

Leona Naess, Weak Strong Heart

I have a weak strong heart, suffers every time
we are apart
In my small room
Carries the dark and the gloom
Of every long day
In my window the trees they sway

And it's so hard to find you in this cold world
designed to bleed you grieve you
and the dark nights proceed through

He has a mean, mean way don't listen to his
heart what to say
Goes to the river, crosses the bridge
Leaves his possessions, if they don't come with

And it's so hard to find you in this cold world
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So hollow without you
I have a girl's girl play
When I say go I mean stay
You should know this by now
How many women does it take to
show you how?

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