

Dismantle. Repair.

Anberlin

One last glance from a taxicab
Images scar my mind
Four weeks felt like years
Since your full attention was all mine

The night was young and so were we
Talked about life, God, death and your family
Didn't want any promises
Just my undivided honesty

And say, oh, whoa
Things are gonna change now, for the better
And oh, whoa, things are gonna change
Oh, they're gonna change

I am the Patron Saint of Lost Causes
A fraction of who I once believed
Change, only a matter of time
Opinions, I will try and rewrite

If life had background music
Playing your song
I've got to be honest, I tried to escape you
But the orchestra plays on

And they sing, oh, whoa
Things are gonna change now, for the better
And oh, whoa, things are gonna change

Hands, like secrets
Are the hardest thing to keep from you
Lines and phrases, like knives
Your words can cut me through

Dismantle me down
Repair
You've dismantled me
You've dismantled me

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Give me time to prove
Prove I want the rest of yours
Prelude
Call this a prelude to a lifetime of you

It's not that I hang on every word
I hang myself on what you repeat
It's not that I keep hanging on

I'm never letting go

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Save me from myself
Save me from myself
Help me save me from myself
Save me from myself

Oh, whoa, things are gonna change now, for the better
And oh, whoa, things are gonna change

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