

(love Is A) Blind Ambition

Concrete Blonde

In all the minutes
Of all the madness
And all the poetry
Between the good and badness

In all the hours
Of all the minutes
Of all the thousand of loves
That grew from within it

It was the heat of the night
And love is a blind ambition

In all the seasons
Of the years
Of all countless questions
And seasons of fear

There's an answer
In all emotion
In all hungry moments
A losing proposition

It's just the heat of the night
And love is a blind ambition
It's just the heat of the night
Cause love is a blind ambition

And all the minutes
Of all the madness
And all the poetry
Between the good and badness

And all the hours
Of all the minutes
And all the flowers of love
And the love that grew from within it

It 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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written by Napolitano, Johnette Lin

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