

Lari White, Made To Be Broken

(Lari White)

So it begins
Learning the language of poets and thieves
She's crying again
He's making promise no one could keep
They sound so sweet
But they are

Made to be broken
Made to be broken
Even as they are spoken
They are made to be broken

She's nobody's fool
Collecting the hearts of the lovers she's known
But she locks up her own
'Cause hearts were

Made to be broken
Made to be broken
Love's only token
It was made to be broken

No one defends
The spirits of wild horses and children
Made to be broken

Who makes the rules
That tell us by nature we're destined to fail
We wrote them ourselves
And they were

Made to be broken
Made to be broken
Rules were made to be broken
Made to be broken