

# Turpentine Chaser

## Dashboard Confessional

This paint has been tasting of lead  
And the chips will fall as they may  
But it's not just my finish that's peeling  
And it's not alone fleeing these walls Well sooner or later this cold  
It's gonna break, so our hands'll be warm again  
But all I want is not to need you now  
And sooner or later this code  
It's gonna break and our words will be heard again  
But all I want are vows of silence now  
This turpentine chaser's got kick  
And the rag that it's soaked in is rich  
The fumes aid the pace of my cleaning  
And as soon as I'm done I am gone Well sooner or later this cold  
It's gonna break, so our hands'll be warm again  
But all I want is not to need you now  
And sooner or later this code  
It's gonna break and our words will be heard again  
But all I want are vows of silence now  
And the frightening facts  
We've been facing our backs  
To for so long now  
Are begging for eyes to bear witness  
To lies and indifference  
Now we're saying aloud  
The things we've declared in our silence  
That new coats of paint  
Will not reacquaint  
Broken hearts to broken homes  
Broken homes

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>