

# Condition of the Heart

## Prince

There was a girl in Paris whom he sent a letter to  
Hoping she would answer back now wasn't that a foolhardy notion  
On the part of a 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  
How 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  
(There was a girl in Paris whom he sent a letter to)  
There was a girl whom he sent a letter to  
(Hoping she would answer back)  
She never answered back and now  
(Wasn't that a foolhardy notion?)  
He's got a condition of the heart

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