

# Bishop Allen, Busted Heart

Follow me  
To the shipwreck shores of a dark and strange country  
I was born  
A stranger thinking out loud in a foreign tongue  
I was out of place  
I was looking all around just a&#039;trying to find a friendly face  
But they&#039;re all gone

Did you ever think  
Did you ever think, think  
A lotta people everyday who will surely drown  
Did you ever think  
Did you ever think, think  
Who left me all alone in this town?

And a busted heart is a welcome friend  
And when that heart leaves, what will you do then?  
And if I cry, is that a sin?

And the wisdom is a whisper  
And I&#039;m trying to understand  
What I say, what I think, where I sleep, when I breathe  
What I do with my hands