

Dashboard Confessional, This Is A Forgery

This is a forgery
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Every single word is plagiarized
Copied twice and thrice inscribed
This is a forgery

There is a path, and to get where it's leading
You gotta be sharp, and never bend easy

This is an enemy
This is an enemy
Compliments and chemistry
Cavalier and so charming
This isn't everything
This isn't everything

I had a fit
You had a feeling
There was a path, and to get where it's leading
You had to be shot, you couldn't swerve side to side
I was a razor, and you were a straight line

This is a travesty
This is a travesty
Every sentiment has been contrived
Palatable and so refined
The sugar sweet to appetite

I had a fit
You had a feeling
There was a path, and to get where it's leading
You had to be shot, you couldn't swerve side to side
I was a razor, and you were a straight line

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And we were looking at the sun shining bright
But it was casket black, so we would search all night