

Dashboard Confessional

"The Sharp Hint of the New Tears"

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On the way home,
this car hears my confessions.
I think tonight I'll take the long way.
This weather.
The wind outside is biting.
It has left me feeling tired & exposed.
You've been asking me to bleed.
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.

You expect me to apologize
for things that you've done wrong.
While you're inciting others.
You're owning up to nothing
and I wish that I was gone,
because you're not going anywhere.

This damp air
is fighting my defroster.
My sighs they ring victorious
& fog this tinted glass.
It's clouded
& so is my head.
The hint of these new tears are sharp.
I try to choke them back.
But it's useless.
I am useless against them.
They are beating me with ease.

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