

Knock Em Dead

Dashboard Confessional

This basket arrives
To show your condolence
You hope that it finds me well
And just in time
This loss was unbearable
But now I have flowers
A thoughtful, blooming bright arrangement
I can out live too
Dress the corpse in his best
We only have one shot
To knock 'em dead
A toast to the way he left us
Counting our blessings
Holding our heads
We better speak up
We better say something
We better believe ourselves for once
'Cause he never said help
He never said anything
In the way that we dreamed ourselves to appear
It's only in this silence
That I can hear him screaming
On and on alone
Dress the corpse in his best
We only have one shot
To knock 'em dead
And toast to the way he left us
Counting our blessings
Holding our heads
Dress the corpse in his best
We only have one shot
To knock 'em dead
And I would've thought
That I have more to lose than him
My skin is stark stark white
And ash covers my skin
I should've worn make-up
It seems to have worked for him.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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