

# Franklin

Jann Arden

I miss the salad bar of Ruby Tuesdays  
Driving down the Natchez Trace  
Walking through the broccoli trees  
In Franklin, Tennessee  
I miss the thunder rustle the leaves  
The train that rolled down Mercy street  
The laughter in the twisted sheets  
In the middle of the day

You fold your arms and cross your legs  
A distant look upon your face  
The fighting was a sad disgrace  
Of who we were

I'll wrap my arms around your broken heart  
Broken heart, broken heart  
I'm gonna hold you till the hurting stops  
Until the pain is lost and you can face  
The world again, my friend, yeah

I miss the television in the bedroom  
Binging on the Game of Thrones and  
Eating ice cream with no bowl  
And sleeping in till 10  
I miss the pounding rain and pounding hearts  
The sentences you'd start and stop  
The days we'd never leave the house  
And hide ourselves away

You fold your arms and cross your legs  
A distant look upon your face  
The fighting was a sad disgrace  
Of who we were

I'll wrap my arms around your broken heart  
Broken heart, broken heart  
I'm gonna hold you till the hurting stops  
Until the pain is lost and you can face  
The world again, my friend

Ooh, yeah  
Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, oh

I know your parents drove you to religion  
And that's what got your mind a-drinking  
But lately I can't help but thinking  
That I should set you free

I'll wrap my arms around your broken heart  
Broken heart, broken heart  
I'm gonna hold you till the hurting stops  
Until the pain is lost and you can face  
The world again, my friend

(I'll wrap my arms around your broken heart)  
Yeah, my friend  
(I'll wrap my arms around your broken heart)

I'm gonna wrap my arms around you baby  
(I'll wrap my arms around your broken heart)  
I'm hold you in my arms now honey  
(I'll wrap my arms around your broken heart)  
I'm gonna wrap my arms around you baby, mmh