

# Dashboard Confessional, The Sharp Hint Of New

On the way home,  
this car hears my confessions.  
I think tonight I'll take the long way.  
And this weather.  
The wind outside is biting.  
It's left me feeling tired and exposed.  
You've been asking me to bleed.  
It seems these kinds of questions  
They come too easy to you now.  
And your lack of shame comes naturally.  
I should not be surprised.  
I should have seen it sooner.

Expect me to apologize  
for things that you've done wrong.  
While you're inciting others.  
You're owning up to nothing  
and I wish that I was gone,  
because you're not going anywhere.

And this damp air  
it's fighting my defroster.  
My sighs they ring victorious  
And fog this tinted glass.  
And it's clouded  
And so is my head.  
The hint of these new tears are sharp.  
I try to choke them back.  
But it's useless.  
I'm useless against them.  
They're beating me with ease.

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