

# Much Love

## Harry Connick, Jr.

Next to the highway -- a noisy place  
Will anyone ever want me  
Tiny place next to the highway  
Could anyone ever want me  
I don't have a car  
My job pays poor  
So much love in my heart  
Looks as if I may have lost my allure  
But I've got much love in my heart  
My appetite for love's voracious  
Will anyone entertain me  
It's no wonder my bed seems spacious  
Could anyone entertain me  
Is it possible  
For two of us  
To have much love in our hearts  
How it would be  
Fortuitous  
To find that much love in a heart  
The heat of winter's chill on my face  
Burning that's deep in my chest  
It's cold and familiar in second place  
Knowing I've done my best  
The certain cause for my ambition  
To dress an unyielding sadness  
Flirting with an absent addition  
To simmer away my madness  
The curb that I climb  
Is much too steep  
To carry that heavy a heart  
I'll stay where I stand  
And just try to keep  
Love in that heavy a heart

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