

Hank Williams (All Three) "Men With Broken Hearts"

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You will meet many just like me
Upon life's busy street
With shoulders stooped and heads bowed low
And eyes that stare in defeat

Poor souls that live within the past
Where sorrow plays all parts
For a living death is all that's left for men
With broken hearts

You have no right to be the judge
To criticize and condemn.
Just think but for the grace of God
It would be you instead of him

One careless step, a thoughtless deed
And then the misery starts
And to those who weep death comes cheap
These men with broken hearts

Oh, so humble you should be
When they come passing by
For it's written that the greatest of men
Never get to big to cry

Some lose faith in love and life
When sorrow shoots her darts
With hope all gone, they walk alone these men
With broken hearts

You've never walked in that man's shoes
Or saw things through his eyes
Or stood and watched with helpless hands
While the heart inside you dies

Some were paupers, some were kings
Some were masters of the arts
But in their shame they're all the same
These men with broken hearts

Life sometimes can be so cruel
That a heart will pray for death

God why must these living dead know
Pain with every breath?

So help your brother along the road
No matter where he starts
For the God that made you, made them too
These men with broken hearts

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