

Turpentine Chaser

Dashboard Confessional

This paint has been tasting of lead
& their chips will fall as they may,
but it's not just my finish that is peeling,
& it is not alone fleeing these walls.

Well sooner or later this cold
it's gonna break
so our hands will be warm again,
but all I want is not to need you now.
And sooner or later this code
it's gonna break
& our words will be heard again,
but all I want are vows of silence now.

This turpentine chaser's got kick
& the rag that it's soaked in is rich.
The fumes aide the pace of my cleaning
& as soon as I'm done I am gone.

The frightening facts
we've been facing our backs
for so long now
are begging for eyes
to bear witness to lies
& indifference.

Now we're saying aloud
the things we've declared in our silence.
The new coats of paint will not reacquaint
broken hearts to broken homes.