Broken Man's Lament

Emmylou Harris

I was once a broken man

I was once a broken fool

Lost my wife and children

To one basic broken ruleNow I live my life in silence

Though I'm not quite in a shell

I drink and listen to that song

'A Whiter Shade of Pale', oh

A Whiter Shade of PaleI was a good shade tree mechanic

So I sent myself to school

They smoothed out my rough edges

In my hands they put new toolsThe instructor, once he told me

I could work on any line

I could tune to make a diesel sing

Just like Patsy Cline, oh

Just like Patsy ClineWell, I met my wife to be

Through my mother's best friend's son

She'd been a barroom singer

She was as good as anyoneBut I asked her to stop singing

And the girl, she did not flinch

Next day she went and bought that man

A brand new crescent wrench, oh

A brand new crescent wrenchWe had three fine children

As eight years went on by

And earned a supervising line

My knuckles stayed bone dryBut after supper I kept hearing her

By the kitchen radio

Singing sweet but desperate harmony

A little bit too low, oh

A little bit too lowShe left three months later

I'd just come home for lunch

Note said "Easy come, hard go

I still love you so much "She said, "I don't know if I'll be there

Or if you'll want me when I come

But if and when that happens, dear

You'd better let my sweet dream run", oh

Let my sweet dream runOh, oh

Oh, oh

Oh, ohI was a good shade tree mechanic

So I sent myself to school

They smoothed out my rough edges
In my hand they put new tools The instructor once he told me
I could work on any line
But now my diesels ain't the only thing
That sing like Patsy Cline, oh
Sing like Patsy ClineI was once a broken man
I was once a broken fool
Lost my wife and children
To one basic broken ruleNow I live my life in silence
Though I'm not quite in a shell
I drink and listen to that song
'A Whiter Shade of Pale, oh
A Whiter Shade of Pale, oh
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