

# The Avett Brothers, Hand Me Down Tune

I dreamt of a suit a suit so fine I dressed my words in  
Sewn and tailor made with song in mind made of melody  
Stitched by threads of notes with perfect pitch, perfectly composed  
Sound in tune and key, a code of rhythm, and harmony  
But when I awoke my coat was worn and my words were plain  
Each song that I sang all the notes were wrong and poorly played  
Both my sleeves had holes, my knees were patched, my shoes needed soles  
No clever disguise no way to hide my offensive tone

But I, I wish for you more than I can give, than I can do  
Yeah you, you deserve the best an anthem not my hand-me-down tune  
Yeah you, you deserve the best an anthem not my hand-me-down tune