

Broken

Tracy Chapman

You can close your eyes
And see a picture perfect life
Inside of your mind
Dreaming only of the days ahead
Wanted and wished for more than now
Or the days behind
You waste your time

The picture makes a promise
The flesh lets it be broken
The picture makes a promise
The flesh lets it be broken

You can never think
You can't even stop yourself
Before the words have been spoken
And you've already said
You would give everything
And something for nothing
Everybody thinks you're joking

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You want to be the one
Made over be your own
Before and after
And a supermarket
Beauty in a bottle queen
Who'll one day grace a check-out counter
Magazine front cover
Though the fine print reads

The picture makes a promise
The flesh lets it be broken
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The flesh lets it be broken

Lets it be broken
Lets it be broken
Lets it be broken
Lets it be broken
Lets it be broken
Broken
Broken

When your life is never what you wanted
Not even halfway normal
Just tarnished and soiled
When in your reach
A framed and frozen moment
So far from perfection
Not truth or transcendence
Will set you free
Still you don't believe

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