

Paperthin Hymn

Anberlin

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
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
A 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
A 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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