

# The Broken Ones

Dia Frampton

I know they've hurt you bad.  
Wide, the scars you have.  
Baby let me straighten out your broken bones,  
All your faults to me make you more beautiful.

I can't help it,  
I love the broken ones,  
The ones who,  
Need the most patching up.  
The ones who've,  
Never been loved,  
Never been loved,  
Never been loved.  
And O maybe I see a part of me in them.  
The missing piece always trying to fit in.  
The shattered heart,  
Hungry for a home.  
No you're not alone,  
I love the broken ones.

You don't have to drive,  
With your headlights off.  
It's a pocketknife,  
Not a gift from god.  
Don't you learn of love from the love they kept.  
I will be your anchor slowly,  
Step by step.

I can't help it,  
I love the broken ones,  
The ones who,  
Need the most patching up.

The ones who've,  
Never been loved,  
Never been loved,  
Never been loved.  
And O maybe I see a part of me in them.  
The missing piece always trying to fit in.  
The shattered heart,  
Hungry for a home.  
No you're not alone,  
I love the broken ones.

Maybe we can rip off the bandage.  
Maybe you will see it for what it is.  
Maybe we can burn this building,  
Holding you in.

I can't help it,  
I love the broken ones,  
The ones who,  
Need the most patching up.  
The ones who've,  
Never been loved,  
Never been loved,  
Never been loved.

And O maybe I see a part of me in them.  
The missing piece always trying to fit in.  
The shattered heart,  
Hungry for a home.  
No you're not alone,  
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