

Curved Air, Broken Lady

Broken Lady, tears run dry, you lie there easy,
Growing wise through it all.
Tearin' your soul, they watched you fall,
Lady, just lately, your song has grown sour.

Who'll weep for the withered rose,
Who'll mourn the sparrow,
Who'll cry for tomorrow?

Broken Lady, they sing your song,
Clinging to shadows of lovers long gone.
Children sing loud?, children draw near,
Lady, just lately, your song has grown sour.

Tearin' your soul, they watched you fall,
Lady, just lately, your song has grown sour.