

# Sylvie Lewis, By Heart

Think you're going to make me cry,  
Make me cry, make me cry  
Think I'm going to wonder why,  
Didn't I, pass you by.

Your mind is always changing.  
You say so all the time.  
Don't know how long you're staying.  
That will be your choice, not mine.

Think you're going to make me run,  
Make me run, make me run.  
Think I'm glad that I'm still young,  
Now you've begun to have your fun.

Your eyes are always straying.  
You want whatever's far.  
I hear the words you're saying.  
I'm learning you, by heart.  
I will know you, by heart.

Think you're going to take your time,  
Drink your wine, move on to mine.  
Music plays, the singer sways,  
And you can say you always move in time.