

## Type Three

Anberlin

I have my reasons for the vices I embrace  
A world of treasons and I'm there only escape  
No one else here has conversations that drowned their  
head  
16 is nothing and never will be til I am dead.

Don't bite the hand that feeds you baby  
Take hold the hand that needs you lately  
I don't want to wait, I don't want to wait on you  
anymore  
Don't bite the hand that feeds you baby

Daydream that the world stands still  
Dancing through the fibers of time  
Maybe I just want to hold  
Something that was never meant to be mine  
I look to heaven to save me  
And you call me naïve  
Rather been a hopeless lover  
Than cursed with disbelief

Don't bite the hand that feeds you baby  
Take hold the hand that needs you lately  
I don't want to wait, I don't want to wait on you  
anymore  
Don't bite the hand that feeds you baby

Listen carefully now to the words that I choose  
Speak only when you are spoken to

Don't bite the hand that feeds you baby  
Take hold the hand that needs you lately  
I don't want to wait, I don't want to wait on you  
anymore  
Don't bite the hand that feeds you baby

Don't fight the hands that need you lately.