

Built By Broken Hearts

Matt Stell

Mom's red Corolla in a Pensacola Walmart parking lot
Waiting on dad to get me in his F-150 and head back to Arkansas
Thousand mile so echo, living in my headphones
Time ain't good-bye to kill
Made it through the night on the storms of life and jagged little pill

That's why it feels like I'm home when I'm hurtin'
It feels right when I'm falling apart
You understand why you're made for good-bye
When you're built by broken hearts

She was standing front row, putting on a show in her vansin and
ther band's shirt
We locked eyes with our drinks up high and sang along to every
word
I love her with her guard up, loved her from the start up
She's just my kind of trouble
The edges and scars of her beat up heart, they fit mine like a
puzzle

She said it feels like I'm home when I'm hurtin'
Feels right when I'm falling apart
You understand why you're made for goodbye
When you're built by broken hearts

Turn that song up to eleven
I'll turn this truck into a getaway car
Leave together and stay gone forever, 'cause
We were built by broken hearts

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