

Paul King, Follow my heart

It's that Sunday mornin' feelin'
walking up and down
waiting for the day to end
before we start another round... once again
In my dreams I often wake up
miles away it's no mistake
Because I follow my heart, follow my heart again
I follow my heart, follow my heart again
because I follow my heart, follow my heart again
Respect or envy you make your choice
play blatant or play meek
'll catch you Friday the just got by day
the weekend starts about half past ten
once again
In my dreams I often wake up
miles away it's no mistake
Because I follow my heart, follow my heart again
I follow my heart, follow my heart again
because I follow my heart, follow my heart again
When you're lost and at a crossroad
no direction uneasy, you have your intuition
for your reason and feelin'
what you feel inside your soul
that's your instinct and meanin'
no one knows you better so follow your heart
it's your conscience on the pillow so follow your heart