a condition of the heart
There was a dame from London who insisted that he
love her
Then left him for a real prince from Arabia now isn't that a shame
That sometimes money buys you everything and nothing?
Love it only seems to buy a terminal condition of the heart
Oh, thinking about you, driving me crazy
Oh, my friends all say it's just a phase, but
Oh, every day is a yellow day
I'm blinded by the daisies in your yard
There was a woman from the ghetto
Who made funny faces just like Clara Bow
How was I to know that she would wear the same cologne as you
And giggle the same giggle that you do?
Whenever I would act a fool, the fool with a condition of the heart
Oh, thinking about you, driving me crazy
Oh, my friends all say it's just a phase, but
Oh, every single day is a yellow day
I'm blinded by the daisies in your yard
(There was a girl in Paris whom he sent a letter to)
There was a girl whom he sent a letter to
(Hoping she would answer back)
She never answered back and now
(Wasn't that a foolhardy notion?)
He's got a condition of the heart

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