

Broken Bottles

Anya Marina

Those broken bottles must've come down from the clouds
Shattered glass, I must've slept right through the sound
It's hard to be wrong, worse to be right
Stuck in the middle of a losing fight, alright
I can't fool my heart
I can't fool my heart

Those broken bottles must've fallen from the sky (la-la-la...)
Sweep up the evidence, forget the reasons why (la-la-la...)
It's hard to be wrong, worse to be right
Stuck in the middle of a losing fight, alright
I can't fool my heart
Ooh...
Ooh...

I never promised you a cloudless summer sky (la-la-la...)
Painted a picture but you didn't seem to mind (la-la-la...)
It's hard to be wrong, worse to be right
Stuck in the middle of a losing fight, alright
I can't fool my heart
Ooh... (la-la-la...)
Ooh... (la-la-la...)

All of this time I was capsized at sea
I never saw that my trouble was me

My paper airplane must've landed on the moon
I saw the light and now I'm flying back to you
It's hard to be wrong, worse to be right
Stuck in the middle of a losing fight
Ooh... (la-la-la...)
Ooh... (la-la-la...)
I can't fool my heart
Ooh... (la-la-la...)
I can't fool my heart
Ooh...