

Mutemath

"Pins And Needles"

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"Pins And Needles"

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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