

Heart Of Gold

Johnny Hates Jazz

She's a girl who likes her living
Never tired of always giving
Faceless men pay for the pleasure
And the nights go on and on

Walking the streets
For a handful of money
Love don't come cheap
With a heart of gold
She's indiscreet

But to me, girl, it's funny
That they pay for the love
Of a girl with a pure
Heart of gold

She ain't hungry for a lover
When it's over, there's another
Loneliness won't be a problem
When the nights go on and on

But something about her makes me cry
The light is fading from her eyes
Memories of girlish purity
Where love surrenders

....And the nights go on and on