

Two Thirty Eight (Two Thirtyeight) "There Is No Dana"

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You spell love a different way, oh God it hurts
I've learned to read the way you do and
Everybody has a story here
So who came in and twisted you
There's a song it's haunting tune
Convincing you
There's a song, it's calling us to rest again
Just a stringed bead in your catalogue of broken hearts
I am happy to be just to be a page in a chapter of your
book
You always read the heart inside me like a book and it
made me smile
The eyes will speak words when the lips are standing
still
But there is no Dana here at all

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