

Ben Weaver

"Broken By 2"

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Sometimes I sit alone buddy
And wonder what it is were trying to do
The grave is dug alone
And the heart broken by two

It's an old story to us
One we've heard 1, 000 times through
In the dark green eyes of the soon to be dead
In the chances we took to always stay true

Drunk or sober dead or alive
I peer through the barn slats into my life
What I see is never a surprise
I've trained myself with a prize fighters mind

It's an old story to us
We don't fall even when the other does
We cross our hearts with a women's touch
And go out the door to be alone

Guilt and grace skin and bone
We do what we do best and then we go home
Black and blue sun up or sun down
Someday the world will know when we are in town

Dear buddy here I sit
Writing these words to you
If I should fall will you lift me up
And carry me through the next tune

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