

# Hawksley Workman, Oh You Delicate Heart

Oh you delicate heart  
Sometimes it feels hard to live  
The rain keeps on falling so hard  
I forgot that I had some to give

Oh you delicate heart  
Remind all the guards on your hill  
That a love that comes by might be true  
As true as the mountains are still

And I'm sure  
The darkness defines where the light is  
And takes all our prayers  
Oh but  
You will still be true

Oh you delicate heart  
There's deep enough wells for our tears  
When we break ourselves carelessly  
Through  
A tumbling down of our fears