

# Buffalo Tom, Bleeding Heart

When I am relaxed  
I drop my drink  
My bleeding heart  
Has a gate of thorns  
When I turn on my sink  
The guy next door turns his off  
But my bleeding heart  
Will not go away

Six hundred thousand miles  
Cannot squelch its flame  
I wear my bleeding heart  
Right underneath my sleeve  
Oh, roses, daggers, thorns  
And words that make a name  
I wear my bleeding heart  
It will not go away  
Will not go away  
Will not go away

Oh, roses, daggers, thorns  
And words that make a name  
I wear my bleeding heart  
It will not go away  
Will not go away  
Will not go away  
Will not go away