

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'trying to find a friendly face
But they'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'm trying to understand
What I say, what I think, where I sleep, when I breathe
What I do with my hands