

# Rebuilding

Brye

Do you take all your lovers here?  
Do they kiss you as they leave your door?  
Would they gladly sleep on the floor  
If it meant they would wake up next to you?

Would they write you a million songs  
And send you every single one?  
Would they make you come undone  
And sew you back up again?

Fine, you win  
I'll tear my walls down  
And welcome you in  
With open arms  
I'll rebuild myself  
With a spare room  
And a king sized bed  
Where we can sleep til noon

I don't know  
Where this is going  
But I know that you're good for me  
I'm rebuilding  
I don't want to go  
Time is of the essence and  
I long for you in Tennessee  
I'm rebuilding

Do you take all your lovers here?  
Do you kiss them like you kiss me?  
Gasping like you can barely breathe?  
God I love making fun of you

Do they write you shitty poetry?  
Are they afraid to tell you the truth?  
Do they long to take care of you  
The way you take care of me?

Fine, I give up  
I'll break your walls down  
And fill your cup  
Without pouring mine out  
I'll help you rebuild  
With a spare room  
And a king sized bed  
Where we can sleep til noon

I don't know  
Where this is going  
But I know that you're good for me  
I'm rebuilding  
I don't want to go  
Time is of the essence and  
I long for you in Tennessee  
I'm rebuilding