

# I Had Music in My Heart, but Now My Heart Is Broken

Showbread

Well it's way too late, baby  
the talons of cynicism are already buried in my brain  
when "do as I say, not as I do" is the broken glass that I drag  
my naked body across  
I'm thinking of you,  
and I don't want to give up but I'm a quitter thanks to you,  
do you think it's fair?

Love is so alive, so I've got to find a way to make it die  
picturing your face being cut inside my head  
I've got to find a way to keep you from being beautiful

You and me are the touch of two lips;  
we're the center of a kiss  
but you won't stay long enough to believe this  
you and me are the sky in love with the sea

But you're not so pretty when you're dead

When I rot I want you to be there when I become the dust again  
I want to know that you forgot, everything that I was, and was  
not

When I kissed you good night tonight, you weren't there  
your lips lied like the tongue inside your beautiful mouth  
but if I cut it out you'd never lie to me again

'Cause you don't love me, you're just in love with everyone  
and if you were like me, and you were dead within  
you'd understand that I don't know how to be your friend

You've burned blue eyes and soft lips in my soul  
but I'd cut that out and wrap it in a ribbon for you