

Shape Of My Heart – Sting

He deals the cards as a meditation
And those he plays never suspect
He doesn't play for the money he wins
He don't play for respect
He deals the cards to find the answer
The sacred geometry of chance
The hidden law
Of a probable outcome
The numbers lead a dance
I know that the spades
Are the swords of a soldier
I know that the clubs
Are weapons of war
I know that diamonds
Mean money for this art
But that's not the shape of my heart
He may play the jack of diamonds
He may lay the quinn of spades
He may conceal a king in his hand
While the memory of it fades
I know that the spades
Are the swords of a soldier
I know that the clubs
Are weapons of war
I know that diamonds
Mean money for this art
But that's not the shape of my heart
That's not the shape
The shape of my heart
If I told her that I loved you
You'd maybe think
There's something wrong
I'm not a man of too many faces
The mask I wear is one
But those who speak know nothing
And find out to their cost

Like those who curse their luck
In too many places
And those who fear are lost
I know that the spades
Are the swords of a soldier
I know that the clubs
Are weapons of war
I know that diamonds
Mean money for this art
But that's not the shape of my heart
That's not the shape of my heart
That's not the shape
The shape of my heart



Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych