

Heart of Glass

1975

Tad Tuleja

The heart must be broken, soul be torn
You have heard it spoken on the day you were born
Heard it from a gypsy lady rocking in the wind
She said all of us must suffer though none has sinned
And it seemed a good idea at the time
It seemed like a good idea

A C#m
G Bm A

G D A

The heart is a crystal, it will break on the past
When the thunder moves upon it, it will shake like grass
Can you hear what the rain is saying, ear to the wind?
Close your eyes, says the gypsy, and begin
When will you begin to see?
When will you begin to see?

You've seen the tigers running down
The horses of the wise
And your faith's been broken time and time again
But nothing ever grows
Where nothing ever dies
And it all runs together in the rain

G
D A
G D A

G E A

The heart must be broken, it cannot be whole
If it is not shaken to the soul
It may be just a lost line from an old time song
Pieces of a wind chime come to take you along
But it seems a good idea at the time
It seems like a good idea

Gypsy wisdom, or what I thought that might be—the ability to accept suffering as an essential part of life. I see the “horses of the wise” as cousins to Jonathan Swift’s noble equines, the Houyhnhnms, who rule over the Yahoos (humans) in Gulliver’s Travels.