Heart Of Gold

Johnny Hates Jazz

She's a girl who likes her living Never tired of always giving Faceless men pay for the pleasure And the nights go on and on Walking in the street For a handful of money Love don't come cheap With a heart of gold She's indiscreet But to me, girl, it's funny That they pay for the love Of a girl with a pure Heart of gold She ain't hungry for a lover When it's over, there's another Loneliness won't be a problem When the nights go on and on Walking in the street for a handful money Love don't come cheap with a heart of gold sheÃ†s indiscreet But to me, girl, it's funny that they pay for the love of a girl with a pure Heart of gold ThereÃ†s something about her makes me cry The light is fading from her eyes Memories of girlish purity Where love surrenders ...And the nights go on and on Walking in the street For a handful money Love don't come cheap With a heart of gold She's indiscreet But to me, girl, it's funny that they pay for the love of a girl with a pure Heart of gold No, heart of gold No, when they pay for the love of a girl with a pure Heart of gold Heart of gold When they pay for the love of a girl with a pure Heart of goldÃ Heart of goldÃ

Songwriters
CLARK DATCHLERPublished by
Lyrics Â© BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/