

# Fragile

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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