

Hell on the Throat

Dashboard Confessional

A line of strands to mark the trail,
No one said it would be easy.

I must admit I thought the risk was better waged in
younger seasons,
But all these years in the cold play hell on the throat
Till everything I say burns like cinders,
Why it's hard to belong to a girl or a song
And the crease of a strangling winter

It's strange to be lost, stranger still to be lone
In the strings of a twisting line.
Along the way the turns are sharp,
No one said they would be easy,
I must admit I thought the trip was better in younger
seasons.
But all these years in the pursuit made a man of a
fool,
Till every word I say is on waver.

Why it's hard to belong to a girl or a song
In the case of a selfish believer,
It's strange to be lost and stranger still to be lone
In the strings in a twisting line (2x)

And when the path I have made
From the grass to the grave,
I will love you still.
And when the sand turns to glass
And all that's left is the past
And I will love you still.