The Broken Ones

Dia Frampton

I know they've hurt you bad.
Wide, the scars you have.
Baby let me straighten out your broken bones,
All your faults to me make you more beautiful.
I can't help it,
I love the broken ones,
The ones who,
Need the most patching up.
The ones who've,
Never been loved,
Never been loved,
Never been loved.
And O maybe I see a part of me in them.
The missing piece always trying to fit in.
The shattered heart,
Hungry for a home.
No you're not alone,
I love the broken ones.
You don't have to drive,
With your headlights off.
It's a pocketknife,
Not a gift from god.
Don't you learn of love from the love they kept.
I will be your anchor slowly,
Step by step.
I can't help it,
I love the broken ones,
The ones who,
Need the most patching up.

The ones who've,
Never been loved,
Never been loved,
Never been loved.
And O maybe I see a part of me in them.
The missing piece always trying to fit in.
The shattered heart,
Hungry for a home.
No you're not alone,

I love the broken ones.
Maybe we can rip off the bandage.
Maybe you will see it for what it is.
Maybe we can burn this building,
Holding you in.
I can't help it,
I love the broken ones,
The ones who,
Need the most patching up.
The ones who've,
Never been loved,
Never been loved,
Never been loved.
And O maybe I see a part of me in them.
The missing piece always trying to fit in.
The shattered heart,
Hungry for a home.
No you're not alone,
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