

Morning Calls

Dashboard Confessional

Morning calls for pain relief,
A line above the step beneath
The worst that you could do.
And the best that you could hope for,
Is hardly the best. Tepid waters chase the pills
With turpentine and chamomile,
And don't get cheap on the wine.
You need to be up all of the time. Shield your eyes, conceal your lies. Don't blink.
Everyone's watching.
They'll think that you're up to something.
They need for you to be everything
That they cannot be themselves.

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