

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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