

Chevelle

"Mia"

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Watch me heap up what Iâ€™ve sown
Iâ€™m made of peanuts, not of shells
God spares a quality of himself
Uniquely designed but we canâ€™t help ourselves
So â€“ Why, I made the face that bugs you
I wonâ€™t design conversation around you
I made the face that bugs you
Spyglass scans the field
Hold my hand, feel a chill in here
Tired of looking through you

Iâ€™ve found myself can you find you
So â€“ Why Iâ€™ve made the face that bugs you
I wonâ€™t design
Spyglass scanned the field
Hold my hand, still feel a chill in here
Tired of looking through you
Iâ€™ve found myself can you find you
So â€“ Why, did I make the face
And I wonâ€™t design
I made the face
I wonâ€™t design

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