

Porter Wagoner "Men With Broken Hearts"

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You'll meet many just like me upon life's busy streets
With shoulders stooped and heads bowed down
And eyes that stare in defeat

Or souls that live within the past, where sorrow plays all
parts
Where a living death is all that's left for men with
broken hearts
Now you have no right to be the judge, to criticize and
condemn

Just think but for the grace of God, it'd 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 passin'
by
For it's written that the greatest men, they never get
too big to cry
Some lose faith in love and life when sorrow shoots her
darts

And with hope all gone they walk alone these men with
broken hearts
Now, 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 and some were kings
And some were masters of the arts

But in their shame, they're all the same, these men with
broken hearts
You know 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 neighbor along the road no matter where
you start
For the God that made you, made them too
These men with broken hearts

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