

The Motions

Dashboard Confessional

From small pins to fiery burns,
These are the signals of my dying nerves
Singed by the heat of your lines and curves
Into a fire that could scorch the earth

I'm going through the motions
I'm going through the motions
I'm going through 'em
But I can't remember how to feel

If this is chemical,
Oh if this is chemical,
Oh if this is chemical
Oh if this is chemical
Then I am not afraid to be bound
to the impulses of science
If this is chemical,
Oh if this is chemical,
Oh if this is chemical,
Oh if this is chemical,
Then I am not ashamed to be
owned by the impulses

From small shocks to surgin' bolts
These are the signals of my spinal post
Sent down the wires through their lines and folds
Into a riot on my frontal lobe

I'm going through the motions
I'm going through the motions
I'm going through the motions
I'm going through 'em
But I can't remember how to feel

Since I ran my hands over you
Nothing else will ever do now
To cool me down

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