

633-1000
A heart too broken

He has a heart too broken
He cannot seem to go there anymore
It's not that he's poor spoken
It's just that he can't do another tour
Another tour of duty
In the trenches of despair
On the beaches of sorrow
In the jungles of confusion
And so he ramble and says little
Strums his axe and plays his fiddle
And says nothing of his love
And on the past he is chokin'
He and his heart too broken

He has a heart too broken
He is lost inside all that matters not
Against his own emotions is where all his battles fought
He simply cannot face the demons once again
Sometimes he wonders how he faces other men
Will he ever smile again, if so when
And so he decides with thinking
Answers without blinking
And says nothing of his soul
For on his sleeve he's weeping
But his silence keeping
He and his heart too broken

We are with you
We are with you
Even when you scream
When you are lost inside a dream
We are with you