

Afghan Whigs, If I Only Had A Heart

When a man's an empty kettle
He should be on his mettle
And yet I'm torn apart
Just because I'm presuming
That I could be kind of human
If I only had a heart
I'd be tender, I'd be gentle
And awful sentimental regarding love and art
I'd be friends with the arrows
And the boy who shoots the sparrows
If I only had a heart
Picture me a balcony
Above a voice sings low
Wherefore art thou Romeo?
I hear a beat, how sweet
Just to register emotion, jealousy, devotion
And really feel the part
I could stay young and chipper
And I'd lock it with a zipper
If I only had a heart
A brain, a home, the nerve