

Blue Heart

Peter Murphy

Was it a lie? Was it the truth?
Does your blue heart turn away? How rich is your surface? How much do you care?
Does your blue heart turn away? How deep is that stare?
Time hints that it's on your side, don't think it's there
What's past could be a teaser line between mind and air Was it a lie? Was it the truth?
Does your blue heart turn away as you hit the roof I never seem to get the drift when I hear some crowd talk
It isn't only their chat-chat-chatter or the one line track of thought
Isolation lies like dread, outcast fears
In which they are so, so locked reduced to tears Was it a lie? Was it the truth?
Does your blue heart turn away as you hit the roof Interviewed your dreams walked on thin air
No time to wonder now as I break through their stare
Would they understand if I were to show
That their answers burned to ground, so I turned to go Was it a lie? Was it the truth?
Does your blue heart turn away as you hit the roof Was it a lie? Was it the truth?
Does your blue heart turn away as you hit the roof Would they understand if I were to show
That their answers burned to ground, so I turned to go Would they understand if I were to show
That their answers burned to ground, so I turned to go Would they understand if I were to show
That their answers burned to ground, so I, so I turned to go

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