

Broken Glass

Wade Bowen

There, there she lays
Head on a pillow
She's got her eyes closed
From her days
And here, here I sit
Alone in coldness
From words that I said
That ain't ever coming back

Oh she lays like broken glass
Shattered, broken glass

While, while she dreams
I will be searching
So much rehearsing
Apologies
Will I, will I try hard
To be so perfect
She is so perfect
Oh but she is a fragile, fragile thing

And she lays like broken glass
Shattered, broken glass

It seems I forget
What kind of woman
She's never showing
Yeah but she is a fragile, fragile thing

Oh she lays like broken glass
Shattered, broken glass
Yeah she lays like broken glass
Shattered, broken glass