

(Love Is A) Blind Ambition

Concrete Blonde

And all the minutes
Of all the madness
And all the poetry
Between the good and badness

And all the hours
Of all the minutes
Of all the thousand loves
That grew from within

It was the heat of the night
And love was a blind ambition

And all the seasons
All the years
Of all countless questions
And seasons of fear

There's an answer
And all emotion
And all the hungry moments
A losing proposition

It's just the heat of the night
'Cause love is a blind ambition
It's just the heat of the night
'Cause love is a blind ambition

And all the minutes
Of all the madness
And all the poetry
Between the good and badness

And all the hours
Of all the minutes
And all the flowers of love
And the love that grew from within it

It was the heat of the night
And love was a blind ambition
It was the heat of the night
And love was a blind ambition