

Sam Broussard

"Do The Numbers"

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Bless the precious sensitive soul
who looks around and sees a miserable world
and suffers
Pretty baby how you suffer
Compassion separates us from the beasts
who crawl on bellies or walk on feet
You're a lover
Pretty baby you're a lover To feel so bad is to add
another misery upon the misery
Okay to cry but don't bleed
that's not what they need

Aie Yaille
Do the numbers and grow up ...
Giving love should be enough

So I love the one all dressed in black
one who gave her heart but not a thing came back
She got a black box
She keeps her heart in a black box

She became one of the ones
who turned her into what she's become
She got a black box
She keeps her heart in a black box

I have failed, bastards prevailed
I gave my heart but only part of it came back
The balance is wrong
I can't hang on

Aie Yaille
Do the numbers and grow up ...
When giving love is not enough
Aie Yaille

You'll always be a part of me

