

Half Of A Heart

Stan Rogers

That one behind you on the padded velvet throne,
Don't turn around! You've seen that kind before.
Wolves hang around here and they hunt the woods alone,
Waiting for hearts to wander through the door.
This bar has changed now that the hunter's hunted too.
Who is the prey, and who is the hungry mouth?
Go talk with strangers, only nothing said is true.
It's, "Who do you know?" and "When did you last fly south?"
And it's drink bought to catch the eye and make intentions known,
The kind they would never buy if they meant to drink alone.
And it's soft words that make the play in warm and winning tones,
The kind words they'd never say if they dared to sleep alone.
But like you, I'm fascinated by the glitter of the flame,
Watching wolves steal half of a heart away.
Watching wolves steal half of a heart away.