

Hand-Me-Down Tune

The Avett Brothers

I dreamt of a suit a suit so fine I dressed my words in
Sewn and tailor made with song in mind made of melody
Stitched by threads of notes with perfect pitch, perfectly composed
Sound in tune and key, a code of rhythm, and harmony
But when I awoke my coat was worn and my words were plain
Each song that I sang all the notes were wrong and poorly played
Both my sleeves had holes, my knees were patched, my shoes needed soles
No clever disguise no way to hide my offensive tone

But I, I wish for you more than I can give, than I can do
Yeah you, you deserve the best an anthem not my hand-me-down tune
Yeah you, you deserve the best an anthem not my hand-me-down tune