

Heart

by Talk Music

When I talk about my heart operation, it's heart to heart.

When I talk about my heart operation, it's his heart, too.

It's not only mine anymore.

Mine beat with a different rhythm, slowing,

Offbeat, not upbeat.

Changing, beats that seemed far away.

I was quiet, then I lived again.

I'm not the same, nor is he.

It's not the same heart that he gave back to me.

It had practiced dying, before its time,

And when the time came to live, I had

To practice living again, don't you know.