

Picking Up Pieces

Blue October

I really need to talk with you
I keep stepping on the vein
That keeps my lifeline flowing thru
I wanna be your perfect stick of glue
But I don't feel perfect at all
Sad and insecure flaw

I find it hard to hold conversation
I get sweaty sick and I wanna walk away
Its not you its strictly me in this situation
I'm wondering will it ever go away...just go away

Sometimes I feel like weeping
Awake and when I'm sleeping
Perfecting how to put a game face on

This puzzle I've been keeping
Has been in hiding creeping out the closet door
Spilling out onto the floor

How long will I be picking up pieces
How long will I be picking up my heart

I'll be as honest as I feel
I'm getting more paranoid and I'm hearing things
And they never turn out real
It feels like my heart is made of pure steel
It's just so heavy all the time

Yea I'm scared of death
And I'm scared of living
I gave up on the past cause it's unforgiving
I misplaced my trust

I watched my word begin to rust
I'm a balloon about to bust
I need a place for reliving

But sometimes I feel like weeping
Awake and when I'm sleeping
Perfecting how to put a game face on

This puzzle I've been keeping
Has been in hiding creeping out the closet door
Spilling out onto the floor

How long will I be picking up pieces
How long will I be picking up my heart

How long (in another space and time)
Will I be picking up pieces in the corner of my mind
How long (its getting oh so hard to find)
Keep picking up pieces in the corner of my mind
But I still walk on