

Men with Broken Hearts

Hank Williams

You will meet many just like me upon life's busy street
With shoulders stooped and heads bowed low
And eyes that stare in defeat
For souls that live within the past where sorrow plays all parts
For a living death is all that's left for men with broken hearts

You have no right to be the judge, to criticize and condemn
Just think but for the grace of God it would be you instead of him
One careless step or thoughtless deed and then the misery starts
And to those who weep death comes cheap
These men with broken hearts

Oh so humble you should be when they come passing by
For it's written that the greatest men never get too big to cry
Some lose faith in love and life when sorrow shoots her darts
And with hope all gone, they walk alone
These men with broken hearts

You've never walked in that man's shoes or saw things through his eyes
Or stood and watched with helpless hands while the heart inside you dies
Some were porpers, some were kings and some were masters of the arts
But in their shame they're all the same
These men with broken hearts

Life sometimes can be so cruel that a heart will pray for death
God, why must these living dead know pain with every breath?
So help your brother along the road, no matter where he starts!
For the God that made you, made them too
These men with broken hearts