

## **Dashboard Confessional "This Old Wound"**

Visit "[This Old Wound](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com)

Well I've been bleeding well from this old wound,  
Cleaning it with salt, so it will still feel new.  
And sometimes eyes turn black, and sometimes scars  
are tracks.  
But every time you're gone,  
I wish that you'd come back.

And everyone watched me waste myself,  
And everyone cheered at last.  
And all of them found it comforting.  
It's better it's me, than them.

I think I'm doing well from what they say,  
They've taken both my belt  
And shoelaces away.  
Well I believe in luck...  
I think I do.  
Well I'd believe for sure,  
If ever I saw you.

Well I've been fanning flames from these old coals.  
Feeding them with tinder, and hoping they will grow.  
Well I've been savoring what I can't hold.  
A blind belief in goodness  
That doesn't seem to show.

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

Visit [Dashboard Confessional](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.