

Broken

Mostly Autumn

Here comes the day, here comes the morning
Just another day, bringing in the daylight
Forcing myself up out of bed
Staring at the wall, thinking of the fool, fool, fool

Here comes the child, he's just a little boy
Looking like his mother, feeling like his dad
Look at his face, he does enjoy the chase
Chasing all the girls, kissing all the girls

And his mother watches over
Making sure he won't let go of her

Looking from the window
Staring at the pavement
Spinning through the sky
I hear you cry

Calling softly
Falling softly

Smiling of course, I am a little boy
Just a little boy, playing with my soldiers
And they pulled him to his feet
But he was all broken, woken

Smiling from the window
Breathing in the open
Turning from the pavement
The sky so golden

Staring at my hands
Feel my heart is beating
Running through the streets
The world at our feet

Smiling from the window
Breathing in the open
Turning from the pavement
The sky so golden

Staring at my hands
Feel my heart is beating
Running through the streets
The world at our feet