

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

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And words that make a name
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