Broken Man

Crooked Fingers

I got a phone call from a friend the other day
Says he got into some trouble says he's got to go away
Says he's been wasting time making up his mind
Says it's so hard to take a stand when you're a broken man
Dig yourself into a deeper hole
Deeper than the the deepest hole you know
You put your money on the line just to blow it every time
You're always dealt a dirty hand when you're a broken man
Wipe the sleep out of your eyes
No trick, half joke, or lie
No truth true and tried
Hours creeping thick and sure
How can you be so pure
So shiny and newSo never lend a broken man a broken hand
Or talk the kind of lip nobody understands
The truth is true and tried but so are all your lies
A lie can be the truth, the truth just in disguise
I got a phone call from a friend the other day
Says he got into some trouble says he's got to go away
He says he needed money but for him I got no money
'Cause it's so hard to give a damn when you're a broken man
Wipe the sleep out of your eyes
No trick, half joke, or lie
No truth true and tried
Hours creeping thick and sure
How can you be so pure
So shiny and new

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