

Evaporate

Dance Gavin Dance

Squawk, seven-five
Zero zero mane
World in a barrel dripping some blood

Three dead riders
Grippin' the reigns of saturn
In da last plastic cup

Couldn't make me into a hero
Couldn't turn me into a coward
Whatever history that you wrote

Blew away in the wind on your way down from your ivory tower
Your words lost their power
You can aim down fire
We'll be down here living how we want

Never coming back, never coming back
Run into a smack with a hand to deliver
Never coming back, never coming back
Run into a smack with a hand to deliver

You always see right through me
When I am lost and out of place
You always watch me stumble down
While you wait for me to drown

Of all the ways I've given in
I can't believe it's not enough
To satisfy my endless search for any form of love

So I will stay my course until you break my wrists
Do everything you can to keep me silent
You wanna start a war with all that I stand for

You always see right through my
My masquerade
I know there's nowhere to hide
I'm cellophane

I feel like I'm gonna stay
I feel like I'm gonna change
I feel like I'm gonna stay

Never coming back, never coming back
Run into a smack with a hand to deliver
Never coming back, never coming back
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You always see right through me
When I am lost and out of place
You always watch me stumble down
While you wait for me to drown

You always see right through my
My masquerade
I know there's nowhere to hide

I'm cellophane

All of the handsome fiction
Will melt away
And when the flame burns brighter
Evaporate

You always see right through my
My masquerade
I know there's nowhere to hide
I'm cellophane

All of the fabrications
Will melt away
And when the flame burns hotter
Evaporate

(Step back, let go, I believe there's meaning, no I believe there's nothing)

Oh, you should have listened to your friends
You would have been over this by now
Over this by now, I'm found
(Who drains the blood from my head? I do do
Who accepts me as I am? I do I do)

(Repeat repeat, our history)
What excuses do you make?
We own the night
For one good note

Well don't it feel good?
You get what you paid for
Well don't it feel good?
You get what you paid for