

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

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The heart can be a lonely hunter