

Wounded Hearts

Marc Broussard

I tried to paint my world black and white
But time has only blurred all the lines
We're all just flesh and blood, skin and bones
But I failed to see that I had blinders on

'Cause it's easy to turn and look the other way
But it's hard to try to put yourself
In another man's place

So, tell me where do the wounded hearts belong
Somewhere fought holes without a home
'Cause everybody knows what it's like to be alone
Holding' it together with your belly hanging on
Tell me where do the wounded hearts belong

It may seem hard to know where to begin
I found that it's best to start by listening
'Cause when you think that you figured it out
Is likely when I feel come crashing bout

'Cause, it's easy to turn and look the other way
Until the people you've been running from
Standing in your face

Somebody tell me, where do the wounded hearts belong
Somewhere fought holes without a home
'Cause everybody knows what it's like to be alone
Holding' it together with your belly hanging on
Tell me where do the wounded hearts belong

I know I'll never be a Superman but
Even the simple man can understand what it means
To have a helping' hand...

So, tell me where do the wounded hearts belong
Somewhere fought holes without a home
'Cause everybody knows what it's like to be alone
Holding' it together with your belly hanging on
Tell me where do the wounded hearts belong