

## **Bryan Duncan**

# **"Hope Of The Brokenhearted"**

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Where does real love begin?  
Can it really last forever?  
Keep searchin' through this fire within,  
Seeking without any answers.  
All the simple lines I've heard before  
Doesn't make it any easier to find.  
And I learned about love on the street  
And they told me that love is a game made of broken  
rules.  
But I know there's a love that's complete,  
Where there's nothing missing inside:  
The Hope of the Brokenhearted,  
Longing for love again.  
What is all that love requires?  
Will it finally bring contentment?  
Or a sacrifice of my desires,  
To love as just a humble servant?  
Every kind of love I've fallen for  
Leaves my crying out for something more in the end.  
And I learned about love on the street  
From the cruel and heartless,  
Where love is a game of deceit played by selfish fools,  
yeah.  
But I know there's a love that's complete  
Where there's nothing ugly to hide:  
The Hope of the Brokenhearted,  
Longing for love again.  
The Hope of the Brokenhearted,  
Longing for love again.  
Here's where real love begins:  
Jesus gave His life for sinners.  
In the first of ten commands  
Demonstrate love to beginners.  
He gave His love like no one else before,  
And I owe everything I am and more to Him.

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