

A Broken Wing

Martina McBride

She loved him like he was the last man on earth
Gave him everything she ever had
He'd break her spirit down, then come lovin' up on her
Give a little, then take it back
She'd tell him about her dreams, he'd just shoot 'em down
Lord he loved to make her cry
You're crazy for believin', you'll ever leave the ground
He said only angels know how to fly
And with a broken wing she still sings
She keeps an eye on the sky
With a broken wing she carries her dreams
Man you ought to see her fly
One Sunday morning she didn't go to church
He wondered why she didn't leave
He went up to the bedroom, found a note by the window
With the curtains blowin' in the breeze
And with a broken wing she still sings
She keeps an eye on the sky
With a broken wing she carries her dreams
Man you ought to see her fly
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