

Booker

Harry Connick, Jr.

And the warden said
He won't need a cell
He has the key
There's no harsher sentence
The man's doin life
In the first degree

Some people seek to set blame
Some just accept their part
And now you know why
Booker died of a broken heart

And the priest said
I can take confession
But not the sin
The church is shelter
Not the faith
Son, that's within

Some people pray for fortune and fame
Some just play a part
And now you know why
Booker died of a broken heart

And the doctor said
I can see you're hurt
Just by lookin at you
Pain we can help
But for hurt
There's nothin we can do

Some people pick up the pieces
Some just leave them apart
And now you know why
Booker died of a broken heart