

Roll With The Punches

Dawes

The separation was symmetrical
They both retreated to their sides
Drawing lists of demands
And muddy lines in the sand
Trying out their separate lives

Most of the damage was collateral
But still inspired some debate
All the principles of why all the people we love
Are the same as we also can hate

You just roll with the punches
Until you can't feel a thing
You just roll with the punches
Aww yeah

The separation was logistical
Deciding what belongs to whom
How dying love manifests
In a rug or a chest
The decorations of a room

Every promise was negotiable
Most of all the ones they made alone
When she finally forgave
What he'll take to his grave
Learning not to pick up the phone

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Aww yeah

He starts existing as a miracle
A man of static right behind your eyes
That you filter everything through
Without knowing you do
A past and future synthesized

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