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Mute Math "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, I'm one of them, oh

Oh, why must I work so hard Just so I can feel like the noble 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. I'm one of them I'm one of them, I'm one of them, oh

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