

Heaven of My Heart

Jim White

Radio song, playing in the car, don't even know where we are
Don't know the time of day or the color of the clothes I'm wearing.

Would you look at that sky, pretty little stars twinkling far above in heaven
Sorta makes me feel like dancing, right here in the moonlight.

But this little girl, well she's so shy,
She won't even look up, into the sky

At the shiny stars, guiding stars pointing the way to the heaven of my heart
Guiding stars pointing the way to the heaven of my, the heaven of my heart.

Got a funny-bone, laugh like a mule, always did pretty good in school
But still I cannot decipher her arithmetic.
'Cause I'd walk to the moon, I'd lick a spittoon,
I'd wear wooly underwear in a sauna,
Just to show her how much I want to be her lovable lunatic.

But she's so demure, that it's no surprise
When I tell her I love her, well she just closes her eyes

To the shiny stars, guiding stars pointing the way to the heaven of my heart
Guiding stars pointing the way to the heaven of my, the heaven of my heart.

Yes she's a brainy girl, that is good.
She's smarter than me but then so is wood,
But that don't mean I should submit to her authority
'Cause I want to make her laugh,
I want to make her sing,
But she won't do a doggone thing, and don'tcha know
When she don't it makes her even more adorable.

I guess that's why, it's the way she fights me
It makes them stars burn extra brightly

Them shiny stars, guiding star pointing the way to the heaven of my heart,
Guiding stars pointing the way to the heaven of my heart