Concrete Blonde, Blind Ambition

And all the minutes
Of all the madness
And all the poetry
Between the good and badness

And all the hours
Of all the minutes
Of all the thousand loves
That grew from ?

It was the heat of the night
And love was a blind ambition

And all the seasons
All the years
Of all countless questions
And seasons of fear

? answer
And all emotion
And all the hungry moments
Of losing proposition

It's just the heat of the night
And love was a blind ambition
It's just the heat of the night
Cause love is a blind ambition

And all the minutes
Of all the madness
And all the poetry
Between the good and badness

And all the hours
Of all the minutes
And all the ? you love
And love that grew from within it

It was the heat of the night
And love was a blind ambition
It was the heat of the night
And love was a blind ambition