

We've all got something to say,  
When we open our mouths we've find someone to blame.  
We all have demons to face.  
Situations evolve into something that we can't explain.

It's like a thorn in my mind.  
Digging deeper and deeper and killing the love that it finds.  
The heart's a complex machine.  
When it breaks it takes more than the doctors and technology

To fix me. Can you fix me?  
I've been waiting so long to feel this heartbeat.  
Will we ever really believe?  
We're just caught in the thought that we deserve to be free.

Love's not a gift to repay,  
with a handful of money or words we can say.  
There is no proper remark  
to be made that can change or determine who we really are.

Fix me. Can you fix me?  
I've been waiting so long to feel this heartbeat.  
Will we ever really believe?  
We're just caught in the thought that we deserve to be free.

Screaming at the top of my lungs.  
Doesn't make me understand what you've done.  
How could I ever question you?  
How could I ever doubt what you do?  
Maybe this will tear me apart.  
But maybe I'll go back to the start.  
And honestly I can't believe  
that this is really happening.

Fix me. Jesus, fix me.  
I've been waiting so long to feel this heartbeat.  
Will we ever really believe?  
We're just caught in the thought that we deserve to be free.  
Fix me. Father, fix me.  
I've been waiting so long to feel this heartbeat.  
Will we ever really believe?  
We're just caught in the thought that we deserve to be free.