

## Pieces of What

MGMT

When the world has turned  
Paralyzed and wrong  
Cold blooded claws  
Never offered anything at all  
Past the point of love  
Shattered and untied  
Waiting to pick up the pieces  
That make it all alright

But pieces of what  
Pieces of what  
Pieces of what  
Doesn't matter any more

Moonlight on my floor  
Shining through the roof  
They got the city surrounded  
As if I needed proof  
I forgot my fear  
Feelings on the rise  
Burying all of the pieces  
Falling from the sky

But pieces of what  
Pieces of what  
Pieces of what  
We used to call home  
Pieces of what  
We used to call home

When I drank your tea  
And shallow water still  
At the belgian gates  
I waited for my meal