

Broken

George Ezra

I was high,
left blowin' in the wind.
I was golden,
I was yours.
And I fall on down, down, down.
I'll be broken

A hundred lives beyond tradition.
Please make sure that it's your own.
To find yourself, oh, lost again.
One last time, oh.

I may never do you proud.
That's the case, and I know I'm to blame.
If I'm never gon' do you proud
Well, I'm sorry, shun the name

And I fall on down, down, down.
I'll be broken.

And I miss your garden jeans
On the bones beneath the beams
Your charms, your patience,
I must never waste these.