

St. Vincent, Broken Man

on the street i'm a kingsize killer
I can make your kingdom come
on my feet I'm an earthquake shaking
so open up my little one

hey what are you looking at
who the hell do you think I am
what are you looking at
like you never seen a broken man

lover nail yourself right to me
if you go I won't be well
I can hold my arms right open
but I need you to drive the nail
hey what are you looking at
who the hell do you think I am
what are you looking at
like you never seen a broken man

How do you see me now?
You built my tower to tear it down.
And how could you see me now?
If I stopped cracking up myself
If I stopped cracking up