

## 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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