

# Blues Traveler, Sweet And Broken

She smokes my last cigarette  
She forgives me but I don't know it yet  
And I don't ask but sometimes why is beautiful  
She's a little cheap, but worth the wait  
Of honeyed kisses, sleeping late  
They steal my covers, but I'm just glad my bed is full

And if the words were spoken  
They'd shatter on the floor  
And once they'd broken open  
Would it matter anymore  
You've got to love her to see her  
And in seeing there's hoping  
Oh she's so sweet  
She's sweet and broken

She'll never tell you everything  
She's the fire the darkness brings  
And I get lost but that's just where I'm supposed to be  
She won't say why she cries  
At marigolds and butterflies  
And why her smile seems to hide a tragedy

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And once they'd broken open  
Would it matter anymore  
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I see her rising through the trees  
She's like a wounded moon, gazing back at me

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