

Fragile

Amanda Cook

For the homeless, the hungry, the gangster and the priest
For the weak that hide behind a clever wall of deceit
For the sinner, the thief and the overachieved
The hurting and the lonely

We're all the same - fragile
Yeah, my name is Fragile
Either on the street or in the light of fame
We're all the same

For the man with the briefcase, on top of his game
Who's still the little boy who's been trying to fit in
He was a loser on the playground but a keener in the class
Spent most of his life trying to cover up the past

But he's the same - fragile
We're all the same - fragile
With the walls we build to hide away the pain
We're all the same

We revert to fears and tears and inconsistencies
And the mysteries only God could explain
About the way we are and how we live and how we try to hide
Who we are inside in shame

But we're all the same
How breakable we can be
When we allow others to see

We're all the same - fragile
We're all the same - fragile
With the walls we build to hide away the pain
Either on the street or in the light of fame
We're all the same