

# Sting, Shape Of My Heart

He deals the cards as a meditation  
And those he plays never suspect  
He doesn't play for the money he wins  
He doesn't play for the respect  
He deals the cards to find the answer  
The sacred geometry of chance  
The hidden law of probable outcome  
The numbers lead a dance

I know that the spades are the swords of a soldier  
I know that the clubs are weapons of war  
I know that diamonds mean money for this art  
But that's not the shape of my heart

He may play the jack of diamonds  
He may lay the queen of spades  
He may conceal a king in his hand  
While the memory of it fades

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I know that the clubs are weapons of war  
I know that diamonds mean money for this art  
But that's not the shape of my heart  
That's not the shape, the shape of my heart

Sting utworze "A thousand years? wspomina o milionie słońc i dróg.

And if I told you that I loved you  
You'd maybe think there's something wrong  
I'm not a man of too many faces  
The mask I wear is one  
Those who speak know nothing  
And find out to their cost  
Like those who curse their luck in too many places  
And those who smile are lost

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