

## (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