

This Old Wound

Dashboard Confessional

I've been bleeding well from this old wound,
Cleaning it with salt, so it will still feel new.
Sometimes eyes turn black, and sometimes scars are tracks.
But everytime you're gone,
I wish that you'd come back.

And everyone watched me waste myself,
and everyone cheered at last.
And all of them found it comforting.
It's better it's me, than them.

I think I'm doing well from what they say,
They've taken both my belts
And shoelaces away.
But I believe in luck...
I think I do.
Well I believe for sure,
If ever I see you.

I've been fanning flames from these old coals.
Feeding them with tender, and hoping they will grow.
And I've been savoring what I can't hold.
A blind belief in goodness
That doesn't seem to show.

And I've been bleeding well from this old wound.
Cleaning it with salt, so it will still feel new.