

Larry Gatlin

"Broken Lady"

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She's a broken lady, waiting to be mended
Like a potter would mend a broken vase
A broken lady, waiting to be mended
And have what's left of the pieces put back in place

Her love is like a fortress around a man she would have
died for
Taking care to take of all he needed
But the ladies fortress slowly turned into a prison
And the warning signs he gave, she never heeded

She vowed every morning that what God joined
together
No one else in the world could pull apart
Then the walls came tumbling to the ground
And her world came crashing down around her heart

Now she's a broken lady, waiting to be mended
Like a potter would mend a broken vase
A broken lady, waiting to be mended
And have what's left of the pieces put back in place

She's a broken lady, waiting to be mended
And have what's left of the pieces put back in place

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