

Gramm Lou

"Broken Wing"

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Every mistake that you watched me make, I made
again.
Sat up wide-awake, a coma sounds great... now send
me down.

And if you are, unhappy well you know the worst isn't
here,
You'll fall into another's arms before I re-appear here.

Out in the sticks the sun called in sick for weeks on end.
There's passport controls and oceans of road between
us now.

Through countryside to the industry, the routine hits
full swing.
I'm taking to the stage tonight with a broken wing.

Things that I lose I find I don't need once I know they're
gone,
But that can't be you because what we've been though
is valuable.

Clear my lungs, set my breathing right,
The violence, the blood sport, the bias, the difference,
The codec for a love at first sight,
Kills the money worry, sets the bias, the difference.

It's embarrassing, embarrassing, broken wing.

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