

## **Dashboard Confessional "Hell On The Throat"**

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A line of strands to mark the trail,  
No one said it would be easy.

I must admit I thought the risk was better waged in  
younger seasons,  
But all these years in the cold play hell on the throat  
Till everything I say burns like cinders,  
Why it's hard to belong to a girl or a song  
And the crease of a strangling winter

It's strange to be lost, stranger still to be lone  
In the strings of a twisting line.  
Along the way the turns are sharp,  
No one said they would be easy,  
I must admit I thought the trip was better in younger

seasons.  
But all these years in the pursuit made a man of a  
fool,  
Till every word I say is on waver.

Why it's hard to belong to a girl or a song  
In the case of a selfish believer,  
It's strange to be lost and stranger still to be lone  
In the strings in a twisting line [x2]

And when the path I have made  
From the grass to the grave,  
I will love you still.  
And when the sand turns to glass  
And all that's left is the past  
And I will love you still.

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