

# Prince, Condition Of The Heart

There was a girl in Paris  
Whom he sent a letter 2  
Hoping she would answer back  
Now wasn't that a fool  
Hardy notion on the part of a  
Sometimes lonely musician  
Acting out a whim is only good  
4 a condition of the heart

There was a dame from London  
Who insisted that he love her  
Then left him 4 a real prince  
From Arabia, now isn't that  
A shame that sometimes money  
Buys U everything and nothing  
Love, it only seems 2 buy a  
Terminal condition of the heart

Thinking about U driving me crazy  
My friends all say it's just a phase, but ooh-oo  
Every day is a yellow day  
I'm blinded by the daisies in your yard

There was a woman from the ghetto  
Who made funny faces just like  
Clara Bow, how was I 2 know  
That she would wear the same  
Cologne as U and giggle the same  
Giggle that U do?  
Whenever I would act a fool, the fool  
With a condition of the heart

Thinking about U driving me crazy  
My friends all say it's just a phase, but ooh-oo  
Every single day is a yellow day  
I'm blinded by the daisies in your yard

There was a girl (There was a girl in Paris)  
Whom he sent a letter to... (Whom he sent a letter 2)  
(Hoping she would answer back)  
She never answered back and now (wasn't that a foolhardy)  
He's got a condition of the heart. (notion ...)