

By eric clapton and greg phillinganes

When the wind blows down this hard,
Many a bond is broken.
See the water lie on the ground
From where the heavens opened.

Lord, how will you get through this night
With your dreams departed?
And who alone will comfort you?
Only the broken hearted.

So youve gone beyond your means,
Every wound is open,
Your best laid plans are out of reach,
And all your fears unspoken.

Chorus

Sweet revenge is spoken then;
In the twilight it is gone.
To living lies with no escape,
Lord, I would rather be alone.

I press my fingers to the wood
To tell you of my dreaming,
To sing you songs from olden times,
To keep the love light gleaming.

cause theres a place where we can go,
Where we will not be parted.
And who alone will enter there?
Only the broken hearted.

Only the broken, broken hearted.
Only the broken, broken hearted.
Only the broken, broken hearted.
Only the broken, broken hearted.