

There Is No Dana

Twothirtyeight

You spell love a different way, oh, God it hurts
I've learned to read the way you do and
Everybody has a story here, so who came in and twisted you
There's a song it's haunting tune, convincing you There's a song, it's calling us to rest again
Just a stringed bead in your catalog of broken hearts
I am happy to be just to be a page in a chapter of your book
You always read the heart inside me like A book and it made me smile
The eyes will speak words when
The lips are standing still
But there is no Dana here at all

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