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Mutemath "Pins And Needles"

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"Pins And Needles"

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Paper thin conviction, Turning another page, Plotting how to build myself to be Everything that I am not at all.

Sometimes I get tired of pins and needles, Facades are a fire on the skin. And I'm growing fond of broken people, As I see that I am one of them.

I'm one of them. [x2]

Oh, why must I work so hard, Just so I can feel like the nobles ones? Obligations to my heart are gone, Superficial lines explain it all.

Sometimes I get tired of pins and needles, Facades are a fire on the skin. Oh, I'm growing fond of broken people, As I see that I am one of them.

Sometimes I get tired of pins and needles, Facades are a fire on the skin. Oh, and I'm growing fond of broken people, As I see that I am one of them.

I'm one of them. [x4]

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