

Martina McBride, A Broken Wings

She loved him like he was
The last man on Earth
Gave him everything she ever had
He'd break her spirit down
Then come lovin' up on her
Give a little then take it back
She'd tell him about her dreams
He'd just shoot 'em down
Lord he loved to make her cry
You're crazy for believin'
You'll ever leave the ground
He said Only angels know how to fly
And with a broken wing
She still sings
She keeps an eye on the sky
With a broken wing
She carries her dreams
Man you ought to see her fly
One Sunday morning
She didn't go to church
He wondered why she didn't leave
He went up to the bedroom
Found a note by the window
With the curtains blowin' in the breeze
And with a broken wing
She still sings
She keeps an eye on the sky
With a broken wing
She carries her dreams
Man you ought to see her fly
With a broken wing
She carries her dreams
Man you ought to see her fly