

# Broken

Tracy Chapman

You can close your eyes  
And see a picture perfect life  
Inside of your mind  
Dreaming only of the days ahead  
Wanted and wished for more than now  
Or the days behind  
You waste your time

The picture makes a promise  
The flesh lets it be broken  
The picture makes a promise  
The flesh lets it be broken

You can never think  
You can't even stop yourself  
Before the words have been spoken  
And you've already said  
You would give everything  
And something for nothing  
Everybody thinks you're joking

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You want to be the one  
Made over be your own  
Before and after  
And a supermarket  
Beauty in a bottle queen  
Who'll one day grace a check-out counter  
Magazine front cover  
Though the fine print reads

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Lets it be broken  
Lets it be broken  
Lets it be broken  
Lets it be broken  
Lets it be broken  
Broken  
Broken

When your life is never what you wanted  
Not even halfway normal  
Just tarnished and soiled  
When in your reach  
A framed and frozen moment  
So far from perfection  
Not truth or transcendence  
Will set you free  
Still you don't believe

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