

# At The Heart Of Love

## Gruff Rhys

Well of all the lonely men,  
In the whole wide world,  
You just came into my life,  
Struck at my heart,  
With a surgical knife,  
With the kind of expertise  
Usually reserved for,  
Only the top fifteen percent,  
But I'm not counting up cent after cent.

Well I tasted envy;  
It tasted heavy,  
Now roll over,  
I tasted fear;  
It cost me dear,  
So roll over,  
Over again,  
As envy remains,  
At the heart of love,  
Heart of love. Well I fell into a well,  
Whilst looking at the stars,  
You just tossed me down a rope,  
Lifted me back up that slippery slope,  
And although the skies are gray,  
I keep my conscience clear,  
And it's futile to contest;  
I was a guest at the fountain of tears.

Well I tasted envy;  
It tasted heavy,  
Now roll over,  
I tasted fear;  
It cost me dear,  
So roll over,  
Over again,  
As envy remains,  
At the heart of love,  
Heart of love. Jealousy,  
Is a currency,  
At the heart of love,  
There's a cavity.

At the heart of Love,  
Heart of love.  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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