

Make You Better

The Decemberists

I want you, thin fingers
I wanted you, thin fingernails
And when you bend backwards
I wanted you, I needed you
Oh-oh, to make me better

I'll love you in springtime
I lost you when summer came
And when you pulled backwards
I wanted to, I needed to
Oh-oh, to make me better
Oh-oh, to make me better

But we're not so starry-eyed anymore
Like the perfect paramour you were in your letters
And won't it all just come around to make you
Let it all unbreak you to the day you met her
But it'd make you better
It'd make you better

I sung you your twinges
I suffered you your tattletales
And when you broke sideways
I wanted you, I needed you
Oh-oh, to make me better
Oh-oh, to make me better

But we're not so starry-eyed anymore
Like the perfect paramour you were in your letters
And won't it all just come around and make you
Let it all unbreak you to the day that you met her
And it'd make you better
Did it make you better?

And all I wanted was a sliver to call mine
And all I wanted was a shimmer in your shine
To make me bright

Cause we're not so starry-eyed anymore
Like the perfect paramour you were in your letters
And won't it all just come around and make you
Let it all unbreak you to the day you met her
But it'd make you better
It'd make you better