

Harry Connick Jr., Heart Beyond Repair

Pieces of a hole
Unrequited, not renowned
Never sought and never found
Through blood
Through soul

Now unfamiliar
Feelings of good being
Are light that's not worth seeing
Through blood
Through soul

Restless and distorted
Thoughts that underscore my night
Being wrong and seeing right
Through blood
Through soul

Heart beyond repair
All the edges worn and frayed
Magnifying love betrayed
Through blood
Through soul