

Dashboard Confessional "If You Can't Leave It Be"

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What you've found sure upsets you
Never saw it coming did you?
Its easy to be suprised with both your eyes sewn closed
Handled with great percision, another thoughtless
execution
You're the subject of this exhibition
A willing cadaver, a willing cadaver
Scalpel, sutured
Made whole again

These cuts are leaving creases
Trace the scars, fit the peices
Tell your story, you don't need to say a word
Call off the calvary, can't save a wretch like me
Clean this with kerosene
If you can't leave it be might as well make it bleed
Scalpel, sutured
Made whole again

Your wires are frayed, can't fire right
You look better when out of sight
You were not made to stand and fight
There's something better wrong with you

Your wires are frayed, can't fire right
You look better when out of sight
You were not made to fire right
There's something better wrong with you

Your pulse is anemic, you're tired of the fire
You're bruising too easy and falling behind
And no one is waiting for you
And no one is waiting for you
And no one is waiting for you

Call off your quarantine, can't save the rest from me
Clean this with kerosene
If you can't leave it be might as well make it bleed
Scapel, sutured
Made whole again

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