

Your Heart

Andy Shauf

In the summertime wind, in the heart of my home,
in the dark of the night, in the way that you might.
When our lips were closed and our words were few
Oh, my dear, the days were shorter too.

But I never got too far
from hoping for your heart

I was praying quietly for a love that is real
in my heart that hopes for an evening that heals.
But my prayers are words and my words are whispers
and my whispering mind is just wishing for time.

Cause I never got too far
from hoping for your heart

When my darker days are my alibi
when my lonely heart like a telephone line
calls your name again through the clouds and the smoke
There will be whisper "will you be my own?"

Cause I never got too far
from hoping for your heart
No I never get too far
from hoping for your heart