

Dashboard Confessional, Turpentine Chaser

This paint has been tasting of lead
and their chips will fall as they may,
but it's not just my finish that is peeling,
and it is not alone fleeing these walls.

Well sooner or later this cold
it's gonna break
so our hands will be warm again,
but all I want is not to need you now.
And sooner or later this cold
it's gonna break
and our words will be heard again,
but all I want are vows of silence now.

This turpentine chaser's got kick
and the rag that it's soaked in is rich.
The fumes aide the pace of my cleaning
and as soon as I'm done I am gone.

The frightening facts
we've been facing our backs
for so long now
are begging for eyes
to bear witness to lies
and indifference.

Now we're saying aloud
the things we've declared in our silence.
The new coats of paint will not reacquaint
broken hearts to broken homes.