Turpentine Chaser

Dashboard Confessional

This paint has been tasting of lead
And the chips will fall as they may
But it's not just my finish that is peeling
And it is not alone fleeing these wallsWell sooner or later this cold
It's gonna break
So our hands will be warm again
But all I want is not to need you nowAnd sooner or later this cold
It's gonna break
And our words will be heard again
But all I want are vows of silence nowThis turpentine chaser's got kicked
And the rag that it's soaked in is rich
The fumes aide the pace of my cleaning
And as soon as I'm done, I am goneWell sooner or later this cold
It's gonna break
So our hands will be warm again
But all I want is not to need you nowAnd sooner or later this cold
It's gonna break
And our words will be heard again
But all I want are vows of silence nowThe frightening facts
We've been facing our backs you for so long now
Are begging for eyes
To bear witness to lies and indifferenceNow we're saying aloud
The things we've declared in our silence
The new coats of paint will not reacquaint
Broken hearts to broken homes
Broken homes
Broken homes

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