

## I'd Rather Have

Manchester Orchestra

In a car on the driveway the conversation's colors paint themselves on canvas  
White lies and motivation, we're standing oh so honestly  
I'm surprised it didn't hurt your eyes  
I think that "I" is the only word in your vocabulary tonight  
Those same brown eyes stare straight ahead  
And I shut my hand in your door  
And I looked around for a lifeline

Well I would rather have a broken arm  
Than have my arms around you  
Well I would rather have a broken arm  
Than have my arms around you

It took a minute or two to gather all my neurotic thoughts  
Before I started to talk way too loud  
Loudly I thought to myself "God, how do I find myself here again and again"  
My same black eyes stare straight ahead as  
I took my time with a cigarette  
Fair enough I'm still in love with the false hope of us stabbed inside my chest  
Let me tell you all about it

'Cause I would rather have a punctured lung  
Than waste my breath on you  
Well I would rather have a punctured lung  
Than waste my breath on you

Although my dear  
I would rather have a broken heart  
Than give up hope on you  
Well I would rather have a broken heart  
Than give up hope on you

We've got all the time that we need  
We've got all the time that we need  
We've got all the time that we need  
We've got all the time that we need  
We've got all the time that we need  
We've got all the time that we need  
We've got all the time that we need  
We've got all the time that we need  
We've got all the time that we need  
We've got all the time that we need  
Oh, got all the time that we need  
We've got all the time that we need