

# If You Can't Leave It Be, Might as Well Make It Bleed

## Dashboard Confessional

What you've found sure upsets you  
Never saw it coming did you?  
Its easy to be surprised with both your eyes sewn closed  
Handled with great precision, another thoughtless execution  
You're the subject of this exhibition  
A willing cadaver, a willing cadaver.  
Scalpel, sutured.  
Made whole again.

These cuts are leaving creases  
Trace the scars, fit the pieces  
Tell your story, you don't need to say a word.  
Call off the cavalry, can't save a wretch like me.  
Clean this with kerosene.  
If you can't leave it be might as well make it bleed.  
Scalpel, sutured.  
Made whole again.

Your wires are frayed, can't fire right  
You look better when out of sight  
You were not made to stand and fight  
There's something better wrong with you

Your wires are frayed, can't fire right  
You look better when out of sight  
You were not made to fire right  
There's something better wrong with you

Your pulse is anemic, you're tired of the fire  
You're bruising too easy and falling behind  
And no one is waiting for you.  
And no one is waiting for you.  
And no one is waiting for you.

Call off your quarantine, can't save the rest from me  
Clean this with kerosene.  
If you can't leave it be might as well make it bleed.  
Scalpel, Sutured.  
Made whole again.

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You look better when out of sight  
You were not made to stand and fight  
There's something better wrong with you  
(2x)