

# Broken Wings

Bryan Ferry

Through the golden sunset  
Across the borderline  
Stands a cross  
A simple sign  
There the fires of evening  
Reveal so many things  
But who can mend broken wings?  
Southern belles, fancy rings  
Divorced from many things  
As the story goes  
Wish I could fly  
Take the ever winding

Where the morning rain  
Takes a cloud from the sky  
There I long to love you  
Love is everything  
Who can mend broken wings?  
Through the night, love is blind  
The light of day not kind  
The sense of loss you find  
No sense at all  
And should you gaze and wonder  
Where the eagle flies  
Fallen angels might sing  
Who can mend broken wings?