

Blur.

Anchor & Braille

Take me down to where you think I belong.
You can't rescue me, you ain't that strong.
You don't know no better,
I'm not gonna tell you any better.
Can you turn this pale water to wine?
If you can do that, I think we'll be fine.
But you can raise a sinner.
And it's not me, but honesty, that's died.

Blurry lines between love and sin.
Can't tell me to stop when I begin.
Your body's sending questions to answers
You can't give or cannot get.

If you throw me a line, I'll only drag you in,
This is New York City and the ice is thin.
Keep your eyes open up all night,
I'll be gone by the morning, it strikes daylight.
You believe in faith and now you think their lies.
I never meant to hurt a soul alive.
I'm still searching for what you can give,
The further I wander, the less I know what it is.

Blurry lines between love and sin.
Can't tell me to stop when I begin.
My body's sending promises that I cannot keep.

Well we are blurry lines between love and sin.
Can't tell me to stop when I begin.
Your body's sending questions to answers,
You can't give or cannot get.

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