

# Dashboard Confessional, This Ruined Puzzle

This ruined puzzle is beige with the pieces all face down  
so the placing goes slowly.  
The pictures of anything other than it's meant to be.  
But the hours they creep,  
the patterns repeat.  
Don't be concerned, you know I'll be fine on my own.  
I never said "don't go";

But I've hidden a note,  
it's pressed between pages  
that you've marked to find your way back.  
It says "Does he ever get the girl?";

But what if the pages stay pressed,  
the chapters unfinished,  
the stories too dull to unfold?  
Does he ever get the girl?

This basement's a coffin  
I'm buried alive.  
I'll die in here just to be safe.  
I'll die in here just to be safe.  
'Cause you're gone  
I get nothing  
and you're off with barely a sigh.  
I never said "Good-bye";

But I've hidden a note,  
it's pressed between pages  
that you've marked to find your way back.  
It says "Does he ever get the girl?";

But I've hidden a note,  
it's pressed between pages  
That you'll read if you're so inclined  
Does he ever get the girl?

But the hours they creep,  
the patterns repeat.  
Don't be concerned, you know I'll be fine on my own.  
I never said "don't go"; (don't go).

Does he ever get the girl?