

Anberlin, Dismantle.Repair.

One last glance from a taxi cab
Images scar my mind
Four weeks've 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 you said

Oh oh, things are gonna change now for the better
Oh oh, 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 would 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 sang

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

[Chorus 2x]
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 dismantle me
You dismantle me

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

[Chorus 2x]
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 dismantle me
You dismantle me

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

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

[Chorus 4x]
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 dismantle me
You dismantle me