

# A Broken Wing

Martina McBride

She loved him like he was  
The last man on Earth  
Gave him everything she ever had  
He'd break her spirit down  
Then come lovin' up on her  
Give a little then take it back  
She'd tell him about her dreams  
He'd just shoot 'em down  
Lord he loved to make her cry  
"You're crazy for believin'  
You'll never leave the ground,"  
He said. "Only angels know how to fly"  
And with a broken wing  
She still sings  
She keeps an eye on the sky  
With a broken wing  
She carries her dreams  
Man you ought to see her fly  
One Sunday morning  
She didn't go to church  
He wondered why she didn't leave  
He went up to the bedroom  
Found a note by the window  
With the curtains blowin' in the breeze  
And with a broken wing  
She still sings  
She keeps an eye on the sky  
With a broken wing  
She carries her dreams  
Man you ought to see her fly  
With a broken wing  
She carries her dreams  
Then you ought to see her fly

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