World Without Sundays "Put It Together"

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I wish I could take your broken heart and Sew it back up, aren't I smart? Just to put you together Put you together again Sorry that I went and tore you up But you'll never find one whos never hurt someone For ever and ever well be putting together again For ever and ever well be putting together again There's always some jerk talking made up shit About shouldve done thatyou shouldve done this And, I know what you're going through And I think, why am I talking to you? There's always some need for me to pick apart What feels so right just to find out If I can put it together Put it together again Put it together again I tore your whole world apart And you tore my whole world apart When you don't know what to do And you don't know what to say When you don't know what to do And you don't know what to say

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