As a girl, I lived in a million homes So I always would keep to myself And my lessons were learned From the stories and poems I would steal from a library shelf

Yes, the books like the Roots
Weren't mine to keep
But the words weren't left behind
And I think of them all and I can't sleep
And a poet who read my mind

As the wise men once wrote

Never give all the heart

Well, it's easy to see

He was writing for me

I just wish I could play that part

Yes, he scribbled that love isn't worth thinking of That is fades out from kiss to kiss If I just learned those lines Well, just think of the misery I'd miss

As the Irish men said
Don't put your heart up to play
When he warned of the cost
And the heart that he lost
Mister Yeats really paved the way

For the men that I've known
Who have clearly shown
They've reading him from the start
'Cause when it comes to me
Well, their kisses come free
But they never give all the heart

When he warned of the cost And the heart that he lost Mister Yeats really paved the way

For the men that I've known
Well, they've clearly shown
They been reading him from the start
'Cause each time that I fall
They never give all the heart

Mmmmmmmm...