

Anberlin "Paperthin 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

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