

## Broken hearts

Secret Service

Rainbow colours cross the sky  
To find the part of gold  
Voices cry: Follow!, down in my soul  
Down in my soul

Unresponsive like the rock  
My eyes look sad and grim  
Wondering what she is doing with him  
Doing with him

Broken hearts can turn to stone  
I fell apart when left alone  
Broken hearts can turn to stone  
When left alone, I am alone

On the sidewalk yesterday  
I saw her passing by  
I wanted to cry out: How could you? Why?  
How could you? Why?

Hope her new love understands  
To take good care of her  
Chasing that rainbow holded\* my girl  
Holded\* my girl

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