

# A Matter Of Heart

Stan Rogers

We live in fear of no one to love us  
Of feeling like an empty hole  
With no kind heart or strengthening hand  
To light the dark and secret soul.  
Behind the walls of lonely protection  
Afraid to give for what we may lose,  
And to hide our sin, or let someone within,  
Everyone will have to choose!

Put your life on the line,  
Give your hand and pledge your time  
To the love whose lips inflame you  
Like some ancient and golden wine;  
And to all it's a start in fulfilling greatest needs in part,  
For in whatever we dream of what we some day want to be  
It's a matter of heart.

We like to think we know what we're doing,  
We always like to be in control.  
The rational mind rules the passionate heart  
Is what the ancient sages told.  
But that can sound a little bit hollow,  
When you're sitting by the fire alone!  
And the rarest old wine tastes of ashes and brine,  
When you've no one there to keep you warm.

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It's a matter of heart.

The way in which our pride will stall us,  
When we know we should be losing control,  
Puts us in the fear of falling and we let it go!  
Our careful words are self-deceiving,  
Though we like to call them 'pretense' and 'art',  
But every old line is held in the mind,  
When it's really just a matter of heart.

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