

Dashboard Confessional, The Brilliant Dance

So this is odd,
the painful realization that has all gone wrong.
And nobody cares at all,
and nobody cares at all.

So you buried all your lover's clothes
and burned the letters lover wrote,
but it doesn't make it any better.
Does it make it any better?
And the plaster dented from your fist
in the hall where you had your first kiss
reminds you that the memories will fade.

So this is strange,
our sidestepping has come to be a brilliant dance
where nobody leads at all,
where nobody leads at all.

And the picture frames are facing down
and the ringing from this empty sound
is deafening and keeping you from sleep.
And breathing is a foreign task
and thinking's just too much to ask
and you're measuring your minutes by a clock that's blinking eights.

This is incredible.
Starving, insatiable,
yes, this is love for the first time.
Well you'd like to think that you were invincible.
Yeah, well weren't we all once before we felt loss for the first time?
Well this is the last time.