

# Shape of a Broken Heart

Imany

Africa, has the shape of a broken heart  
and the Heart of a broken land,

Fell from heaven  
Straight to hell,  
Now your children are missing

I try to understand  
Who I am  
Years after years  
God, it feels the same

Heart fever  
Everybody's gone  
And noone that I know  
Anybody won

Africa, has the shape of a broken heart  
And the Heart of a broken land,

Fell from heaven  
Straight to hell,  
Now your children are missing

Kiss their forehead  
And hold their hands  
Close their eyes  
And put their name on the braise

Dust is dust  
And who goes of it  
So goes of it

Africa, has the shape of a broken heart  
And the Heart of a broken land,

Fell from heaven  
Straight to hell,  
Now your children are missing

In the wind blows,  
And the children brodes  
Sitiing on a side of a road  
Whatch you all the boats

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Now I understand  
Who I am, who I am, who I am ...

Now tell me how  
Tell me how,

I can accept the thing  
The thing that I can't change