

## Turpentine Chaser

### Dashboard Confessional

This paint has been tasting of lead  
& their chips will fall as they may,  
but it's not just my finish that is peeling,  
& it is not alone fleeing these walls.

Well sooner or later this cold  
it's gonna break  
so our hands will be warm again,  
but all I want is not to need you now.  
And sooner or later this code  
it's gonna break  
& our words will be heard again,  
but all I want are vows of silence now.

This turpentine chaser's got kick  
& the rag that it's soaked in is rich.  
The fumes aide the pace of my cleaning  
& as soon as I'm done I am gone.

The frightening facts  
we've been facing our backs  
for so long now  
are begging for eyes  
to bear witness to lies  
& indifference.

Now we're saying aloud  
the things we've declared in our silence.  
The new coats of paint will not reacquaint  
broken hearts to broken homes.