

# This Old Wound

## Dashboard Confessional

Well, I've been bleeding well from this old wound  
Cleaning it with salt, so it will still feel new  
And sometimes eyes turn black and sometimes scars are tracks  
But every time you're gone, I wish that you'd come back  
And everyone watched me waste myself  
And everyone cheered at last  
And all of them found it comforting  
It's better it's me, than them  
I think I'm doing well from what they say  
They've taken both my belt and shoelaces away  
Well I believe in luck, I think I do  
Well, I'd believe for sure, if ever I saw you  
Well, I've been fanning flames from these old coals  
Feeding them with tinder and hoping they will grow  
Well, I've been savoring what I can't hold  
A blind belief in goodness that doesn't seem to show  
Well, I've been bleeding well from this old wound  
Cleaning it with salt, so it will still feel new

Lyrics provided by

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