

## Anberlin "Paper Thin Hymn"

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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 stopped 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  
Laugh, 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 friends  
Friends

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

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