## Mayday Parade, You Be The Anchor That Keeps

And honestly, I have been begging for answers That you and only you can give to me A voice crying loud I've been crying for days now And as I start to run, I stop to breathe (And I was nearly scared to death) Ànd I was nearly scared to death (Why you left in paragraphs) Why you left in paragraphs (The words were nearly over us) The words were nearly over us You stop and turn and grab your bags And I'll be here by the ocean Just waiting for proof that there's sunsets and silhouette dreams All my sand castles fall like the ashes of cigarettes And every waves drags me to sea I could stand here for hours Just to ask God the question, " Is everyone here make-believe?" With a tear in His voice, He said, "Son, that's the question." Does this deafening silence mean nothing to no one but me? As hours move to minutes And minutes take longer to break I will be desperately awaiting But my tongue won't fall apart And we've been sitting here for hours All alone and in the dark So let me think of to word it Is it too soon to say 'perfect'? If I could find another thirty minutes somewhere I'm sure everything would find me All that's left is just to sing And I'll be here by the ocean Just waiting for proof that there's sunsets and silhouette dreams All my sand castles fall like the ashes of cigarettes And every waves drags me to sea I could stand here for hours Just to ask God the question, " Is everyone here make-believe?" With a tear in His voice, He said, "Son, that's the question." Does this deafening silence mean nothing to no one but me? I may never sail Virginia again And as this current moves slow for me This much you must know of me again And I'll have you know I'm scared to death Tell me once again That you'll love me to the death And should I die, you swear that you will come for me As I fade away, you reach out your hand (And please don't let me go) And please don't let me go (And please don't let me go) And please don't let me go And I'll be here by the ocean Just waiting for proof that there's sunsets and silhouette dreams All my sand castles fall like the ashes of cigarettes And every waves drags me to sea I could stand here for hours Just to ask God the question, " Is everyone here make-believe?" With a tear in His voice, He said, " Son, that's the question. & quot; Does this deafening silence mean nothing to no one but me?