

Museum Of Broken Hearts

Chuck Prophet

They'll cast you out of marble
They'll cast you out of bronze
They'll make a broken heart as good as new
Some of them are permanent
Some have come and gone
Some are just too delicate to move

In the museum
The museum of broken hearts
In the museum
Yeah The museum of broken hearts

There's a caveman, a soccer mom,
A prison guard, a whore
There's a virgin bride on her wedding day
Anyone who's lost and loved
Is welcome at the door
Nobody is ever turned away

From the museum
Ah, The museum of broken hearts
The museum
The museum of broken hearts

And if you get a little lonely
You'll always find a crowd
There's people lined up halfway down the street
The queen of hearts is cryin'
Even though she's made of stone
Her curator leans down to wash her feet

In the museum
In, the museum of broken hearts
The museum
In the museum of broken hearts
Broken hearts
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