

Dashboard Confessional, Rapid Hope Loss

You called to say you wanted out.
Well, I can't say I blame you now.
Sometimes you've got to fold before you're found out.
Well thanks for waiting this long to show yourself.

Cause now that I can see you,
I don't think you're worth a second glance.

So much for all the promises you made, they served you well
and now you're gone and they're wasted on me.
So much for your endearing sense of charm, it served you well
and now it's gone and you're wasted on me.

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I guess that all you've got is all you're gonna get,
so much for, so much more
I guess that all you've got is all you're gonna get,
so much for, so much more

Do what you must if that's what you wish,
I can't be a pardon to this
you have a sense that you were born with
You'll find a way to make things right.

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