

Dashboard Confessional, This Old Wound

Ive been bleeding well
From this old wound
Cleaning it with salt,
So it will still feel new
Sometimes eyes turn black,
And sometimes scars are tracks
But every time that youre gone
I wish that youd come back

And everyone watched me waste myself
And everyone cheered at last
And all of them found it comforting
Its better its me then them.

I think Im doing well from what they say
Theyve taken both my belt and shoelaces away
Well I believe in luck
I think I do
Well I believe for sure
If ever I see you

Ive been fanning flames from these old coals
Feeding them with tender
And hoping they will grow
And Ive been savoring
What I cant hold
A blind belief in goodness
That doesnt seem to show

But Ive been bleeding well
From this old wound
Cleaning it with salt,
So it will still feel new