

Pieces

Field Music

And it all winds up
Getting tired of the same thing
We sit in need of a change
The face on my head
The hair on my hands is getting thicker

So I suggest we go to bed
And sleep until we forget
Until we can't ignore
What's gone on
And what I've done so far isn't any better

So I might change my dress
And you might feel the same
Cause there's pieces of me that won't do a thing

And you can't measure it all
Cause the smallest things are infinitely larger than
you think
The whole things on the brink of nothing at all
It just doesn't work

So I might change my dress
And you might feel the same
Cause there's pieces of me that won't do a thing

And my mouth changes size
With the size of the part that's my confidence
And they're beginning to fuse, reversing the poles
So I won't hear a word of your language

So I might change my dress
And you might feel the same
And I might change my dress
And you might feel the same
Cause there's pieces of me that won't do a thing