

Broken Toys

B.J. Thomas

Such a pretty little face,
With a heart that's been torn.
Living in a borrowed space,
From the moment she was born.
How many times shes cried,
But never tears of joy.
Someones taken a little girl, and made a broken toy.

Two sad little eyes,
Painted heartbreak blue.
The simplest of his dreams,
Never will come true.
Someone elses pain,
Fell on this little boy.
Someones taken a soldier,
And made a broken toy.

Broken toys,
Who will mend these broken toys?
For everyone one we break,
A broken life takes its place.

That one day will break toys of its own.
Oh Lord, we've got to mend these broken toys.
And let them be children again,
Give back the innocence stolen from them.

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Who will mend these broken toys?
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A broken life takes its place.
That one day will break toys of its own.
Oh Lord, we've got to mend these broken toys.