

World Without Sundays, Put It Together

I wish I could take your broken heart and
Sew it back up, aren't I smart?
Just to put you together
put you together again
Sorry that I went and tore you up
But you'll never find one who's never hurt someone
For ever and ever we'll be putting together again
For ever and ever we'll be putting together again

There's always some jerk talking made up shit
About 'should've done that'you should've done this'
and, 'I know what you're going through'
And I think, 'why am I talking to you?'
There's always some need for me to pick apart
What feels so right just to find out
If I can put it together
Put it together again
Put it together again

I tore your whole world apart
And you tore my whole world apart
When you don't know what to do
And you don't know what to say
When you don't know what to do
And you don't know what to say