

# Stone Cold Is The Woman's Heart

Strawbs

The woman moves in mysterious ways  
Her miracles to defend  
She is patient as your enemy  
Triumphant as your friend  
She lures her prey with sleight of hand  
And scores with a poisoned dart

Who knows why  
Deep down inside  
Stone cold is the woman's heart.

The woman has the cutting tongue  
But the man still has his pride  
The fire may long have burned out  
But he smoulders deep inside  
The drama calls for a leading man  
He hungers for the part

She will set you up  
Let you down  
Lay your body low  
She will lead you to believe  
THat you have nowhere else to go  
She is sorcery  
In every way a perfect work of art

The woman has the frigid touch  
Still the memories remain  
She has clothed herself in loneliness  
And learned to wear the pain  
She has run the race  
In many's the way  
But ends back at the start.