

Anberlin, Paper Thin Hymn

When your only friends are hotel rooms
Hands are distant lullabies, if I could turn around I would tonight
These roads never seemed so long, since your paper heart
Start beating leaving me suddenly alone, will daybreak ever come?
Who's gonna call on Sunday morning?
Who's gonna drive you home?
I just want one more chance
To put my arms in fragile hands
I thought you said forever
(Over and over)
A sleepless night becomes bitter oblivion
These thoughts run through my head
(Over and over)
Complaints of violins become my only friends
August evenings bring solemn warnings to remember
To kiss the ones you love goodnight
You never know what temporal days may bring
So laugh and love, live free and sing
When life is in discord, praise ye the Lord
Who's gonna call on Sunday morning?
Who's gonna drive you home?
I just want one more chance
To put my arms in fragile hands
I thought you said forever
(Over and over)
The sleepless night becomes bitter oblivion
These thoughts run through my head
(Over and over)
Complaints of violins become my only friend
Friend
I thought you said forever
(Over and over)
The sleepless night becomes bitter oblivion
These thoughts run through my head
(Over and over)
Complaints of violins become my only friends
I thought you said forever
(Over and over)
These thoughts run through my head