

Stone Cold Is The Woman's Heart

Strawbs

The woman moves in mysterious ways
Her miracles to defend
She is patient as your enemy
Triumphant as your friend
She lures her prey with sleight of hand
And scores with a poisoned dart

Who knows why
Deep down inside
Stone cold is the woman's heart.

The woman has the cutting tongue
But the man still has his pride
The fire may long have burned out
But he smoulders deep inside
The drama calls for a leading man
He hungers for the part

She will set you up
Let you down
Lay your body low
She will lead you to believe
THat you have nowhere else to go
She is sorcery
In every way a perfect work of art

The woman has the frigid touch
Still the memories remain
She has clothed herself in loneliness
And learned to wear the pain
She has run the race
In many's the way
But ends back at the start.