

Heart of Stone

The Platters

Who's to blame, that someone came
To alternate his plan
Painting shame beneath your frame
Tell me, was it a man

The sunrays in your hair are naturally all your own
This gold couldn't save you, somebody gave you
A heart of stone

Your voice is like the breeze, a passionate undertone
But under the passion, somebody fashioned
A heart of stone

Who's to blame, that someone came
To alternate his plan
Painting shame beneath your frame
Tell me, was it a man

June roses kiss your cheek, but under their lovely tone
Satan, your master, finally kissed
A heart of stone