

# Barlow Girl, Song For The Broken

I am the comfortable secure  
The definition of this western world  
And I have perfected deceit  
Even I believe I'm above saving  
I'll never let You see  
I am the broken  
I am the bruised  
I am the poor ones  
I have been used.  
It takes me falling to the ground  
To admit to fully needing You  
Then when I am breathing my last breath  
"Come and save me" I will cry to You  
'Cause pride has not let me say  
I am the broken  
I am the bruised  
I am the poor ones  
I have been used.  
Bring me to my knees,  
Why does it take so much pain for me to see?  
If strength is only found when I am on my knees,  
Why is it so hard to show that I am weak?  
I am the broken  
I am the bruised  
I am the poor ones  
I have been used.