

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 rightRight
Right
RightI 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 rightRight
Right
RightBut, Jesus I've fallen
I don't mind the rain if
I meet my maker
I'll meet my maker cleanBut, Jesus the truth is
I've struggled so hard to believe
I'll meet my maker
I'll need my makerTo 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'mRight
Right
Right
Right
Right
Right
Right
Right
Right

Right
Right
Right

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