

Bleeding Heart

Amateur Anthropologist

Send it home
In a paper bag
Says things change
Maybe it's me
You can't fix me up
You can't fix me up
This bleeding heart
This bleeding heart
Found broken
My innocence
My innocence
This bleeding heart
Lay me down
It grows cold
Autums not the same without you
The colors fade
Beautiful to lifeless
You can't fix me up
You can't fix me up
This bleeding heart
This bleeding heart
Found broken
My innocence
My innocence
This bleeding heart
Lay me down
Waiting here for you
Say that now we're home
I write this knowing what to say to you
Crying
Crying
Today there's nothing else to say to you
Crying
Crying
This bleeding heart
This bleeding heart
Found broken
My innocence
My innocence

This bleeding heart
Lay me down
This bleeding heart
This bleeding heart
Found broken
Found broken

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