

Broken

Norah Jones

He's got a broken voice and a twisted smile
Guess he's been that way now for quite awhile
He's got blood on his shoes and mud on his brim
Did he do it to himself or was it done to him? Now people say that he don't look well
But all he needs from what I can tell
Is someone to help wash away all the paint
From his purple hands before it gets too late I saw him stand alone under a broken street light
So sincere singing Silent Night
But the trees they were full and the grass was green
It was the sweetest thing I had ever seen He may move slow
That don't mean he's going nowhere
He may be moving slow
That don't mean he's going nowhere

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