

## Saints and Sailors

### Dashboard Confessional

This is where I say I've had enough  
and no one should ever feel the way that I feel now.  
A walking open wound,  
a trophy display of bruises  
and I don't believe that I'm getting any better, any better.

Waiting here with hopes the phone will ring  
and I'm thinking awful things  
and I'm pretty sure that few would notice.  
And this apartment  
is starving for an argument.  
Anything at all to break the silence.

Wandering this house  
like I've never wanted out  
and this is about as social as I get now.  
And I'm throwing away the letters that I am writing you  
'cause they would never do,  
I would never do, never.

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and I'm pretty sure that few would notice.  
And this apartment  
is starving for an argument.  
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So don't be a liar,  
don't say that "everything's working"  
when everything's broken.  
And you smile like a saint  
but you curse like a sailor  
and your eyes say the joke's on me.

But I'm not laughing and you're not leaving  
and who do I think I am kidding  
When I'm the only one locked in this cell?

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