

Blues Traveler

"Sweet and Broken"

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She smokes my last cigarette
She forgives me but I don't know it yet
And I don't ask but sometimes why is beautiful

She's a little cheap but worth the wait
Of honeyed kisses sleeping late
They steal my covers but I'm just glad my bed is full

And if the words were spoken
They'd shatter on the floor
And once they'd broken open
Would it matter any more
You've got to love her to see her
And in seeing there is hoping
Oh she's so sweet
She's sweet and broken

She'll never tell you anything
She's the fire that darkness brings
And I get lost but that's just where I'm supposed to be

She won't say why she cries
At marigolds and butterflies
Or why her smile seems to hide a tragedy

And if the words were spoken
They'd shatter on the floor
And once they'd broken open
Would it matter any more
You've got to love her to see her
And in seeing there is hoping
Oh she's so sweet
She's sweet and broken

I see her rising through the trees
She's like a wounded moon
Gazing back at me

And if the words were spoken
They'd shatter on the floor
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And once they'd broken open
Would it matter any more
You've got to love her to see her
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And broken

Extracted from the liner notes of the album "Truth Be Told"

Words & Music by J. Popper and Chris Barron

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