

## Broken Lover

Ingram Hill

I look at her photographs  
Hiding behind a laugh  
I stare at her hazy eyes  
They make for a good disguise and  
I wonder how she dreams  
Sometimes it seems  
She's got it figured out  
What I don't know about and  
I know she's fine  
Runnin' through the night time  
And she gets by  
I wonder where she hides  
Where  
Can I find another  
There  
There goes my broken lover  
She looks like a beauty queen  
Cut from a magazine  
She got golden locks of hair  
She kills me with her stare and  
She says she won't date no boys  
Got no use for toys  
But then I see her flirt with a  
Poor man that she's gonna hurt  
I know she's fine  
Runnin' through the night time  
And she gets by  
I wonder where she hides  
Where  
Can I find another  
There  
There goes my broken lover  
And when She smiles I see it last  
How many miles she's come to pass  
I know she's fine  
Runnin' through the night time  
And she gets by  
I wonder where she hides  
Where  
Can I find another  
There  
There goes my broken lover