

Dashboard Confessional, I Need A Sure Thing

You are a razor blade
You are precision-cut
You are a stare sharp as the tack in my eye?
At rest in my veins
[Your pulse in my neck?]
As sharp-edged as questions the time I have left
And so you are on my mind.

I need a burning stake
I need a piercing dart
I need something as hot as it is sharp
And I need to bleed
I need to burn
I need a sure thing
I need a sure thing
And you are a mystery to me

You are a paper bird
Folded and folded and creased
And bent and shaped from a five dollar bill
It's priceless to me
And never spent
It hangs from a ceiling fan over my bed
And so you are on my mind

I need a burning stake
I need a piercing dart
I need something as hot as it is sharp
And I need to bleed
I need to burn
I need a sure thing
And you are a mystery to me

I'll hang my hopes all at once on a rope
There's a possibility that this is happening to someone who's not me
I'll hold my head
Keep it still and pretend
That these spins and the webs
Are actually desirable

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I need a piercing dart
I need something as hot as it is sharp
And I need to bleed I need to burn
I need a sure thing
And you are a mystery to me