

Porter Wagoner, Men With Broken Hearts

You'll meet many just like me upon life's busy streets
With shoulders stooped and heads bowed down and eyes that stare in defeat
Or souls that live within the past where sorrow plays all parts
Where a living death is all that's left for men with broken hearts
Now you have no right to be the judge to criticize and condemn
Just think but for the grace of God it'd be you instead of him
One careless step a thoughtless deed and then the misery starts
And to those who weep death comes cheap these men with broken hearts
Oh so humble you should be when they come passin' by
For it's written that the greatest men they never get too big to cry
Some lose faith in love and life when sorrow shoots her darts
And with hope all gone they walk alone these men with broken hearts
Now you've never walked in that man's shoes or saw things through his eyes
Or stood and watched with helpless hands while the heart inside you dies
Some were propers and some were kings and some were masters of the arts
But in their shame they're all the same these men with broken hearts
You know life sometimes can be so cruel that a heart will pray for death
God why must these living dead know pain with every breath
So help your neighbor along the road no matter where you start
For the God that made you made them too these men with broken hearts