

Seven Mary Three, Made To Be Broken

Some things are made to be broken
Some things are made to be kept
We're in the space between what's over and what's left
If I tried too hard to keep you
I did it so I could reach you
I had to re-arrange the only things that worked for me

Part of this happened slowly and part of it overnight
What happens when everything you want never arrives?

Some things are made to be broken

There's a face in here from the past
It's and ocean under the glass
I hang it up on the wall and never look back
Little scar shaped souvenirs
Are the only witnesses here
To a faded alibi that used to be mine
It used to be mine