

Manchester Orchestra

"I'd Rather Have"

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In a car on the driveway the conversation's colors paint
themselves on canvas

White lies and motivation, we're standing oh so
honestly

I'm surprised it didn't hurt your eyes

I think that "I" is the only word in your vocabulary
tonight

Those same brown eyes stare straight ahead

And I shut my hand in your door

And I looked around for a lifeline

Well I would rather have a broken arm

Than have my arms around you

Well I would rather have a broken arm

Than have my arms around you

It took a minute or two to gather all my neurotic
thoughts

Before I started to talk way too loud

Loudly I thought to myself "God, how do I find myself
here again and again"

My same black eyes stare straight ahead as

I took my time with a cigarette

Fair enough I'm still in love with the false hope of us
stabbed inside my chest

Let me tell you all about it

'Cause I would rather have a punctured lung

Than waste my breath on you

Well I would rather have a punctured lung

Than waste my breath on you

Although my dear

I would rather have a broken hart

Than give up hope on you

Well I would rather have a broken heart

Than give up hope on you

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