

Break in the New Year

Cursive

New years ago
We drank and danced and left our sour hearts behind
 We sweetened for a kiss
 The kiss of a new year to come
 But those days are gone
We never got resolution it never comes
 All the best wishes were blown
 So blow out your candles the year won
So long, to longing for the resurrection of an unbridled wantonness
Break in the new year
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Fear
 Whipped us in shape
We must stay afraid our new god is discipline
 New, but hardly improved, it's just new cliches
"They might nail your hands, but your neck has been saved"
 So break in the new year with a vintage wine
Here's to aging, when some things just get bitter with age
 And other are made to be broken
 Broken
 Broken in
 We're disciples of discipline
 Sweetened for the kiss
 Off

Songwriters

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