

This Brilliant Dance

Dashboard Confessional

So this is odd,
The painful realization
That all has gone wrong
And nobody cares at all,
And nobody cares at all. So you buried all your lover's clothes
And burned the letters lover wrote,
But it doesn't make it any better.
Does it make it any better?
And the plaster dented from your fist
In the hall where you had your first kiss
Reminds you that the memories will fade. So this is strange,
Our sidestepping has come to be
A brilliant dance
Where nobody leads at all,
Where nobody leads at all. And the picture frames are facing down
And the ringing from this empty sound
Is deafening and keeping you from sleep.
And breathing is a foreign task
And thinking's just too much to ask
And you're measuring your minutes by a clock that's blinking eights.

Songwriters

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