

Robbie Robertson, Breakin The Rules

I tried to reach you
On Valentine's Day
But how could I reach you
When you're so far away

Don't make me the victim
Don't make me the clown
With my arms reaching out
And my head hanging down

We can't go on
Touching the flame
Breakin the rules
Of the game

I bring you this cross
I carved out of wood
I'm just trying to tell you
That I'd change if I could

Grew up on the west side
Never even been to the east side
Don't know what they do with their lives
Over there - over there

We can't go on
Hiding the pain
Breakin the rules
Of the game

We can't go on
Living in shame
Breakin the rules
Of the game

We can't go on
Touching the flame
Breakin the rules
Of the game

(Breakin the rules)