

Lisa Loeb, Wishing Heart

no teacher to follow, no prophet to tell me how,
but i know what i want, i know what i want now.
like water, it rushes,
it's the last thing you see when you close your eyes,
it's the one place you want to be.
but if it doesn't brush my shoulder, and it doesn't beat my heart,
that's not what i want, that's not where i will start.
i never kissed somebody so that they would break my heart,
that's not what i want.

if you don't know what you're missing
cause you don't know where to start,
follow your wishing heart.

i was restless,
i was restless,
i was restless,
i was restless.
i just want this to be good,
i just want this to be good.
but you don't understand,
you don't understand me, and i want to be understood.

but if it doesn't brush my shoulder,
and it doesn't beat my heart,
that's not what i want - no, that's not where i will start.
i never kissed somebody so that they would break my heart,
that's not what i want.

if we all leap before we crawl, we might fall,
and it's not always candy spun from head to heart,
and it's not always meant to be,
and it's not always up to me.

but if it doesn't brush my shoulder,
and it doesn't beat my heart,
that's not what i want, that's not where i will start.
i never kissed somebody so that they would break my heart,
that's not what i want.

if you don't know what you're missing,
cause you don't know where to start,
you don't know what you're missing,
follow your wishing heart.