Affairs of the Heart
by Ralph McTell

Affairs of the heart are the hardest kind
Cause they turn us into fools every time
Affairs of the heart keep you awake at night
Lose your head, and you lose your appetite
Except for the loving cup, which you fill yourself up
You fill yourself up
You fill yourself up
And you just can't seem to get enough.

Isn't it funny how a man like you can fall
Till you find yourself up against the wall
With your heart and your head
And the things that were said
But don't you know in the end
It just won't matter at all

Affairs of the heart make you lose your way
You listen to your head, but you do what your heart say
And the time you had was just like sand
You know it slips away, it slips away
Away through the fingers of your hand.

Chorus

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