Get Me Right

Dashboard Confessional

I made my slow way home
Limping on broken bones
Out of the thickest pine
Across the county lines
On to your wooden stairs
I know you can repair
I know you've seen the light
I know you'll get me right
Right
Right
Right
I own a sinners heart
I know the rain falls hard
I know the currency
I know the things you'll need
I hope he hears my prayers
I see you cut your hair
I know the saving type
I know you'll get me right
Right
Right
Right
But, Jesus I've fallen
I don't mind the rain if

I meet my maker
I'll meet my maker clean
But, Jesus the truth is
I've struggled so hard to believe
I'll meet my maker
I'll need my maker
To cure of my doubting blood
And drain me of the sins I love
And take from me my disbelief
I know it should come easily
But it remains inside of me
It battles and devours me
It cuddles up the side of me
And whispers it convinces me I'm

Right
Right
Right
Right
Right
Right
Right
Right
Right
Right
Right

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