

# Dismantle. Repair

## Anberlin

One last glance from a taxicab  
Images scar my mind  
Four weeks felt like years  
Since your full attention was all mine  
The night was young and so were we  
Talked about life, God, death and your family  
Didn't want any promises  
Just my undivided honesty  
And say, oh, whoa  
Things are gonna change now, for the better  
And oh, whoa, things are gonna change  
Oh, they're gonna change  
I am the Patron Saint of Lost Causes  
A fraction of who I once believed  
Change, only a matter of time  
Opinions, I will try and rewrite  
If life had background music  
Playing your song  
I've got to be honest, I tried to escape you  
But the orchestra plays on  
And they sing, oh, whoa  
Things are gonna change now, for the better  
And oh, whoa, things are gonna change  
Hands, like secrets  
Are the hardest thing to keep from you  
Lines and phrases, like knives  
Your words can cut me through  
Dismantle me down  
Repair  
You've dismantled me  
You've dismantled me  
Hands, like secrets  
Are the hardest thing to keep from you  
Lines and phrases, like knives  
Your words can cut me through  
Dismantle me down  
Repair  
You've dismantled me  
You've dismantled me  
Give me time to prove  
Prove I want the rest of yours  
Prelude  
Call this a prelude to a lifetime of you  
It's not that I hang on every word  
I hang myself on what you repeat  
It's not that I keep hanging on  
I'm never letting go  
Hands, like secrets  
Are the hardest thing to keep from you  
Lines and phrases, like knives  
Your words can cut me through  
Dismantle me down

Repair  
You've dismantled me  
You've dismantled me  
Hands, like secrets  
Are the hardest thing to keep from you  
Lines and phrases, like knives  
Your words can cut me through  
Dismantle me down  
Repair  
You've dismantled me  
You've dismantled me  
Save me from myself  
Save me from myself  
Help me save me from myself  
Save me from myself  
Oh, whoa, things are gonna change now, for the better  
And oh, whoa, things are gonna change  
Hands, like secrets  
Are the hardest thing to keep from you  
Lines and phrases, like knives  
Your words can cut me through  
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You've dismantled me

Songwriters

YORKE, THOMAS / GREENWOOD, JONATHAN RICHARD GUY / SELWAY, PHILIP / GREENWOOD,  
COLIN CHARLES / O'BRIEN, EDWARD JOHN / HAMMOND, ALBERT / HAZELWOOD,  
MIKE  
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