

Dashboard Confessional "Old Wound"

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I've been bleeding well from this old wound
cleaning it with salt so it will still feel new
sometimes eyes turn black sometimes scars are tracks
but everytime youre gone I wish that you'd come back

and everyone watched me waste myself
and everyone cheered at last
all of the founded comforting
its better its me than them

I think im doing well from what they say
if takin both my belts and shoe laces away
but I believe in luck I think I do
but I believe for sure if ever I see you

I've been fanning flames from these old coals
feeding them with tender and hoping they will grow
and I've been savoring what I cant hold
a blind belief in goodness that doesnt seem to show

I've been bleeding well from this old wound
cleaning it with salt so it will still feel new.

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