

# Dance Gavin Dance, Tidal Waves: Breakfast, Lun

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)