

Taking Back Sunday "Concealer"

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with fists raised high in tightened knots
the room explodes and now this blood is on your hands
and there is no time for a second chance
to paint my face with blood and tears and cover up
in an open book that no one reads
a misspelled word that no one knows
you stole the rain
and then you turned around and tore my life in two
just like the picture
that once hung on the wall in the room that we used to
share
so fold me up
and put me back in the place where you used to keep
your heart
you think its getting smaller?
its been that way for quite some time now
the cadence beats down on the tar
it sounds the same as your fists raining down
(if you wanted to change the way i look at you...)
we've go to leave before the sun sets
or maybe we don't have time
time to waste
it won't be long until you're gone into the night
(if you wanted to change the way i look at you...)
you won't have time to paint my face with cover-up

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