

# Murphy Peter, Blue Heart

How rich is your surface  
How much do you care  
Does your blue heart turn away  
How deep is that stare  
Time hints that it's on your side  
Don't think it's there  
What's past could be a teaser line  
Between mind and air  
Was it a lie  
Was it the truth  
Does your blue heart turn away  
As you hit the roof  
I never seem to get the drift  
When I hear some crowd talk  
It isn't only their chat-chat-chatter  
Or the one line track of thought  
Isolation lies like dread  
Outcast fears  
In which they are so so locked  
Reduced to tears  
Reduced to  
Was it a lie  
Was it the truth  
Does blue heart turn away  
As you hit the roof  
Interviewed your dreams  
Walked on thin air  
No time to wonder now  
As I break through their stare  
Would they understand  
If I were to show  
That their answers burned to ground  
So I turned to go  
So I turned to  
Was it a lie  
Was it the truth  
Does your blue heart turn away  
As you hit the roof