

Hearts Of Stone

Los Lobos

I travel down this lonely road
To see if I can pick me a rose
But all I find is a handful of thorns
In a place where blossoms should grow

Some hearts are made of stone
Some are cold, made of ice
Some beat all alone
Then there's those made of steel
Ones that don't even feel
Where are those hearts
Those hearts made of gold

I wandered down this lonely trail
Some twenty seven hours a day
But all I see are prints in the dirt
Where others tried to find their way

How far will I go
To leave these fears behind
Oh, let those tears go dry
Yeah, won't stop until I can find
Oh, that heart of gold