This Old Wound

Dashboard Confessional

Well, I've been bleeding well from this old wound
Cleaning it with salt, so it will still feel new
And sometimes eyes turn black and sometimes scars are tracks
But every time you're gone, I wish that you'd come back
And everyone watched me waste myself
And everyone cheered at last
And all of them found it comforting
It's better it's me, than them
I think I'm doing well from what they say
They've taken both my belt and shoelaces away
Well I believe in luck, I think I do
Well, I'd believe for sure, if ever I saw you
Well, I've been fanning flames from these old coals
Feeding them with tinder and hoping they will grow
Well, I've been savoring what I can't hold
A blind belief in goodness that doesn't seem to show
Well, I've been bleeding well from this old wound
Cleaning it with salt, so it will still feel new

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