

# Men With Broken Hearts

[Hank Williams](#)

You will meet many just like me upon life's busy street  
With shoulders stooped and heads bowed low  
And eyes that stare in defeat  
For souls that live within the past where sorrow plays all parts  
For a living death is all that's left for men with broken hearts  
You have no right to be the judge, to criticize and  
condemn  
Just think but for the grace of God it would be you instead of him  
One careless step or thoughtless deed and then the misery starts  
And to those who weep death comes cheap  
These men with broken hearts  
Oh so humble you should be when they come passing by  
For it's written that the greatest men never get too big to cry  
Some lose faith in love and life when sorrow shoots her darts  
And with hope all gone, they walk alone  
These men with broken hearts  
You've never walked in that man's shoes or saw things through his eyes  
Or stood and watched with helpless hands while the heart inside you dies  
Some were porpers, some were kings and some were masters of the arts  
But in their shame they're all the same  
These men with broken hearts  
Life sometimes can be so cruel that a heart will pray for death  
God, why must these living dead know pain with every breath?  
So help your brother along the road, no matter where he starts!  
For the God that made you, made them too  
These men with broken hearts

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