

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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Oh she's so sweet
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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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