

The Broken Heart's Delight

Better Luck Next Time

There was a better day, unlike today,
where the vision inside decided to stay
Took the words that were true and the picture of you
to the room where they rotted away
And then I headed back to find out how it all began
Now I know this pen will never leave my hand
Won't you sing me to sleep, I cannot stand the leak
from the faucet that runs dry;
it drips like the tear from my eye

I kept the hope deep inside to keep you alive
Though my arm hurts from writing, my heart's paralyzed
It continues to serve me although I'm not worthy,
I can't help but feel intertwined
I found it started with a feeling that has broken, has broken d
own
On the verge of running now I'm leaving, I'm leaving town
I feel cheated, borderline defeated
I feel empty, there's nothing that can help me

Paint a picture of a certain kind of love and throw it all away
Help me figure out what this is all about; we're both in this t
o stay
Run away, get away, start to say "I'm OK"
Distance has no meaning when the truth just goes on,
and on, and on, and on with you

I'm singing songs of the broken heart's delight,
a message sent to your stereo tonight
It takes some time when you think
that you have won the journey back that you've only just begun