

## Hearts Of Stone

Los Lobos

I travel down this lonely road  
To see if I can pick me a rose  
But all I find is a handful of thorns  
In a place where blossoms should grow

Some hearts are made of stone  
Some are cold, made of ice  
Some beat all alone  
Then there's those made of steel  
Ones that don't even feel  
Where are those hearts  
Those hearts made of gold

I wandered down this lonely trail  
Some twenty seven hours a day  
But all I see are prints in the dirt  
Where others tried to find their way

How far will I go  
To leave these fears behind  
Oh, let those tears go dry  
Yeah, won't stop until I can find  
Oh, that heart of gold