

Make You Better

The Decemberists

I want you, thin fingers
I wanted you, thin finger nails
And when you bend backwards
I wanted you, I needed you
Oh whoa, to make me better

Iâ€™ll love you in spring time
I lost you when summer came
And when you pull backwards
I wanted you, I needed you
Oh whoa, to make me better
Oh whoa, to make me better

But weâ€™re not so starry eyed anymore
Like the perfect paramour, you burn your letters
Wonâ€™t it all just come around and make you
Let it all unbreak you, till the day you learn
Let it make you better
Let it make you better

Iâ€™ve sung you, your twinges
I suffered you, your tattle tales
And when you broke sideways
I wanted you, I needed you
Oh whoa to make me better
Oh whoa to make me better

But weâ€™re not so starry eyed anymore
Like the perfect paramour, you burn your letters
Wonâ€™t it all just come around and make you
Let it all unbreak you, till the day you learn
Let it make you better
Did it make you better?
Make you better

And all I wanted was a sliver to call mine
And all I wanted was a shivering or shine
Make me blind

'Cause weâ€™re not so starry eyed anymore

Like the perfect paramour, you burn your letters
Won't it all just come around and make you
Let it all unbreak you, in the days you let her
Let it make you better
Let it make you better

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