

# Mender

Siena Root

Call on me, when your heart has healed  
Because I don't need another broken soul  
I know its hard and got wounds  
And I know you're scared  
But I am not the mender of your heart

Where ever you go, the feeling follows  
The blackened sky, that never cease to weep  
But you have hope, and you have dreams  
Always giving up easily  
For I am not the mender of your heart

Don't call on me, till your heart has healed  
Or I will be another broken soul  
For I am not the mender of your heart