

I Need A Sure Thing

Dashboard Confessional

You are a razor blade
You are precision-cut
You are a stare, sharp as a tack in my eye
At rest on my veins
The pulse in my neck
A sharp edge that questions the time I have left
...so you are on my mind.
I need a burning stake
I need a piercing dart
I need something as hard as an insult.
And I need to bleed
I need to burn
I need a sure thing
I need a sure thing
You are a paper bird
Folded and folded and creased
And bent and shaped from a five dollar bill
It's priceless to me
And never spent
It hangs from a ceiling fan over my bed
...so you are on my mind

I need a burning stake
I need a piercing dart
I need something as hard as an insult.
And I need to bleed
I need to burn
I need a sure thing
And you are a mystery to me
I'll hang my hopes all at once on a rope
To the possibility that this is happening to someone who's not me
I'll hold my head
Keep it still and pretend
That these spins in the webs
Are actually desirable
I need a burning stake
I need a piercing dart
I need something as hard as an insult.
And I need to bleed

I need to burn
I need a sure thing
And you are a mystery to me

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