

What's Broken

David Crosby

Looking out on a buzzing city
Molecules go flying by
Standing here is a very lost disciple
How could it be that angels lie
They lie...

Speaking out in a frozen language
You try to keep that heat inside
Every face is a masterpiece of lonely
And every breath is rarified

Who wants to see an abandoned soul
Who wants to try and open it
Who wants know what desperate is
Who wants to buy what's broken

Dodging kindness like golden arrows
Shading treasure from uncivil eyes
Tunnels steaming with the breath of a dragon
Cathedrals warming to the sunrise

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