

# Harry Connick Jr., Booker

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

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  
&quot;I can take confession  
But not the sin  
The church is shelter  
Not the faith  
Son, that's within&quot;

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  
&quot;I can see you're hurt  
Just by lookin at you  
Pain we can help  
But for hurt  
There's nothin we can do&quot;

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