

# Broken Telephone

The Be Good Tanyas

I'll be the wind in your leaves  
The warmth of the sun  
I'm always drawing your colors  
I'm always tracing your footsteps

It's a hard world, it's a cold world  
I could never say what I mean  
I went looking in all the wrong places  
There's nothing wrong with you

Broken telephone  
The lines are down  
The wires no longer reaching  
Connection's gone

Higher and higher I am taken by  
What you've given to me  
Higher and higher I am taken by  
What you've given to me, what you've given to me  
What you've given to me

I'll be the wind in your leaves  
The warmth of the sun  
I'm always drawing your colors  
I'm always tracing your footsteps

It's a hard world, it's a cold world  
I could never say, what I mean  
I went looking in all the wrong places  
There's nothing wrong with you

Broken telephone  
The lines are down  
I throw myself at nothing  
I throw myself at nothing

Higher and higher I am taken by  
What you've given to me  
Higher and higher I am taken by  
What you've given to me, what you've given to me  
What you've given to me