

Made to Be Broken

Soul Asylum

Guess I'll be leaving in the morning
By the chill that you gave me I will ride
I will tear out my insides just to find a place to hide
And I don't want to hurt you anymore

You got the dagger but I got the revolver
As we rolled and we tumbled to the floor
I been is it just these drugs I'm feelin'?
And I don't want to lie to you no more

till the end
A guitar's a man's best friend
But these rules were meant to be broken

make myself uneasy
And I haven't got the guts to make you cry
to one thing do something
And I don't want to hurt you anymore

Now with this advice I will end

Some things are meant to be spoken
And these rules are meant to be broken