

# Made To Be Broken

Seven Mary Three

Some things are made to be broken  
Some things are made to be kept  
We're in the space between what's over and what's left  
If I tried too hard to keep you  
I did it so I could reach you  
I had to re-arrange the only things that worked for me

Part of this happened slowly and part of it overnight  
What happens when everything you want never arrives?

Some things are made to be broken

There's a face in here from the past  
It's an ocean under the glass  
I hang it up on the wall and never look back  
Little scar shaped souvenirs  
Are the only witnesses here  
To a faded alibi that used to be mine  
It used to be mine