

## Broken Objects

Maria Taylor

Seen a lot of broken objects  
In a lot of broken towns  
These are things I try to hold  
For when I'm going down

Pay attention to the wind  
Be patient with the rain  
Be grateful for the sunshine beating  
Down upon your face

And hey, everything will come around  
The lighthouse marks the naked ground  
And when you're turning home  
I wish you speed and breath to fill your empty sails

When the night is long  
The highway slowing down  
When the moon is lost and dark  
Behind her veil of clouds

Keep searching for the morning  
Hold tight to that center line  
And never let that ghost horizon  
Lull you into dying

Hey, everything will come around  
The lighthouse marks the naked ground  
And when you're turning home  
I wish you speed and breath to fill your empty sails