

# 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  
Right

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