

Pianos Become The Teeth

"New Normal"

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I woke up not enough awake today, just to take in the
smell of the fake red poinsettias,
Well, I'm well aware I'm treating life as a way to pass
the time
It is never an effort to grin, to laugh, but it is laborious
to live it like my last
See through me, see through me so see through, see
me through
It's not the grave dates on the tomb, it's the short and
sweet dash between the two,
But I swear sometimes, it's like I'm running on stumps
And I am still nowhere, so out of sorts. Always so short
and sweet
I've swallowed too much concrete, my worst intentions
got the best of me
I've been so hate savvy and I've lost my tongue to the
biting
I shake from the rain in my knees, It never has the
nerve not to pour.
Indian summer sunburns leave me lacking what I've
learned, but I never forgot myself.
We've lost the brass that we were born with, we were
bent to fit,
Bent to wear these wooden baskets. More to a whisper
than a yell,
But we scream just to get the chills,
Just to hear the timber echo back in the boxes we've
been planted in.

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