

Pins And Needles

Mutemath

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

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