

This Ruined Puzzle

Dashboard Confessional

This ruined puzzle is beige with the pieces all face down
so the placing goes slowly.
The picture's of anything other than it's mean to be.
But the hours they creep,
the patterns repeat.
Don't be concerned, you know I'll be fine on my own.
I never said "don't go."

I've hidden a note,
it's pressed between pages that you've marked to find your way
back.
It says, "Does he ever get the girl?"
But what if the pages stay pressed,
the chapters unfinished,
the storied too dull to unfold?
Does he ever get the girl?

This basement's a coffin.
I'm buried alive.
I'll die in here just to be safe.
I'll die in here just to be safe.
'Cause you're gone.
I get nothing
and you're off with barely a sigh.
I never said, "Goodbye."

But I've hidden a note,
it's pressed between pages that you've marked to find your way
back.
It says, "Does he ever get the girl?"

But I've hidden a note,
it's pressed between pages that you'll read if you're so inclin
ed.
It says, "Does he ever get the girl?"

But the hours they creep,
the patterns repeat.
Don't be concerned, you know I'll be fine on my own.
I never said "don't go."

Does he ever get the girl?