

Tracy Chapman, Broken

You can close your eyes
And see the picture perfect life
Inside o your mind
Dreaming only of the days ahead
Wanted and wished for more than now
Or the days behind
You waste your time
The picture makes a promise
The flesh lets it be broken
The picture makes a promise
The flesh lets it be broken
You can never think
You can't even stop yourself
Before the words have been spoken
And you've already said
You would give everything
And something for nothing
Everybody thinks you're joking
The picture makes a promise
The flesh lets it be broken
The picture makes a promise
The flesh lets it be broken
You want to be the one
Made over be your own
Before and after
And a supermarket
Beauty in a bottle queen
Who'll one day grace a check-out counter
Magazine front cover
Though the fine print reads
The picture makes a promise
The flesh lets it be broken
The picture makes a promise
The flesh lets it be broken
Lets it be broken
Lets it be broken
Broken
Lets it be broken
Lets it be broken
Broken
Broken
Your life is never what you wanted
Not even halfway normal
Just tarnished and soiled
When in your reach
A framed and frozen moment
So far from perfection
Not truth or transcendence
Will set you free
Still you don't believe
The picture makes a promise
The flesh lets it be broken
The picture makes a promise
The flesh lets it be broke