

## What's Broken

David Crosby

Looking out on a buzzing city  
Molecules go flying by  
Standing here is a very lost disciple  
How could it be that angels lie  
They lie...

Speaking out in a frozen language  
You try to keep that heat inside  
Every face is a masterpiece of lonely  
And every breath is rarified

Who wants to see an abandoned soul  
Who wants to try and open it  
Who wants know what desperate is  
Who wants to buy what's broken

Dodging kindness like golden arrows  
Shading treasure from uncivil eyes  
Tunnels steaming with the breath of a dragon  
Cathedrals warming to the sunrise

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