Claude King, Heart

Heart don't get your hopes up eyes now don't you shine
Feet don't start to dancin' till she tells me she'll be mine
Lips don't start to smilin' voice don't sing too soon
So heart don't get your hopes up till she says she loves me too
Don't start making plans to hurt me there's a lotta bridges yet to cross
Don't count your chicken fore fore they'll start to hatch
Better keep your cote behind the horse
Truth she hardly knows it she needs a little time
So heart don't get your hopes up till I'm certain she'll be mine
Till I'm certain she'll be mine