

At The Heart Of Love

Gruff Rhys

Well of all the lonely men
In the whole wide world
You jusy came into my life
Struck at my heart with a surgical knife
With the kind of expertise
Usually reserved for
Only the top point-three percent
But I'm not counting up cent after cent

Well I tasted envy
It tasted heavy
Now roll over, roll over, roll over, roll over
I tasted fear
It cost me dear
Now roll over, roll over, roll over, roll over
Over again
As envy remains at the heart of love
Heart of love
Heart of love
Heart of love

Well I fell into a well
Whilst looking at the stars
You just tossed me down a rope
Lifted me back up that slippery slope
And although the skies are gray
I kept my conscience clear
And it's futile to contest
I was a guest at the fountain of tears

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Jealousy is a currency
At the Heart of love
There's a cavity
At the heart of love
Heart of love
Heart of love
Heart of love