

# Dashboard Confessional, Knock 'Em Dead

This basket arrives  
To show your condolence  
You hope that it finds me well  
And just in time  
This loss was unbearable  
But now I have flowers  
A thoughtful, blooming bright arrangement  
I can out live too

Dress the corpse in his best  
We only have one shot  
To knock 'em dead  
A toast to the way he left us  
Counting our blessings  
Holding our heads

We better speak up  
We better say something  
We better believe ourselves for once  
'Cause he never said help  
He never said anything  
In the way that we dreamed ourselves to appear  
It's only in this silence  
That I can hear him screaming  
On and on alone

Dress the corpse in his best  
We only have one shot  
To knock 'em dead  
And toast to the way he left us  
Counting our blessings  
Holding our heads

Dress the corpse in his best  
We only have one shot  
To knock 'em dead

And I would've thought  
That I have more to lose than him  
My skin is stark stark white  
And ash covers my skin  
I should've worn make-up  
It seems to have worked for him.