Blind Ambition

Verona Downs

And all the minutes
Of all the madness
And all the poetry
Between the good and badnessAnd all the hours
Of all the minutes
Of all the thousand loves
That grew from ?It was the heat of the night
And love was a blind ambitionAnd all the seasons
All the years
Of all countless questions
And seasons of fear? answer
And all emotion
And all the hungry moments
Of losing propositionIt's just the heat of the night
And love was a blind ambition
It's just the heat of the night
Cause love is a blind ambitionAnd all the minutes
Of all the madness
And all the poetry
Between the good and badnessAnd all the hours
Of all the minutes
And all the ? you love
And love that grew from within itIt was the heat of the night
And love was a blind ambition
It was the heat of the night
And love was a blind ambition

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