

## Asylum Soul

### "Made To Be Broken"

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Guess I'll be leaving in the morning  
By the chill that you gave me I will ride  
I will tear out my insides just to find a place to hide  
And I don't want to hurt you anymore  
You got the dagger but I got the revolver  
As we rolled and we tumbled to the floor  
And I don't want to lie to you no more  
A guitar's a man's best friend  
But these rules were meant to be broken  
And I haven't got the guts to make you cry  
And I don't want to hurt you anymore  
Some things are meant to be spoken  
And these rules are meant to be broken

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