

# Condition Of The Heart

## Susanna and the Magical Orchestra

There was a girl in Paris  
Whom he sent a letter to  
Hoping she would answer back  
Now wasn't that a fool Hardy notion on the part of  
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  
Now 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

Songwriters

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