Format, Dead End

Hold on, there's a hole in my heart
everyone can see right through me
it goes all the way to the waves
where my love she tried to wash it away

see we break for the summers
so she can find lovers
she treats them like a bottle of wine
they make you dinner
and they sing you to sleep
but by the morning find the bottle is empty

'cause she never gives it the time
every bottle she finds
they don't compare
to the ones she left behind
there is never a note
so she waits for me to come back home

I'm looking for a dead end song
you wish that smoke
could change its color

I love it when you talk so much
and act like nothing went wrong
I'm looking for a dead end song
while we sit and find flaws in everyone
I want to keep you by my side
holding off tidal waves

"mint car" is keeping us warm
she lays crossed upon the bed
we are puzzles making shapes
with our hands
I take my finger, turn into a pen

then i run my hand down your spine
you guess i wrote something profound
something like:
"our love will last 'til we die"
I say "you're good at this game"
but what I really wrote is
"how I've yet to be saved"