

Dashboard Confessional

"If You Can't Leave It Be, Might As Well Make It BI"

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What you found sure upset you,
never saw it coming did you?
It's easy to be surprised
with both your eyes sewn closed.

Handled with great precision,
another faultless execution,
you're the subject of this exhibition,
a willing cadaver, a willing cadaver.

Scalped, sutured, made whole again.

These cuts are leaving creases.
Trace the scars, to fit the pieces,
to tell your story, you don't need to say a word.

So call off the cavalry,
you can't save a wretch like me.
Clean this with kerosene,
if you can't leave it be, might as well make it bleed.

Scalped, 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 easily, and falling behind,
and no one is waiting for you,
and no one is waiting for you.

And no one is waiting for you,
and no one is waiting,
and no one is waiting for you,

for you, for you.

So call off the quarantine,
you can't save the rest from me.
Clean this with kerosene,
if you can't leave it be, might as well make it bleed.

Scalped, 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.

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