

Eve 6

"Pick Up the Pieces"

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Whoooooaah
Whoooooaah
Your mother saved youâ€™re medals
She put them in a box in a room
Basket, base, and footballs
Plastic creatures from the county zoo
She thinks about you often
She has no idea youâ€™re rotten
All the colors have run off and you have been exposed
Now let me do the talking

With a hymn and a secret hid beneath a broken heart
Can you startâ€¦to pick up the pieces
A hymn and a secret love
Beneath a bleacher
Wham, bam, fold the hand
Pick up the pieces
Whoooooaah
Whoooooaah

Blessed by your genetics
You possess a certain aesthetic charm
But somethingâ€™s disconnected
And youâ€™re quite capable of causing harm
Your malice is volcanic
Your insecurity titanic
Your mood is always manic and I do suppose
This masqueradeâ€™s become a habit

With a hymn and a secret hid beneath a broken heart
Can you startâ€¦to pick up the pieces
A hymn and a secret love beneath the bleacher
Wham, bam, fold the hand
Pick up the pieces
Whoooooaah
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Can you startâ€¦to pick up the pieces
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Wham, bam, fold the hand
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