I'd Rather Have

Manchester Orchestra

In a car on the driveway the conversation's colors paint themselves on canvas
White lies and motivation, we're standing oh so honestly
I'm surprised it didn't hurt your eyes
I think that "I" is the only word in your vocabulary tonight
Those same brown eyes stare straight ahead
And I shut my hand in your door
And I looked around for a lifeline

Well I would rather have a broken arm
Than have my arms around you
Well I would rather have a broken arm
Than have my arms around you

It took a minute or two to gather all my neurotic thoughts
Before I started to talk way too loud
Loudly I thought to myself "God, how do I find myself here again and again"
My same black eyes stare straight ahead as
I took my time with a ciggarette
Fair enough I'm still in love with the false hope of us stabbed inside my chest
Let me tell you all about it

'Cause I would rather have a punctured lung
Than waste my breath on you
Well I would rather have a punctured lung
Than waste my breath on you

Although my dear
I would rather have a broken hart
Than give up hope on you
Well I would rather have a broken heart
Than give up hope on you

We've got all the time that we need
We've got all the time that we need
We've got all the time that we need
We've got all the time that we need
We've got all the time that we need
We've got all the time that we need
We've got all the time that we need
We've got all the time that we need

We've got all the time that we need
We've got all the time that we need
Oh, got all the time that we need
We've got all the time that we need

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