

Martina McBride, Broken Wing

She loved him like he was the last man on Earth.
Gave him everything she ever had.
He'd break her spirit down, then come lovin' up on her.
Give a little, then take it back.
She'd tell him about her dreams - he'd just shoot 'em down.
Lord, he loved to make her cry.
"You're crazy for believin' you'll ever leave the ground.
" he said "Only angels know how to fly."

And with a broken wing, she still sings.
She' keeps an eye on the sky.
With a broken wing, she carries her dreams.
Man, you ought to see her fly.

One Sunday mornin', she didn't go to church.
He wondered why she didn't leave.
He went up to her bedroom, found a note by the window, with the curtains
blowin' in the breeze,

And with a broken wing, she still sings.
She keeps an eye on the sky.
With a broken wing, she carries her dreams.
Man, you ought to see her fly.
With a broken wing, she carries her dreams.
Man, you ought to see her fly. (With a broken wing Ooooooh)