

Dashboard Confessional, If You Can't Leave It Be

What you've found sure upsets you
Never saw it coming did you?
Its easy to be surprised with both your eyes sewn closed
Handled with great precision, another thoughtless execution
You're the subject of this exhibition
A willing cadaver, a willing cadaver.
Scalpel, sutured.
Made whole again.

These cuts are leaving creases
Trace the scars, fit the pieces
Tell your story, you don't need to say a word.
Call off the cavalry, can't save a wretch like me.
Clean this with kerosene.
If you can't leave it be might as well make it bleed.
Scalpel, sutured.
Made whole again.

Your wires are frayed, can't fire right
You look better when out of sight
You were not made to stand and fight
There's something better wrong with you

Your wires are frayed, can't fire right
You look better when out of sight
You were not made to fire right
There's something better wrong with you

Your pulse is anemic, you're tired of the fire
You're bruising too easy and falling behind
And no one is waiting for you.
And no one is waiting for you.
And no one is waiting for you.

Call off your quarantine, can't save the rest from me
Clean this with kerosene.
If you can't leave it be might as well make it bleed.
Scalpel, Sutured.
Made whole again.

Your wires are frayed, can't fire right
You look better when out of sight
You were not made to stand and fight
There's something better wrong with you
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