

Dashboard Confessional

"A Sharp Hint Of New Tears"

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On the way home this car hears my confessions.
I think tonight I'll take the long way.
And this weather,
the wind outside is biting.
It's left me feeling tired and exposed.
You've been asking me to plead;
it seems these kinds of questions come too easy to you
now.
Your lack of shame comes naturally.
I should not be surprised.
I should have seen it sooner.
Expect me to apologize for the things that you've done
wrong
while you're inciting others.
you're owning up to nothing and I wish that I was gone
'cause you're not going anywhere.
And this damp air, it's fighting my defroster.
My sighs they ring victorious and fog is tinted glass,
it's clouded and so is my head.
The hint of these new tears are sharp.
I try to choke them back
but it's useless,
I'm useless against them.
They're beating me with ease.
On the way home this car hears my confessions.
I think tonight i'll take the long way.

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