

Dance Hall Crashers, Salted

Give yourself a little competition
I can see it flarin' up in your eyes.
Give yourself a moment to remember
All the trailing looses ends you've left behind.
And I keep on a wondering
How the odds around you are kept so high.
And give yourself a little competition
It's the only thing that'll get you by.

Keep the wound salted,
It's what you've always wanted.
Keep the wound salted'

Suddenly I've lost communication
And you swear that it's all a mistake.
But you must really like the situation
Coz the clean break you wanted is now in your face.
She looked at you, then at the room,
Then at the state she's been living in.
But suddenly I reel in to position
It's the news you held so highly paid.

Keep the wound salted,
It's what you've always wanted.
Keep the wound salted'
Just say goodbye, don't look back'whoa!

Give us all a little more emotion
We can see it wellin' up in your eyes
We can see your ferns getting thicker
As you're showing the signs of compromise
But don't go running back when you realize that
Nobody's buying into your lies.
And give yourself a little more opinion
Coz we know you'll never choose to rectify.

Keep the wound salted,
It's what you've always wanted.
Keep the wound salted'
Just say goodbye, don't look back!