

The Afghan Whigs, If I Only Had A Heart

(Arlen/Harberg)

When a man's an empty kettle
He should be on his mettle
and yet I'm torn apart
Just because I'm presumin' that I could be kind of human
If I only had a heart
I'd be tender, I'd be gentle
and awful sentimental regarding love and art
I'd be friends with the arrows
and the boy who shoots the sparrows
If I only had a heart
Picture me a balcony
Above a voice sings low
"Wherefore art thou Romeo?"
I hear a beat, how sweet

Just to register emotion, jealousy, devotion
and really feel the part
I could stay young and chipper
and I'd lock it with a zipper
If I only had a heart
A brain, a home, the nerve