Broken Lover

Ingram Hill

I look at her photographs
Hiding behind a laugh
I stare at her hazy eyes
They make for a good disguise and
I wonder how she dreams
Sometimes it seems
She's got it figured out
What I don't know about and
I know she's fine
Runnin' through the night time
And she gets by
I wonder where she hides
Where
Can I find another
There
There goes my broken lover
She looks like a beauty queen
Cut from a magazine
She got golden locks of hair
She kills me with her stare and
She says she won't date no boys
Got no use for toys
But then I see her flirt with a
Poor man that she's gonna hurt
I know she's fine
Runnin' through the night time
And she gets by
I wonder where she hides
Where
Can I find another
There
There goes my broken lover
And when She smiles I see it last
How many miles she's come to pass
I know she's fine
Runnin' through the night time
And she gets by
I wonder where she hides
Where

Can I find another
There
There goes my broken lover

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