

Condition Of The Heart

Prince

There was a girl in Paris
Whom he sent a letter 2
Hoping she would answer back
Now wasn't that a fool
Hardy notion on the part of a
Sometimes lonely musician
Acting out a whim is only good
4 a condition of the heart

There was a dame from London
Who insisted that he love her
Then left him 4 a real prince
From Arabia, now isn't that
A shame that sometimes money
Buys U everything and nothing
Love, it only seems 2 buy a
Terminal condition of the heart

Thinking about U driving me crazy
My friends all say it's just a phase, but ooh-ooh
Every day is a yellow day
I'm blinded by the daisies in your yard

There was a woman from the ghetto
Who made funny faces just like
Clara Bow, how was I 2 know
That she would wear the same
Cologne as U and giggle the same
Giggle that U do?
Whenever I would act a fool, the fool
With a condition of the heart

Thinking about U driving me crazy
My friends all say it's just a phase, but ooh-ooh
Every single day is a yellow day
I'm blinded by the daisies in your yard

There was a girl (There was a girl in Paris)
Whom he sent a letter to... (Whom he sent a letter 2)
(Hoping she would answer back)
She never answered back and now (wasn't that a foolhardy)
He's got a condition of the heart. (notion ...)