

Dance Gavin Dance, Tidal Waves: Breakfast, Lunch

You roll your eyes
To say the least
I'm all alone and I feel
That you can't be a part of this

And now you run for
These empty lights
These empty waves
To fall away
Such empty lies that you would say
(Remove sprockets from the machine)
(Cross wires touch down)
(Lights out put out the fire)
(It's right now it's a white sound)
(It's a transcendental toothache)
(You'll be feeling for miles)
(Be just like a battery might try, might lie)
(While you're breaking the waves)
(Take a break for a second)
(Words don't write themselves)

Can you take this line
And how you run away from this place
Dry your eyes bleedings insane
(Wine, dine)
(Lye and wait for falling bombs)
(Chloride and salt intake)

And I feel such defeat
Such broken lies in your home
And I feel such pain
From those beautiful brown eyes
And you reach for those words
To wait in line
And I feel such deviance leaving you now
(Might try, might lie recent definitions)
(Two in the back)
(Like a bird in flight)
(Son try to fly a kite)
(Son take him by the hand)
(Push him in the sand)
Can you taste this blood

And how you run away from this place
Dry your eyes bleedings insane
(Wine, dine)
(Lye and wait for falling bombs)
(Chloride and salt intake)

[whispering]

And you wait
For this meaning to leave
And you take
So breathe in love
And make this feeling last
Now dry your eyes
(You might have done it, fund it)