

# Kristy Starling, Broken

"You said I'd have no more than I can handle  
But everyday seems to be getting harder to make good  
Through You, You said that I could do anything, oh anything  
But sometimes, I feel like I can't do it at all

I've been knocked down and dragged around  
And now I don't know which way to go  
All I need is one small sign to put me to where,  
Where You want me  
I'm confused so I'm calling on You

Cause I, I'm broken  
And I'm ready for you to pick up the pieces  
Won't You direct me, hold me, accept me, and mold me  
Put the fragments of my life back together again  
Cause I'm broken

Somewhat embarrassed to admit this  
But I wonder if it's the other, or if it's You  
Is it trying to tempt me, or is it You  
Who strengthens me  
I'm weak, so I'm confessing to You

Cause I, I'm broken  
And I'm ready for you to pick up all the pieces  
Won't You direct me, hold me, accept me, and mold me  
Put the fragments of my life back together again  
Cause I'm broken

My pride has been bruised  
I suppose that's good  
My will to You, I surrender  
Oh, I surrender

Cause I, I'm broken  
And I'm ready for you to pick up all these pieces  
Direct me, hold me, accept me, and mold me  
Put the fragments of this life back together again  
Cause I'm broken"