

# Format, Dead End

Hold on, there's a hole in my heart  
everyone can see right through me  
it goes all the way to the waves  
where my love she tried to wash it away

see we break for the summers  
so she can find lovers  
she treats them like a bottle of wine  
they make you dinner  
and they sing you to sleep  
but by the morning find the bottle is empty

'cause she never gives it the time  
every bottle she finds  
they don't compare  
to the ones she left behind  
there is never a note  
so she waits for me to come back home

I'm looking for a dead end song  
you wish that smoke  
could change its color

I love it when you talk so much  
and act like nothing went wrong  
I'm looking for a dead end song  
while we sit and find flaws in everyone  
I want to keep you by my side  
holding off tidal waves

"mint car" is keeping us warm  
she lays crossed upon the bed  
we are puzzles making shapes  
with our hands  
I take my finger, turn into a pen

then i run my hand down your spine  
you guess i wrote something profound  
something like:  
"our love will last 'til we die"  
I say "you're good at this game"  
but what I really wrote is  
"how I've yet to be saved"