

# Dashboard Confessional, Queen Takes Pawn

You wrote a letter  
I made a phone call  
you weren't at home  
and then you called back  
that's two to one  
I should be winning, but

I'm losing  
My sense of  
I'm losing  
In the end  
I'm losing  
My grasp on  
I'm losing  
In the end

You stood me up  
Ya didn't show up  
Stood on the porch till the sun went down  
That plastic buzzer, it was holding my hopes up

I'm losing  
My sense of  
I'm losing  
In the end  
I'm losing (You lose)  
My sense of (You lose)  
I'm losing (You lose)  
In the end (You lose)

Pawn takes queen  
holding themselves, and  
Queen takes pawns  
knocked it head on  
pawn takes queen  
holding themselves, and  
dreams  
queen takes pawn

Where it at

you win  
you lose  
please don't  
please do  
That's when  
you lose it  
(?)  
the present  
when I  
choose you  
I feel I just let go

I feel I just let go