

# Undeveloped Heart

Deacon Blue

My friend David told me  
The heart beats like a dream  
Down there at the railway station  
The Lights are turning green

That little black-robed Franciscan priest  
Struts down to [?]  
Tips his hat at all the North Americans  
And dreams the dream of the argonauts

We know the truth of the undeveloped heart  
Poplars on the Seine and Sunset Boulevard  
The noise that can drive a love asunder  
Sometimes your dreams can leave you under

We go climbing down myriad flights of stairs  
Blowing off the heat and dust  
Stretch our romantic souls  
To cover the wunderlust

At midnight in some strange city  
Black-burned and medieval  
Shiver inside our paper thin raincoats  
And the silence that knows no evil

We know the truth of the undeveloped heart  
Poplars on the Seine and Sunset Boulevard  
The noise that can drive a love asunder  
Sometimes your dreams can leave you under

The heart can be a lonely hunter