

Barlow Girl

"Song For The Broken"

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I am the comfortable secure
The definition of this wasted world
And I have perfected deceit
Even I believe I'm above saving
I'll never let You see

I am the broken
I am the bruised
I am the poor ones
I have been used.

It takes me falling to the ground
To admit to fulling needing you
Than when I'm craving my last breath
"Come and save me" I will cry to You
'Cause pride has not let me say

I am the broken
I am the bruised
I am the poor ones
I have been used.

When I am breathing my last breath
"Come and save me" I will cry to You
'Cause pride has not let me say
Bring me to my knees,
Why does it take so much pain for me to see?
If strength is only fond when I am on my knees,
Why is it so hard to show that I am weak?

I am the broken
I am the bruised
I am the poor ones
I have been used.

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