

Peter Murphy, 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