

# Salted

## Dance Hall Crashers

Give yourself a little competition  
I can see it flaring up in your eyes  
Give yourself a moment to remember  
All the trailing loose ends you've left behind And I, keep on a wondering  
How all the walls around have kept so high  
Give yourself a little competition  
It's the only thing that'll get you by Keep the wound salted, ooh oh ooh  
It's what you've always wanted, ooh oh ooh  
Keep the wound salted, ooh oh, ooh oh Suddenly you've lost communication  
And you swear that it's all her mistake  
But you must really like this situation  
'Cause the clean break you wanted is now in your face She looked at you, then at the room  
Then at the state she's been living in  
And suddenly you're in a new position  
As the views you held so highly fade Keep the wound salted, ooh oh ooh  
It's what you've always wanted, ooh oh ooh  
Keep the wound salted, ooh oh, ooh oh Just say goodbye, don't look back, woah Give us all a little more emotion  
We can see it welling up in your eyes  
And we can see your fur is getting thicker  
As you show no signs of compromise But don't go running back when you realize  
That nobody's buying into your lies  
Then give yourself a little more opinion  
'Cause we know you'll never choose to rectify Keep the wound salted, ooh oh ooh  
It's what you've always wanted, ooh oh ooh  
Keep the wound salted, ooh oh, ooh oh Just say goodbye, don't look back

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