

Religion of the Heart

Rick Springfield

His hair was bible black, face like a priest,
his fingers clutched the precious box and silent as a dream,
He hid behind his dark sunglasses. You caught your breath.
You thought he was beautiful. You didn't hear his silent scream
,
As he spread the dead man's ashes.
You're always trying to find your worth
in the eyes of someone new.
You may not think you need this baby but I think you do

You need religion of the heart, religion of the heart
(deep in your system)
You're just searching in the dark
For a reason to believe
You need religion of the heart

You raise your glass, you drink their wine,
But you're still thirsty all the time,
No miracles tonite, and you'll skip the midnight masses.
It'll be OK in the cool clear, bright light of the day,
But you just seem so scattered,
as though nothing mattered baby.

You're always trying to heal yourself in someone else's skin
Turn the thieves out of the temple baby and let it in
You think that I am joking, that it all comes down to nothing,
Yeah, and I'm just talking to your fear but I 'm not,
No, I'm not, and you stand in the field of fire.